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BEAUTIFUL CANADA



Photographed and colored by Fred Armbrister

A CHARMING VIEW OF LAKE LOUISE

Under the slanting sun, rose and purple shadows darken the bright
emerald of the water.

BEAUTIFUL CANADA

BY

VERNON QUINN

*Author of "Beautiful America" and
"Beautiful Mexico"*

WITH SIXTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



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To
C A N A D A

*"Lui ya longtemps que je l'aime,
Jamais je ne l'oublierai."*

FOREWORD

Voltaire called Canada "a patch of snow—inhabited by barbarians, bears and beavers." While few people are now so ill-informed, there are still many who do not know what a beautiful country Canada truly is.

This volume covers the entire Dominion; but with a limited number of pages, descriptions must necessarily be shortened—many places, scarcely more than mentioned here, deserve glowing chapters devoted to their beauty. All that may be attempted, in so brief a space, is to give a general knowledge of Canada's multifold scenic attractions, and create a desire to learn more, at firsthand or through reading, of that delightful country.

Brief historic tales, and many Indian legends, are woven into the text; for Canada's scenic beauty is inseparable from the romance of her dramatic and heroic history; and every part of the coasts or lakes or mountains has at least one Indian legend to explain how it came to be formed. Many of the legends were gathered by the author directly from the Indians themselves.

That an idea may be had of the richness of Canadian literature, the opening verse of each chapter has been chosen from the works of Canadian poets. Much of

the verse throughout the text, also, is Canadian. The names of the authors of these quotations will be found in an appendix.

The author wishes to express grateful appreciation of the courtesy and the helpful assistance of all those fine Canadians who are connected with the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa. Thanks are due to the Department of the Interior, also, and to the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National Railways, for many attractive photographs.

For the exquisite photograph of Lake Louise which appears on the cover and as a frontispiece, the author is much indebted to Mr. Fred Armbrister, an artist whose photographic landscapes, because of their poetic composition and the charm of their coloring, are eagerly sought by visitors to Lake Louise.

The sixty-five photographs used to illustrate the book were chosen from among many hundreds, in a desire to have them both beautiful and truly representative—in so far as a photograph may be—of Canada's rugged seacoasts, her colorful prairies and her glorious mountains.

V. Q.

New York, July, 1925

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I. DELIGHTFUL NOVA SCOTIA

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UP COBEQUID BAY
ALONG THE NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT
WHERE FUNDY AND CHIGNECTO MEET

BEAUTIFUL CANADA

I

DELIGHTFUL NOVA SCOTIA

"The fields are full of little lakes,
And when the romping wind awakes
The water ruffles blue and shakes,
And the pines roar on the hill."

—*Archibald Lampman*

THERE is no part of Nova Scotia's rugged coast or her peaceful valleys that is not steeped in the history and the romance of the past thousand years.

In the very long ago, "in the days of the grandfathers," Nova Scotia was a vast wilderness, and Micmac Indians wandered through the forests, fished in the abundant lakes and streams, and pitched their tepees in delightful places where Glooscap, the pleasure-loving demigod, would surely visit them with blessings and keep away the fearsome Witch-people.

Across a stretch of rolling blue water lay Greenland, and there the Beothuk tribe worshiped the Sun, but made their offerings—of food, shell beads, such pitiable things as they possessed—to the Wind, as an evil god whom they feared and hoped to appease. On

some bare cliff, jutting upon the sea, they laid their treasure, muttering a rhythmic prayer which the howling of the Wind-god drowned as he swept the gift off, into the keeping of the Sea-god. Sometimes the greedy Sea-god refused to give up the treasure, and then it was that he and the Wind-god fought and the Sea leaped high to strike back at the Wind.

Micmacs still roam over Nova Scotia; but the Beothuks are no more. It may be that they grew careless in these offerings; for certainly it was the beginning of the end for them when their evil god, the Wind, blew upon the sails of a Viking ship, in 986 A.D., and sent it far out of its course until a strange and unknown shore was sighted—the rugged, irregular, beautiful shore of Nova Scotia.

When the Norse ship speeded back with its incredible tales, no one was more stirred than was Eric the Red, a brave sea-rover, a ruthless and lawless pirate. But Eric was now an old man, too old to fight the mountainous seas and the monsters of the deep who, he believed, came up to devour any who ventured into their realm. So to his three sons this aged Viking told such tales of the wonderland beyond the seas that their blood, too, was stirred, and they got ready their ship and set sail, in 1001, with Leif Erickson in command.

The spring storms came and swirled their boat about, the drifting icebergs all but crushed it, and the fog for days closed in, smothering them with its muggy

gray tentacles; but these were fearless Vikings, and they swept on, while

“Ye Billowes boyl’d & ye Stormes howl’d after—
But ye Tempeste to them was onlie Laughter—
They plough’d theare Boate thro’ ye roaring Deepe,
Nor lett ye Blastes disturbe theare Sleepe.”

At last they came “to a Launde al greene & Fayre,” and named it Vinland because of the tangle of wild-grape vines and a veritable jungle of cranberry-bushes. Their Vinland extended as far south as present Rhode Island; but the first shore to be visited, where grapes and cranberries were plentiful, was the delightful land that today is Nova Scotia.

Other Vikings followed; and, much later, Breton and Basque fishermen sailed their brave little craft across the sea; but to John Cabot fell the honor of discovery when, in 1497, he landed upon Cape Breton Island, on what is now Cape North, but which he named Cape Discovery. For this exploit, Henry VII, hugely pleased, awarded the sum of ten pounds to “hyme that founde ye Newe Launde.” And Cape Breton Island, so long the secret fishing-grounds of Breton and Basque, became now the magnet that drew all nations; for behind it, they believed, lay the water-path to rich Cathay.

Today Cape Breton is still a magnet. It is a magic land; there is an enchantment about its forests and streams, its deep bays and lovely lakes, that ever lures one back. There are hills, that run up to the height

of mountains. There are flower-strewn meadows with brooks chattering through them. There are smiling lakes and rugged, wave-beaten shores. High in the forests are rocky gorges with streams frothing down, or picturesque glens where the water lingers, loth to leave its tree-fringed pools.

The rocky island of St. Paul, which Cabot named L'île Saint-Jean, lies about twelve miles off the northern coast of Cape Breton Island, raising its head above the water where it may look upon both gulf and ocean. St. Paul is a favorite with fishermen, and with artists, too, for they find never-ending joy in the beauty of its coasts where surf pounds in against the rocks.

Cape North, reaching out toward the island of St. Paul, is the northernmost point of Cape Breton mainland. It is a high and rugged promontory, with the Atlantic beating against it on one side and, on the other, St. Lawrence Bay, softening the force of the waves that roll in from the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

As far south as St. Ann Bay the coast is a wild one of wave-lashed rocks, of coves and little inlets made by the ocean storming in to claim the land, and of delightful gorges where streams come tumbling down with their burden of hill-water.

The first deep indentation on the eastern coast, south of Cape North, is Aspy Bay. Here, the Micmacs say, a sea-monster lived, while a forest-monster roamed about the shore. These two were always fighting; the sea-monster would spout water up on land and the forest-monster, in his rage, would kick dirt

into the water. This displeased Glooscap, and he turned them both into cliffs, placing one on the north side of Aspy Bay and one on the south side. And there they remain to this day, glaring at each other across the smiling blue water. Aspy Bay runs far inland, and is fringed with coves and deep-cut cliffs. Hills, steep and irregular, curve about the bay, and trees and broken precipices edge the water.

South of Aspy is Ingonish Bay, far-famed for its rugged loveliness. In the very midst of it a long point of land runs out to the ocean, cutting the bay into two harbors, ever picturesque with fishing-fleets, and wholly charming in their coloring. The bright-white houses of the fisherfolk, clinging to the foot of the hills, are framed above with the changing green of the trees, and below with the ever-changing blue of the water. There are many allurements here for the vacationist—shooting in the hills, trout-fishing in the streams, deep-sea fishing, lobster-spearing, surf-bathing and boating.

Many years ago a French cruiser foundered on the rocks off this coast, and soon the waves that swept in with the tide left behind them a scattering of golden coins. Those were exciting days. Everything else was forgotten while the inhabitants rushed out to Money Point to fish for gold. A rod with a pitch-smeared end was thrashed about the waves, and among the many things that clung to it would sometimes be a French coin.

Shutting Ingonish Bay in on the south is a high preci-

pice which still bears the name given to it by the early Breton fishermen, who called it Cap Enfumé because the ascending mist has the appearance of rising smoke. Fishermen of today know it affectionately as "Old Smoky."

A Micmac legend claims that, long ago, in the moon of the many berries, their chiefs gathered on top of this precipice for a powwow; and while they sat and smoked their huge pipes they bestowed a worthy name upon any Indian lad who had earned it. One chief told of a bear his son had hunted, battled and slain; and they agreed to name the boy Big Bear. Another told of a great wind that swept down from the heights, ready to swamp a canoe; this chief's son had stood on the cliff and, at the risk of being dashed over, held back the wind with a fan of fir-branches in each hand; and he was then named Great Fir-Tree. One by one, the chiefs recounted the heroic deeds of their sons. But when the time came for the last chief to speak, he was silent: there was nothing he could say, for his son was a coward. The chiefs taunted him; and in his great shame he rushed and threw himself over the cliff. But the Sea-god caught him before he reached the water; for he would have no coward's father in his realm. He placed the chief at the foot of the cliff, and told him that there he should stay until his son did perform a brave deed. And so to this day the poor chief is there, smoking his mighty pipe and ever waiting; those who go near the cliff say they can even hear him calling to his son—but it may be only the sound of

the waves and the wind, softened a bit by the ghost-gray mist.

St. Ann Bay, south of Smoky Cape, ends in St. Ann Harbour, which lies, almost land-locked, a lovely sea of wind-rippled green, its ragged shores running back into the low hills in many coves and crooked inlets.

Below St. Ann Bay two channels carry the ocean-water into Bras d'Or Lake, hugging between them as they wind inland the long and irregular Boularderi Island, sandy, tree-covered and lovely.

The Bras d'Or is an immense arm of the sea that spreads its more than four hundred and fifty square miles into the very heart of Cape Breton Island. Wooded hills roll back from the shores; cultivated farms and meadows run down to the water; white houses, framed in the green of trees and grass, are splashed with color by gay flower-patches. Sail-boats dot the lake, their lilting white dipping against the green. Odd-shaped little islands crop up, unexpectedly and delightfully, and mirror their trees, in rippled and silver-green shadows, in the loveliness below.

The earliest French name for this superb inland sea was Lac de Labrador; but so exquisite is the coloring of the lake at sunrise, a great expanse of molten gold, that *Labrador* easily became *Le Bras d'Or*.

The lakes, Great and Little Bras d'Or, with their bays and channels, their irregular, winding waterways, all but divide Cape Breton into two islands; and this cleavage has been completed by the cutting of St.

Peter's Canal through the one narrow neck of land at the southern end.

A much-loved village, spread out on the shores of Bras d'Or Lake, is Whycocomagh. Back of it are softly rolling hills; in the foreground a crescent-shaped bay, dotted with islands; each vista of sea and islands and hills like a lovely, warm-toned painting.

Baddeck, perched on the rocky crags that rise from St. Patrick Channel, is the gateway to a region of many charms. Luring roads lead up into the hills, one of them winding past the picturesque Uisge-Ban Falls where the water rushes down in a cataract of spray. Other roads dip through to the ocean, following up its rugged coast. Many Indians come from their reservation in the summer and camp near Baddeck, to dispose of their excellent services as guides and canoe-men, and to sell the attractive baskets and bead-work they have fashioned during the winter. They are forgetting many of their legends of "the days of the newness of things," but some of the old tales still are told. One legend explains how Loch Lomond, beyond Bras d'Or Lake, came to be. In the long-ago a giant Wolf roamed through the forests eating up Indian children. When Glooscap learned this he changed him into an animal smaller than the squirrel. Little Wolf sat down and cried and cried, and his tears formed this big lake before Glooscap changed him again to wolf-size.

For sheer beauty and romance Bras d'Or will ever remain supreme; but for fame it must give way to



Courtesy, Canadian National Kys.

BRAS D'OR LAKE

The great arm of the sea that is the heart of Cape Breton Island.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

MIDDLEHEAD POINT

A quiet cove where the ocean creeps up in Ingonish Harbour.

Sydney Harbour, once known as Spanish Bay. This is one of the finest natural harbors in the world. Its beauty now is that of commercialism, for steel and coal have claimed it. Ships from all parts of the world come here; the harbor teems with activity; and there is a touch of picturesqueness in the innumerable yachts and smaller boats that constantly come and go. The town of Sydney, climbing back from the harbor, was founded by colonists from the United States at the close of the American Revolution, and was the capital of the province of Cape Breton until that island became part of Nova Scotia in 1820. Today it is a lovely city, with gay green hedges, and great trees framing ever-changing scenes in the busy harbor.

Lying in the ocean about one hundred miles east of Sydney are the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, all that remains of France's once great empire in North America. A world unto themselves, their interests centered in their fishing, these islands are wholly unique; and a visit to them will be filled with interest and charm. A boat plies fortnightly between Sydney and St. Pierre.

The entire eastern peninsula of Cape Breton Island is so ragged that it is made up of one bay after another, separated only by long points of broken rock that run out into the sea. The intrushing waves dash upon these rocks, only to fall back in flying spray; the outgoing tide lingers about them, curling in their crevices, leaving their clean-washed hollows flecked with foam.

Mira Bay, in this ragged east coast, is famous for

its leaping tuna—the giant albacore, weighing from five hundred to eight hundred pounds. But Mira Bay also is a place of sheer loveliness. Seascapes that delight the artist are here. The long, narrow, charmingly irregular Mira Lake winds down into the island in an uncertain and erratic course until the upcropping of the Mira Hills sends it curving back toward the sea.

Scatari Island, lying offshore, is the most easterly point of the Maritime Provinces. Long before Breton fishermen made Scatari Island their rendezvous the Micmacs—then known as the Souricois—gathered here once a year for a fishing jubilee. First the fleetest young men of the tribe ran a race, and the winner then became ruler of the island for the days that they remained; all had to obey him, his temporary name being the name of the first fish he caught. A few days were given over to feasting and dancing. "Thay goe not out of one place when thay Dance, & make certaine gestures & motions of ye Body, first lifting vp one Foote & then another, stamping vpon ye Grounde." Then came the fishing contest, each man striving to carry home the greatest load of all.

Below Cape Breton—the little out-thrust of land from which the entire island gets its name—is historic Louisbourg, where the ruins of the once-important fort and the crumbling walls of the old French city still may be seen. The life of this fort was brief and tragic.

When Nova Scotia was ceded to England by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Cape Breton Island

remained with France; and to this haven many of the Acadians fled when they were compelled either to leave their own much-loved land or to swear allegiance to England and take up arms, if need be, against their mother France. Joined by French from Newfoundland, they built and strongly fortified Louisbourg, which soon became an important port and the capital of L'isle Royale, as Cape Breton Island then was called—in Champlain's day it had been L'isle de St. Laurence. As the years sped past, Louisbourg grew in greatness. Thither came vessels freighted with cargo from the West Indies, vessels with supplies and munitions from France; and thither sped ships for refuge when chased by British men-o'-war on the high seas.

In 1745, England and France being at war, some daring New Englanders decided to swoop upon this stronghold of the enemy. The fort was considered impregnable, and it was valiantly defended by the French and their Indian allies; but the New Englander of 1745 was no different from the New Englander of today—what he went after he managed to get—and it is not surprising that the British flag soon was flying from the citadel of Louisbourg and Colonel Pepperell was taking tally of his prisoners.

Three years later, Louisbourg was returned to the French in exchange for Madras; and ten years later, 1758, England and France again being at each other's throat, a powerful fleet crossed from England and, after nearly two months of bombardment, the town once more was taken. The fort, already in ruins,

was now dismantled, the French inhabitants shipped to France, and the city utterly destroyed.

This is merely an outline of its eventful life. The tragedies of those days of siege, the splendid heroism of the French women as well as the men in the distressed fort, the unswerving loyalty of the Indians—all of these linger poignantly about the sod-grown ruins; for though the fort and the brave little city are gone, the spirit of those heroic men and women, many of them still sleeping here, will ever remain.

Arichat Island, whose unattractive name is now Madame Island, from the French *Isle Madame*, lies off the southern coast of Cape Breton Island, and spreads its shores out in a series of long points of land, like a deep and uneven fringe. These knife-blade peninsulas are sandy, tree-covered, and entirely lovely. On the east the fringe is broken by a crescent-shaped bay, as rugged and as inviting as its name, Bay of Rocks, indicates.

Separating Cape Breton Island from Nova Scotia peninsula there is a deep, natural channel, the Gut of Canso; and this, a Micmac legend claims, was made by the demigod Glooscap. Flying over the ocean in the form of a hawk, a high wave caught him and carried him under water. There his magic power suddenly deserted him and he would have been drowned had not Cod swum with him to land. Glooscap in gratitude offered Cod anything that he desired; and Cod could think of nothing more delightful than

a broad waterway here, so that he might swim at will back and forth between ocean and gulf.

A railway runs up through the very heart of Cape Breton Island, making almost any part of it easily accessible, connecting, as it does, with the two steamships which call at all the important ports.

Beyond the great mining center of Nabou Harbour, on the scenic west coast of the island, the villages are fewer, the forests deeper, and the landscapes lovelier. Margaree River, famous for its trout and salmon and the pastoral beauty of its valley-land, is an outlet for Lake Ainslie, which spreads its broad arms across almost to join Bras d'Or. Another branch of the Margaree rushes down from the north, cutting around a range of hills in delightful windings, with trees crowding upon its shores and boulders cropping out of its wide and often shallow bed. Beyond Margaree Harbour ranges of hills begin, and extend northward to the end of the island.

Eastern Harbour, almost completely shut in by Cheticamp Island, is colorful and lovely. It vies with Ingonish Bay in its ruggedness. Cliffs and wooded hills run up from the water, cut by gorges where creeks splash down; and scattered against the background of rich green trees are the houses where the fisherfolk live. For two centuries the Acadians have been here, in a little world of their own, shut in by hills and sea; and the simplicity of their lives, their delightful naïveté, is one of the charms of the Cheticamp region.

The wildest scenery on the island is found in the heavily timbered hill-ranges that fold upon one another from Eastern Harbour to Cape North. Crystal-clear streams add to the loveliness of these wooded slopes; and the knowledge that gold lies tucked away in the rocks quickens the interest in them.

“I must go down to the sea again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied;
And all I ask is a windy day and the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and blown spume, and the sea-
gulls crying.”

An ideal place to “go down to the sea,” and one of the most delightful harbors on the Nova Scotia coast, is Chedabucto Bay. Even its name is music. Many poets have sung of this “silver-gray sea”; and artists have lingered, attempting to reproduce the beauty of its rugged shores.

From Chedabucto Bay southward to Halifax Harbour—formerly Chebucto Bay—the coast is an ever-changing one. In the midst of winding channels, craggy islands, sandbars and shoals, are fine deep harbors. There are many rocky ledges that lie dry at low-water, many lovely beaches where the Atlantic curls in and leaves a burden of sand as it washes out. Sheet Harbour—its name from a sheet-like cliff at its entrance—and Owl’s Head Harbour could tell tragic

tales of the old days, when brigs came speeding in, all canvas spread, crashed upon hidden shoals, and immediately went down.

One of the world's finest harbors is at Halifax. When the French were strengthening their fortifications at Louisbourg, two centuries ago, the Massachusetts Bay Colony saw the necessity for an equally strong English fort on the peninsula of Nova Scotia. The splendid harbor of Chebucto Bay—Micmac for "Chief Haven"—was an ideal site; but not until 1749 was Halifax actually founded, and only a few years later christened in blood, when the Indians, ever the friends of the French, gathered in the Basin of Minas, ascended the Shubenacadie, and fell upon the city with their merciless tomahawks. But that showed the weakness of the town, and its real fortification then began. Halifax soon became a formidable stronghold that played a large part in all the succeeding wars. Today it is the greatest British military and naval station in the two Americas.

Halifax is an Old World city, charmingly English in atmosphere. It is "The City by the Sea," built on a hill overlooking its broad and stately harbor, climbing back to Bedford Basin, and clinging, on the other side, to the picturesque Northwest Arm, which perhaps, some day, may be given again its more poetic Indian name.

With so many bays on this ragged east coast of Nova Scotia there would seem a sameness; and yet each is lovely in its own way; each has its own indi-

viduality, its own personality. St. Margaret, particularly, has a charm that is in no way dimmed by the romantic beauty of its neighbors, Mahone Bay and Chester Basin.

In Mahone Bay the pulse quickens, the breath is suspended a bit, not merely because of the beauty—and with more than three hundred islands there is loveliness aplenty—but because here, it is claimed, Captain Kidd's gold, his chests of jewels and pieces of eight, lie buried.

Many years ago a fisherman had a dream, and in it he saw himself being lowered into a pit, which, to his surprise, led to a tunnel under the sea; and at the end of the tunnel he came upon chests of gold. The Indians are great believers in dreams. "Thay beleue that all ye dreames which thay dreame are true." They assured the fisherman that not only must such a tunnel exist but the opening to it, perhaps covered over with the débris of years, would be on Oak Island, in Mahone Bay. So to Oak Island, even to this day, go the treasure-seekers, sinking shafts, hoping to reach pirate gold. It is claimed, too, that the ghosts of Kidd's men haunt this island; and that is offered as further proof that the treasure surely must be there.

Nova Scotia's South Shore is famous for its beauty. It is made up of ragged points, bays running deeply inland, islands lying offshore, sand-dunes piling and unpling, the ocean lapping in to meet rivers and creeks which rush down through spruce and balsam and oak woods. Inshore there is a water-tangled wildwood.

Myriads of lakes, and streams and rivulets, are scattered everywhere. Rossignol, the largest of the lakes, is nearly twelve miles long; and one of the rivers tumbling into it winds down through the hills from Kedgemakooge Lake, lying in the heart of moose pastures and trout streams, and so delicately beautiful that it is known as Fairy Lake. Canoeists find great delight in this region.

The railway, clinging to the Atlantic coast from Halifax to Yarmouth, affords a comfortable way to view the rugged South Shore; but to know the real charm of this unique region, one must wander off into the pine and spruce woods where the many lakes are, and where, in the spring, Nova Scotia's own flower, the trailing arbutus, fills the air with perfume; or one must cruise along the shore, landing occasionally to explore some lonely cove, or one of the many sandy, wave-washed islands.

Cape Sable Island, off the southern tip of the peninsula, was first settled by Acadians, but at the time Louisbourg was destroyed they were driven out, and its next settlers were Tories from the United States. The Acadians have found their way back, and have now their delightful little fishing villages along the shores. This island, because of its name, is sometimes confused with Sable Island, which lies alone in the ocean, about a hundred and fifty miles, slightly southeast, from Halifax.

This curious Sable Island is composed of sand-dunes

thrown up by the ocean, its mainland being now about twenty miles long and one mile wide, with a ten-mile lake in the center. During the days following Cabot's widely published discovery of "ye Newe Launde," Portuguese fishermen hastened across the seas, and on this island they made their headquarters. It then was nearly a hundred miles long, and horses were brought over, to cover the distances, and cattle and sheep to supply food.

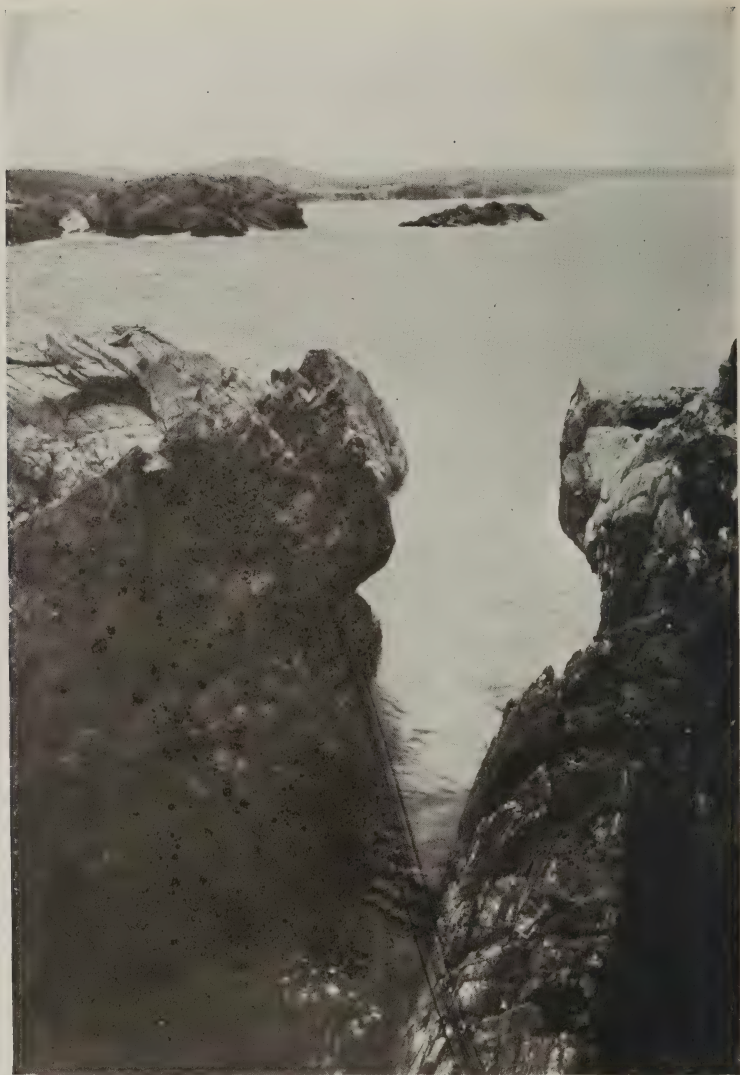
In 1598 the Marquis de la Roche set sail grandly from France with a shipful of criminals, loosed from French prisons, to colonize the new land of Acadie. His lawless passengers proved none too pleasant company on the voyage across; and when Sable Island was sighted, de la Roche hastily dumped his convict-colonists here while he sailed on, ostensibly to select a favorable site. A storm, charitable historians say, carried him back to France as quickly as he could get there, his colony deserted in mid-ocean. Driftwood from the many wrecks was used for crude shelter; wild cattle, relics of the Portuguese, formed a change in diet from the plentiful fish; and abundant sealskins afforded warm clothing. But the monotony began to weary these convicts, and for pastime they took to murdering one another. When at last a Normandy fishing sloop passed that way, only twelve of the sixty remained to be taken back to France. It is claimed that a Franciscan monk whom de la Roche left with the convicts was so heart-torn by their ghastly deeds that he refused to go back to a civilized world, and spent



Courtesy, N. S. Publicity Bureau

WHERE WAVES BLOW HIGH

With an inshore wind, the sea is wild and magnificent.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

THE NOVA SCOTIA COAST

Wave-battered rocks alternate with beaches of cream-yellow sand.

the remainder of his days on Sable Island. Here, on moonlight nights, when the fog swirls low, he still may be seen, mariners say; and on almost any night one can hear his voice, wailing on the wind as the sand rolls in with the sea.

So many ships were wrecked on Sable Island that it became known as "the graveyard of the Atlantic." To arrest its constantly changing shape, which was in itself a great menace, the Canadian Government in 1901 planted thousands of spruce and juniper trees, fruit trees and berry bushes, and covered the shores with root-binding grasses. And now, instead of barren sand-dunes, it is an island of rare loveliness, set in the midst of the sea.

The many islands south of Yarmouth were formerly the refuge of storm-petrels. A writer of a century ago tells of the amazement of mariners when they saw these "Mother Cary's chickens" burrowing nests in the ground. They had believed that the storm-bird laid her egg on the ocean, quickly dived and caught it beneath her wing, and there held it until it was hatched.

The city of Halifax is English; Lunenburg, to the south, is German; but Yarmouth is wholly and delightfully Canadian. It is a charming city, with its famous hawthorn hedges, and its broad and pleasant harbor. In front are the islands—masses of green, at high tide, dipping their feet in the water; at low tide, broad beaches and ledges of rock, scarcely separated by the shallow channels. Behind the city are the hills, with

their trout and salmon streams and their many moose haunts enticing the sportsman. There are luring motor-roads, too, that follow the coast or climb up and down the winding hills, leading off through forests of fragrant spruce, or shadowy birch-woods where the undergrowth of sassafras and ferns and blueberry-bushes is a mass of tangled loveliness; but these truant roads ever dip back for a glimpse of the sea.

Yarmouth, because of its direct steamship connection with Boston, is one of the gateways to Nova Scotia; and certainly it is a delightful one. Another gateway, entered from St. John, New Brunswick, is Digby.

Between Yarmouth and Digby there is a peaceful farming country where Acadians, returned after exile, took up again their interrupted lives. Their descendants cling to the old speech and to many of the quaint and delightful customs of Evangeline's day. Off to the left, Long and Bear Islands and the rolling hills of Digby Neck are seen across St. Mary Bay. The Neck is a continuation of North Mountain, which some upheaval of nature rent asunder, forming the famous Digby Gap, where ships pass through into Annapolis Basin.

“ . . . I will remember the bay,
The white sails gliding through the gap from strange
lands far away;
The heavenly waters stretching by many a purple
slope;
The tide from out of Fundy, quiet of foot as hope.”

The little town of Digby climbs up the hillside, its white houses all but hidden by a wealth of green, the tide of Annapolis Basin lapping in at its feet. Digby cherries are famous, and the beauty of the orchards vies with the beauty of the bay. Even more famous are its smoked herring, known facetiously as "Digby chickens."

Bear River, nearby, is the cherry-land. Its orchards, clouds of white in blossom-time, or sprinkled with the luscious red of ripening fruit, are worth journeying far to see. An annual Cherry Carnival is held here, and the Micmacs come down from the hills to join in the water frolics.

The Annapolis Basin is a long and strangely beautiful body of water where the Bay of Fundy, gaining entrance through Digby Gap, runs up to see what lies behind North Mountain. An Indian legend claims this once was a fresh-water lake where Great Beaver, the enemy of Glooscap, lived. In the forests that shut in the lake there was a Wolf who liked nothing better than sailing. Great Beaver made him a raft of young birch-trees, bound together with birchbark, and raised upon it a sail of spruce-branches; and on this Wolf rode gaily up and down the lake. But one day he ran through the forest and came to the top of North Mountain, and there he saw the Bay of Fundy spread out before him. No longer, then, was he satisfied with his little lake. But how could he get his boat to this bigger sea? He asked Great Beaver to dig him a canal; but that Great Beaver would not do,

for it would let in the salt water and spoil his own home. Wolf then ran off to Beaver's enemy, Glooscap, and the demigod at once sent Lightning to split open North Mountain. So Lightning made the wide gap where the winds come howling through from the Bay of Fundy, and Wolf went sailing gaily away. Great Beaver could not live in salt-water, so he had to climb over the hills to Minas Basin which then, according to the legend, was a fresh-water lake.

Annapolis Royal has been built near the old, old fort of St. Anne, formerly Port Royal, which stands as a relic of the brave little village that in 1605 sheltered the first Europeans to "La Cadie," and as a memorial to the daring of those who ventured across new seas to make their home in a new and unknown land.

"In the yeere 1604 Monsieur de Monts rigged 2 shippes, and bare with those parts that trend Westward from Cape Breton, giuing names to places at pleasure, or vpon occasion."

Champlain, De Monts and Poutrincourt sailed into Annapolis Basin in 1604; and the month being June, the land was at its loveliest; but it was nearly a year later, after a disastrous winter spent on L'isle de Sainte Croix, that Port Royal was founded. Then began a series of hardships, of fortunes and misfortunes; and for the following two centuries the fort played a thrilling but often tragic part in the struggles between the French and the English for supremacy in Acadia; and it played no small part in all the

American wars. The first blood to be spilled was when the English at the infant colony of Jamestown, Virginia, sailed up in 1613 and left nothing standing but an old mill.

So rich is Fort Anne in history, so steeped in romance, so redolent of courage and high faith and heroism, that the Canadian Government has set aside the ruins and about twenty acres of ground for a National Park.

The Annapolis Valley, in the late springtime, is all perfume and fairy loveliness—for the apple-trees then are in bloom. Mile after mile they stretch away, fluffy clouds of white and pink, calling to the bees with the sweetness of their fragrance, holding the passer-by with the sheer glory of their beauty.

The orchards of Cornwallis Valley, over the ridge from Annapolis, are checkered with hayfields. The Acadians here carry on their farming much as did their ancestors who built the dykes which still sturdily hold back the tides. Scows, laden with hay, ply the waterways; and on land the picturesque ox plods along the highroad with his fragrant burden piled high. An Acadian poet thus gives a glimpse of his much-loved land:

“From the soft dyke-road, crooked and wagon-worn,
Comes the great load of rustling, scented hay,
Slow-drawn, with heavy swing and creaky sway,
Through the cool freshness of the windless morn.”

Beyond Cornwallis Valley lies the romantic valley of the Gaspereau; and spread upon the ridge which

separates these two is Wolfville, in the heart of Evangeline Land. Grand Pré, immortalized by Longfellow's poem, lies beside Wolfville.

"In the Acadian Land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand
Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks with-
out number.
Dykes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with
labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tide. . . ."

Directly across Minas Basin, and connected with Wolfville by boat, is Parrsboro, famed for its fishing and hunting. This is a pleasant summer resort, with the advantages of water sports and wooded hills, for a beach lies in front, and behind the town rise the Cobequid Hills, with timbered slopes and winding valleys.

The Five Islands, lying in front of Parrsboro, were the missiles which Glooscap threw at Great Beaver, the Micmacs say, when he wished to drive Beaver out of Minas Basin. In the long ago, they claim, this basin was a lake, but when Glooscap drove Great Beaver out he quickly sent Lightning to open up the broad gap which is now Minas Channel, to let in

sea-water from the Bay of Fundy and so prevent Beaver from returning.

The spectacular Split Rock, which guards the entrance to Minas Basin, and which nature in some moment of supreme torment shattered and twisted in two, was caused, the Micmacs claim, when Glooscap became angry with Lightning and picked up this rock to throw at him. Lightning turned and split the rock in his hand with a bolt of fire which made him quickly drop it.

As if further protection were needed for this lovely harbor, the lofty promontory of Blomidon stands with its head held high, its rocky base out-thrust to meet the onrushing tide.

“ . . . And away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old; and aloft on the
mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty
Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne’er from their
station descended.”

In this “happy valley” lies the important town of Windsor, picturesquely situated on a point which runs out between the Avon and the St. Croix Rivers. In the long-ago the Indian village on this site was known as Piziquid, “The Meeting of the Waters,” for here the two rivers come together to form the wide Avon, which opens into Minas Basin like a broad bay. The Acadians early settled in the Avon Valley, building

dykes to reclaim the marshes, planting apple-trees and their much-loved willows; but, except for the dykes, and an occasional gnarled old tree, there is now little evidence of their half-century of happy and busy life here.

Minas Basin narrows to Cobequid Bay, and where this bay runs up to meet Salmon River, the city of Truro lies. Truro was founded in 1761 by Scotch-Irish settlers from New Hampshire, and is today one of the leading towns of Nova Scotia. Much of its Victoria Park, covering nearly a thousand acres, has been left in the same wild loveliness that the Indians knew when they wandered through the region centuries ago. With the river running down to the bay in front, hills rising to mountains behind, and lakes and streams scattered everywhere, there is a wealth of scenery that is as varied as it is beautiful.

Across the hills is Northumberland Strait, where the town of Pictou holds first interest. Long before white men came, the Micmacs had a village here; for this was the very heart of Glooscap's country, they believed, and so a desirable place in which to live. Also it was, unhappily, the home of the Indian witch, Gamona, who caught wild animals and skinned them alive, using the warm skins for her magic. A chipmunk managed to escape from her clutches, but her claws left stripes down his back, and they are there to this day. She caught an owl, but he, too, managed to escape, and flew straight off to find Glooscap. Glooscap had no magic that could harm the witch,

but he gave Owl big eyes, that he might ever watch her and give warning to his brother animals. And when Owl says, "Hoo, hoo," that means the witch is flying about.

East of Pictou, Cape George, running out toward Cape Breton Island, ends abruptly to leave room for George Bay, which extends in to the Gut of Canso. The shores of the bay, wooded and dotted with villages, rise in softly rounded hills where sheep are often at pasture and woods give way to pleasant meadows. Antigonish Harbour is but one of the bay's many picturesque inlets. Inshore a bit from Antigonish is a haunted lake, if one may believe the tales told by the natives. It is a mere lakelet, scarcely more than a pond. Many years ago a farmer living there gave his soul to the Devil in exchange for the heart of a maiden he eagerly desired and which, alas, the Devil possessed. Both the farmer and the girl soon died; and ever afterward there has wandered about the lake, at twilight, a "Something" in the form of a black cat or a dog. No native dares go near enough, at the mystic hour, to investigate the weird creature his imagination pictures through the nightfall gloom.

"Haunted" places, especially marshes, are very common on Cape Breton Island and this upper end of Nova Scotia peninsula, where "Bochen," the miraculous water-horse, lives in the swampy regions. Many are the Acadian tales woven about him, and his

changing mood. Sometimes he is a devil-horse; at other times he does only good.

West of Pictou the coast varies with undulating meadows, wooded points, and occasional bits of rugged shore. The oyster, lobster and deep-sea fishing are so excellent here that many villages nestle beside the water; and some of these have grown into resorts where the vacationist comes, lured by the boating and deep-sea fishing and by the rest and joy of summering in a quiet Acadian fishing village.

The narrow isthmus of Chignecto, lying between Baie Verte, where Northumberland Strait washes in on the north, and Cumberland Basin, where the Bay of Fundy runs up through Chignecto Bay on the south, marks the boundary-line between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

In Chignecto Bay the Fundy tides sweep in, often as high as forty or fifty feet; and as they wash out they leave broad beaches and ledges of brick-red mud, and marshes where wild-fowl have their feeding-ground. The water that rushes in is tinged with red, from its own clay-bank. Far off down the bay the rolling gray-green of Fundy—called by the French the Baie Française, and by the Micmacs the Tormented Sea—battles with the winds, which hurl the water in one direction while the tides rush with it in another.

Of all Nova Scotia's countless attractions, none is more interesting than the tormented tides of the Bay of Fundy. In this northern end of the bay, especially, where the water becomes more confined, it rolls not

merely in waves, but in spectacular walls that march onto the shore. The changing colors of this water, red and blue and green and silver, are remarkable at all times; in the early morning they are exquisite, when fogs still hang low and the crimson of the sky tinges the water through the misty gray veil.

"Tides of Fundy, tides of Fundy,
What is this you bring to me—
News from nowhere, vague and haunting
As the white fog from the sea."

II. NEW BRUNSWICK, THE LURING LAND

THE STORY OF SAINTE CROIX
ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA
THE LEGEND OF CHAMCOOK LAKE
THE ISLANDS OF PASSAMAQUODDY BAY
PIRATE GOLD ON GRAND MANAN
THE STORIED ST. JOHN
THE LEGEND OF GRAND FALLS
FREDERICTON, THE DELIGHTFUL CITY
LAKES ALONG THE WAY
THE CITY OF ST. JOHN
SCENIC MONCTON
THE LEGEND OF HOPEWELL CAPE
ACADIA LAND
ON NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT
THE ROMANCE OF MIRAMICHI BAY
THE LURE OF THE DEEP FORESTS
THE FAMOUS RESTIGOUCHE RIVER
BEAUTIFUL CHALEUR BAY
THE LEGEND OF THE PHANTOM LIGHT
THE MYTHICAL GOUGOU

II

NEW BRUNSWICK, THE LURING LAND

"Hung like a rich pomegranate o'er the sea
The ripened moon; along the tranced sand
The feather-shadowed ferns drooped dreamfully;
The solitude's evading harmony
Mingled remotely over sea and land;
A light wind woke and whispered warily,
A myriad ripples tinkled on the strand."
—*Charles G. D. Roberts*

IN 1604 an Indian village stood where now is the city of St. John, the wigwams somehow finding room among the many pines and hemlocks that crowded down to the water's edge. A few Micmacs were fishing, on a day in late June, when suddenly one of them gave a cry of alarm. Rolling in on the waves of the Tormented Sea was what appeared to them to be a great monster of the deep. One glance at the terrifying creature, and the wigwams were deserted: the women with their papooses fled to the shelter of the forest; the men, as befitted Indian braves, grabbed up their bows and arrows and stood ready to do battle.

But, to their wide-eyed amazement, they saw that this monster was only a ship; but such a ship as never before had they even dreamed could exist. It was *Sieur de Monts* and *Champlain*, seeking a site for their colony.

The Indians were friendly enough, when the great

ship sailed in, and Champlain lingered long enough to name the river St. John; but he had dreams of a warm southern land for his colony, and so they soon weighed anchor and sailed on.

When they reached Passamaquoddy Bay, dotted with its many lovely wooded islands, it seemed to them that, surely, there could be no more delightful place in all the world. It was too luring to leave. There must have been long discussion as to which of the many islands to choose. De Monts settled it by selecting an island in the midst of a broad river that flowed into the bay. Being a devout Catholic, he planted a cross when he landed, and named the island Sainte Croix. The Etchemins, crowding down to the banks to stare in wonder at the strangers, called their river the Schoodic; it is now the St. Croix, and forms part of the boundary-line between Maine and New Brunswick.

Filled with enthusiasm, the French colonists set to work clearing the ground, building log houses, and planting—wherever Champlain landed, almost his first act was to plant seeds. But the little settlement seemed doomed from the beginning. The winter cold was intense; shortage of food and an all-meat diet brought on scurvy, and nearly half the colonists died from this “mal de terre”; keen nostalgia assailed the others; and when the spring of 1605 arrived and with it came a boat from France with supplies, all were eager to sail for home.

But De Monts and Champlain would not accept

defeat. Poutrincourt had now joined them, and they removed the little colony across the Bay of Fundy to the sheltered inlet of Annapolis Basin which they had found so beautiful the preceding summer. Here they built Port Royal, using the material they brought from the demolished houses at Sainte Croix. The old settlement, where their disastrous first winter had been spent, now destroyed and deserted, was soon reclaimed by nature. Vines overran it, bushes sprang up, trees grew ever higher and higher, until all traces of this first brave little fort were effaced—only the island remained,

“With tangled brushwood overgrown,
And here and there a lofty pine,
Around whose form strange creepers twine,
And crags that mock the wild sea’s moan.”

Even the name has been changed. Today it is Dochet Island.

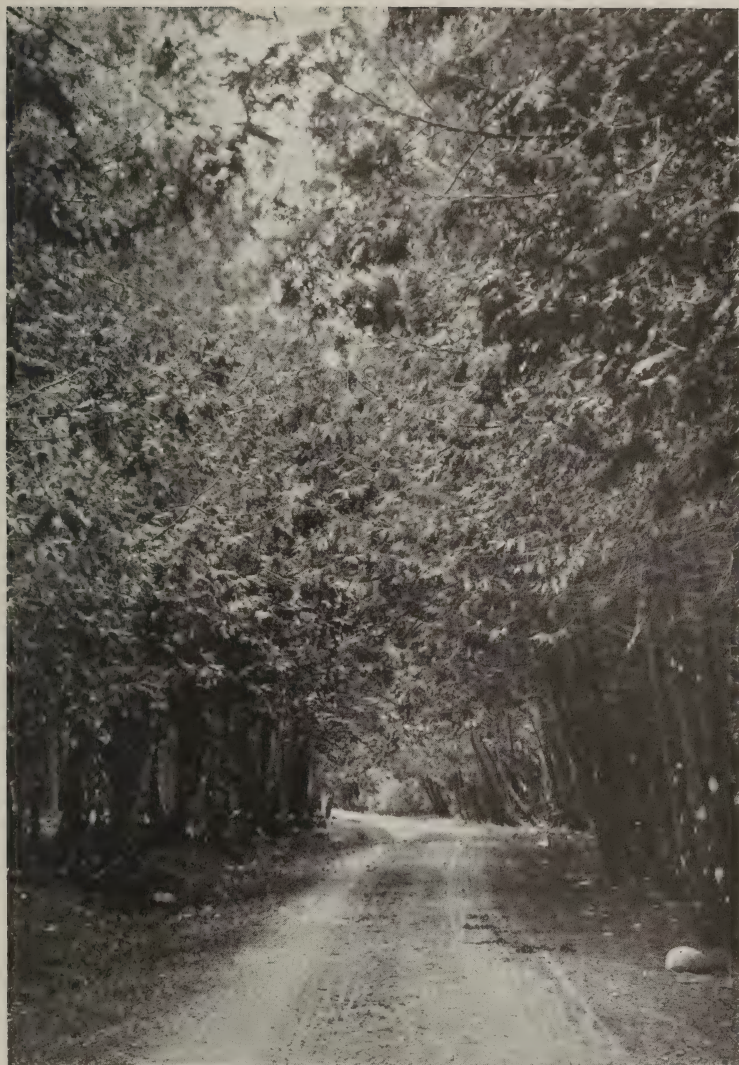
The St. Croix River flows down from a chain of lakes, the Chiputneticook, which stretch through a wide and timbered valley, and form an ideal place for camping, hunting, fishing, canoeing, or other vacation delights. At the mouth of the river the city of St. Andrews has been built, on a long and sloping peninsula which runs out into Passamaquoddy Bay.

St. Andrews is New Brunswick’s most famous summer-resort. It is a tree-lovely city, noted for its beautiful scenery, with a deep wood running inland and the bay curving softly in front.

"The far-off shores swim blue and indistinct,
Like half-lost memories of some old dream.
The listless waves that catch each sunny gleam
Are idling up the waterways land-linked,
And, yellowing along the harbor's breast,
The light is leaping shoreward from the west."

Back of St. Andrews rises Chamcook Mountain, keeping vigil over the lovely water of Chamcook Lake. An Etchemin legend claims that at one time neither the mountain nor the lake was here. In those far-off days there was an Etchemin chief whose only son, playing in the forest, was torn to pieces by wildcats; but as the child's spirit started on its long journey the great Manitou appeared and changed it into this lake, that it might remain near the disconsolate chief. But the chief, in his sorrow, hid himself away in the tepee and would neither eat nor sleep; and the lake lay gloomy and sad. So the Manitou again appeared, and changed the father into Chamcook Mountain, that he might ever stand beside his little son. And now no longer is there mourning. Those who know the mountain know the joy of its loveliness; and know, too, that the lake lies ever smiling. Anglers seek Chamcook Lake because of the gamy ouananiche, the land-locked salmon.

Beyond this land of the Etchemins, if Champlain and other early writers may be believed, there was a strangely long-legged tribe, "the Armouchiquois, next unneighborly neighbors to the Etechemins." Purchas says of them: "They are light-footed and lime-



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

A TREE-LOVELY ROAD

St. Andrews is noted for its many scenic drives.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

THE TWIN FALLS OF THE POKIOK

A wild glen near Fredericton, the city in the forest.

fingered. Their legges greate and long, and disproportioned with likeness of proportion; when they sit on their heeles their knees are halfe a foote higher then their heades. They are valiant and planted in the best Countrey."

Passamaquoddy Bay is all but shut in by its many islands. Some are mere rocky crags, rising in gray and red above the sea-blue water; others lie like dark emeralds set in gold, where the bright tree-patch is edged round with yellow sand; still others are broad and lovely islands, where there are meadows, and fishing villages, and craggy coves hemmed in with trees.

Campobello Island lies at the very edge of the United States, and is a favorite summering-place for New York and Boston anglers. The shores are extremely rugged and picturesque, and the island is well wooded.

A short distance away is the island of Grand Manan, which has both beauty and romance. Rugged gray cliffs rise sheer from the water for three hundred or more feet, deep chasms cutting them, leaning spruce-trees almost touching overhead. Near Dark Harbour, in a secluded little cove, pirate gold is supposed to be buried. Many have sought here for treasure; and, could they only know it, have found it—not as doubloons and jingling pieces of eight, but in the health and joy of this thrilling outdoor sport of treasure-hunting, in the tonic from the ocean and from the incense-freighted hemlocks and pines.

Grand Manan is a favorite fishing center, and with

its balsam forests, its flower-scattered meadows, and its rugged, inviting coasts, it is a delightful summering-place. One of the many boat excursions that may be taken from the island crosses a sunlit stretch of Fundy to the lovely and history-steeped city of St. John, lying at the mouth of the river which the Indians called the Ouygoudy. This meant Highway, for by it they came down from the St. Lawrence. Champlain, however, being a good Catholic, spread broadcast in this new land the names of the saints; and as he sailed into the mouth of the Ouygoudy on St. John's Day, he replaced what he considered the heathenish name of the Micmacs by the reverential one of his saint.

The St. John rises in the woods of northern Maine, forms part of the boundary-line of that state, and then becomes wholly New Brunswick's own. The Indians of its upper reaches called it the Woolastook, or Long River; for when they set out upon it in their birchbark canoes it seemed to them a river without end. These northern Indians were the Meliseets. "Their Dogges are like Foxes, which spende not, neuer giue ouer, and haue rackets tyed vnder their feete, the better to runne on the Snowe." In the summer months the Meliseets paddled down the St. John to trade—and not always peaceably—with the Micmacs. Down this waterway, too, came the Mohawks, searching for scalps, making sudden raids upon Meliseet or Micmac villages.

The entire upper reaches of the river, famous for

its scenery, are wild and lovely; but the St. John's most spectacular moment is at Grand Falls. Here the water, in a tremendous volume, makes a sudden leap of sixty feet into a rocky basin entirely hidden by the clouds of flying spray. Then off, down a deep, winding gorge, the river cascades in frothy falls, boils over rapids, or stops to swirl in giddy whirlpools. There is a fascination in the roar of these falls, and in the rushing beauty of the water. And when huge logs are floated over and are tossed about like so many match-sticks, the fascination is akin to awe.

New Brunswick is a land rich in legends, and many tales hover about Grand Falls. The most popular is of the Meliseet maiden who gave her life that her people might be saved. She was off in the forest gathering balsam-bark when she was surprised by a large party of Mohawks on their way to destroy the Meliseet village of Medoctec. The Indian girl was forced to guide the war-canoes, which were then in the Madawaska, a tributary stream. When she piloted them safely past the dangerous Little Falls and into the broad and quiet St. John, they had full confidence in her; and when she assured them there were no more portages, the canoes were lashed together as they went gliding stealthily downstream. But suddenly a roaring of water was heard. A bend in the river concealed the danger, and the maiden told the Mohawks it was a cataract in a nearby stream. Too late to escape, they saw the precipice, and in spite of frantic efforts went over. Thus the Mohawk warriors and

the Meliseet maiden were dashed to death on the rocks below, and the village of Medoctec was saved. The furious boiling and seething of the water at the foot of the falls is caused by the torment of these Mohawks, whose spirits still struggle for release; and in the roar of the cataract, if one but listen closely, their anguished groanings may be heard.

On the stretch of the St. John that winds down from Grand Falls to Fredericton, there are many Indian villages, ever interesting and delightful; and the river itself is constantly varying. At places it is broad and shallow and dotted with islands; again it narrows to a mere channel, with rocky shores sweeping up on both sides, and trees crowding thickly about them; in some of its stretches there are groves of silver-white birch that run down in little points into the river, ferns crowding between the trees wherever they can find roothold. Again there are rolling meadows that sweep back, always to end in trees. Many streams winding into the St. John have rapids or falls of their own, lying hidden in the deep woods.

Fredericton, the capital of the province, is a city built in the forest, a woodsy, flower-splashed city that is quaint and altogether charming. Even the St. John River takes on here a restful beauty, as it flows sedately by in a broad stream nearly three-quarters of a mile wide. Almost opposite the town is the mouth of the Nashwaak River where, in 1692, Villebon built a fort and removed his little French garrison from Jemseg, farther down the St. John. Scarcely was he

settled when New Englanders sailed boldly up to attack him; but the Meliseet Indians gave excellent support and the fort could not be taken. Two years later, however, it was deserted, and was destroyed in 1700.

But this stretch of the St. John River was an ideal place for a city; it could not long remain deserted. By 1740 the French village of Ste. Anne climbed back from the shores; and when the Acadians were driven from Nova Scotia many of them found refuge here. But the Acadians were ousted by the influx of Tories at the close of the American Revolution. They took the town for their own; the name was changed to Fredericton; and since 1786 it has been the capital of New Brunswick.

Between Fredericton and St. John a railroad clings to the bank of the river, winding as it winds, affording ever-interesting vistas of water and wooded islands; another railroad, running more directly, dips down through the interior, crossing and recrossing picturesque streams; but the most delightful ride, for one not in a hurry, is by the steamboat that plies down the St. John. Boats freighted with cargo—corn on the cob, bright-red tomatoes, sweet-scented hay—come alongside in midstream, tie up and unload while the steamer chugs on, undisturbed. There are stops at wharves, where freight is piled high, where white-sailed boats may be at anchor, and little craft bob about in the waves the churning steamer sends shoreward.

The Jemseg River, which is no more than a winding channel, brings to the St. John the water from Grand Lake. Long ago this great lake, with its many coves and bays and deep inlets, lay in the heart of an immense forest; today it is surrounded by orchards, by clover-fields, with their burden of nectar which gives such delectable flavor to New Brunswick honey, by well-kept farms, and coal-mines in operation. The Salmon River, following a tortuous course through a land of pastoral beauty, flows into Grand Lake; and just above its mouth is Chipman, a coal-mining center, a steamship terminus, and the junction of two important railroads.

Washademoak Lake, which opens off the St. John River, is the outlet for the Washademoak River, a great fishing stream. Below this lake the St. John curves back into Belleisle Bay, and then begins its Long Reach of sixteen miles with scarcely a winding. On one side a range of hills, known locally as the Devil's Back, rises in softly rolling contours. On the other side the banks are low; and in the midst of the river are many islands. At the end of the Reach the St. John makes its big bend and soon loses its identity as a river in a series of bays.

The largest of these bays, near the mouth of the river, is the Kennebecasis, which is but a broadening of the exquisitely lovely Kennebecasis River. The bay is nearly four miles wide, and has many wooded islands to add to its charm and its colorful beauty.

“Of all the gallant Frenchmen
Whose names and deeds endure,
In old Acadian annals,
The greatest was La Tour.”

Thus Whittier sings of Charles La Tour; and at the mouth of the St. John River, where the city now stands, was the little fort which Madame La Tour, in 1645, so heroically defended while her husband was absent seeking help in Boston.

Port Royal was founded on the shores of Annapolis Basin in 1605; in 1610 Charles La Tour was there, a boy of fourteen, and during the following many years, full of stirring events, he came to love the land of Acadia as his own. Never once did he waver in his loyalty to France, even when his own father, captured on the highseas, taken a prisoner to London, and then lionized at the English Court, became a British subject and begged his son to accept the favors England was ready to offer should he give up the French fort near Cape Sable. Charles La Tour scorned bribes, and held the fort for France; and the King of France recognized this loyalty by appointing him Lieutenant-governor of Acadia.

More eventful years sped past. Cardinal Richelieu, alarmed at the hold the English were gaining overseas, sent now a new colonizing expedition, and appointed Razilly, a very excellent man, Governor of all Acadia. Razilly's lieutenant and successor was Charles d'Aulnay, and between d'Aulnay and Charles

La Tour a bitter war raged; for La Tour refused to give up his rights in the land he knew and loved, rights which he richly deserved. He was now entrenched in Fort La Tour, which he had built at the mouth of the St. John River; d'Aulnay was at Port Royal. La Tour would sally to Annapolis Basin to attack d'Aulnay's fort; d'Aulnay would lose no time in crossing Fundy for an attack upon Fort La Tour.

So the battle waged; and then d'Aulnay learned that La Tour was absent and the fort unprotected. An opportunity to be snatched, he decided, as he rushed to the attack. But he had reckoned without Madame La Tour. She rose heroically to the occasion. Under her guidance the few French and their Indian allies made such a determined resistance that d'Aulnay was retiring in discouragement when a cowardly German, who had sought refuge at the fort at the first firing of a gun, now turned traitor, for a price, and betrayed the fort, betrayed the staunch-hearted woman and her brave little garrison. Even then Madame La Tour refused to capitulate until d'Aulnay had guaranteed fair treatment to all his prisoners. This he readily agreed to; but, once inside, the cruel d'Aulnay not only broke his pledge and hanged every man except one whom he made executioner, but he forced Madame La Tour, with a rope around her own neck, to watch the murder of these men who so bravely had helped her hold the fort. The horrors of this treacherous massacre broke her heart; and she died three weeks

later, a prisoner in the hands of the merciless d'Aulnay.

Five years later d'Aulnay was drowned in Annapolis Basin; and a strange, almost incredible, sequel to the whole tragedy is that Charles La Tour, the husband of the courageous woman who is known as "the heroine of Acadia," and whom he truly loved, married the widow of d'Aulnay, the fiend who had caused Madame La Tour's tortured death.

The marriage brought La Tour back into his own in Acadia; but the very next year, 1654, Oliver Cromwell sent over an expedition which took the fort and held it for England—at least for a while. During the following century it was the target for constant naval bombardment from St. John Harbour. In 1758, while the French were in possession, it was captured by a combined force of English and New Englanders, and named Fort Frederic. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, a few American privateers slipped up, surprised it, captured and dismantled it. But many Tories from New England were now coming to St. John, and a fort here seemed desirable. In 1777, therefore, six years before the city of St. John had its real beginning, Fort Howe was built at a commanding position on Fort Howe Hill. The ruins of this old fort, and nineteen acres of surrounding ground, have been made a historic National Park.

The city of St. John was at first called Parrtown, and its importance as a city began in 1783 when twenty ships, with about three thousand Tories from the

United States, sailed into St. John Harbour. By the following year, six or seven thousand more Tories had arrived, besides a large number who founded towns elsewhere in New Brunswick.

St. John is today the largest city in the province; and it is a beautiful city, with its tree-shaded streets and its many glimpses of the sea. Its most notable scenic feature is furnished by the outflowing St. John River where it meets and does battle with the incoming Fundy tide. Here are the Reversing Falls, said to be the only phenomenon of its kind in the world. At low-tide the mighty river-water, brought together in a narrow gorge, rushes furiously through and drops in a succession of rapids into the bay. At high-tide, the rush of the incoming bay is so great that not only does it cover these rapids but it sweeps against the river-water until it takes it rushing madly back upstream, to fall upon itself and race down again.

St. John is Canada's winter port, for it remains open for trans-Atlantic ships when Quebec and Montreal lie icebound down the frozen St. Lawrence.

Much of the Bay of Fundy coast, between St. John Harbour and Chignecto Bay, is fertile marshland, prairie-like, where meadows of tall grass or fields of oats or clover drink in greedily the warm sunshine, or lie moist under the mists from the bay.

The Bay of Fundy narrows to Chignecto Bay; Chignecto Bay narrows to Shepody Bay; and Shepody Bay narrows to the Petitcodiac River. The Indian word *codiac*, "bend," was applied to the river only at

its great curve where there was an Indian village. Higher in its course there is a much sharper bend, and this the French called, in a quaint mingling of languages, the *petit codiac*; and the combined name came soon to be applied to the entire stream.

Pennsylvania Dutch, hearing of the delights of this lovely country, left their settlements along the Delaware and the Schuylkill and brought their all to The Bend, building log cabins among the Indian tepees. Many Acadians joined them. Tories from the United States found it a pleasant place after the Revolution; and the name of the town was changed to Moncton, in honor of the general who served second in command under Wolfe at the taking of Quebec and later was British Governor of New York. Today Moncton is the second city in size in the province, and is an important manufacturing and railroad center.

Its scenic attractions are many, and include the spectacular tidal wave, known as the "Bore," a solid wall of water three to four feet high, which marches up the river from Fundy. At Hopewell Cape, a short distance away, are grotesque rocks of red sandstone which the lashing tides have sculptured into fantastic shapes. Seen in the moonlight, when day-glare is gone and contours are softened, they well might be, as the Indians claim, weird creatures stalking out to sea.

The Micmacs say that a great monster once lived in the rocks along this shore, and he ate nothing but white porpoises. But so greedy was he that the porpoises soon began to disappear. Then he unchained

his servants and sent them out to fish for him; but the servants were Micmac Indians the monster had captured, and, once free, they hastened off to their tribe. The monster lashed about in such fury that his tail shattered the rocky cliffs and left these weird pillars edging the shore. At once he turned them into giants, leaving their feet, however, solid rock, so they might never run away, as did the Indians, but permitting their bodies to assume human form whenever a white porpoise swam near.

The Missiguash River, on the isthmus of Chignecto, is steeped in the history of the French and English struggles for Acadia; for on one side of the stream was the French Fort Beauséjour, and on the other side the English Fort Lawrence. In 1755, the year the Acadians were driven from the Basin of Minas, the French fort was captured, its name changed to Cumberland, and later it was abandoned and soon fell into ruins.

The coast of New Brunswick edging upon Northumberland Strait is almost wholly Acadian now. Delightful fishing villages dot the shore or curve about the many inlets; farming-land and stretches of cool deep woods run back from the sea.

Cape Tormentine is an important port where the railroad shifts its cars from the track to a comfortable steamer, to be ferried across the strait to Borden, Prince Edward Island. Point du Chêne, also, is a little seaside resort where the railroad runs up to meet the boat, affording a delightful sail across to Summer-

side, Prince Edward Island. Shediac, nearby, with its harbor sheltered by a tree-covered island, holds out many lures to the vacationist—its exquisite seascapes, its sandy bathing beaches, its boating joys, and, not the least, its famous oysters.

Farther along the coast is Richibucto Bay, shut in by a chain of islands and receiving the water of the great trout and salmon stream, the Richibucto River.

In 1534, seventy years before Champlain came, Jacques Cartier was in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, searching for the route to Cathay. Early in July he and his men landed on the New Brunswick coast, at Point Escuminac, for a brief run on shore before sailing into Miramichi Bay.

Even before Cartier came, however, the Basque fishermen were here. Already they had picked up a few Indian words, one of the first they learned being *michi*, "boats." As they sailed into this broad harbor and saw hundreds of canoes rushing toward them, their occupants curious to see the big ship from another world, the Basque lookout cried excitedly to his companions: "Mira! Mira michi!" which meant, "Look! Look—boats!" The Basque sailors laughed at him for his mixture of Spanish and Indian, and began to call the bay, in jest, "Miramichi." And through the centuries that name has clung to it, and has been given to a town on its shore, to the largest river which flows into the bay, and to three tributaries of that river.

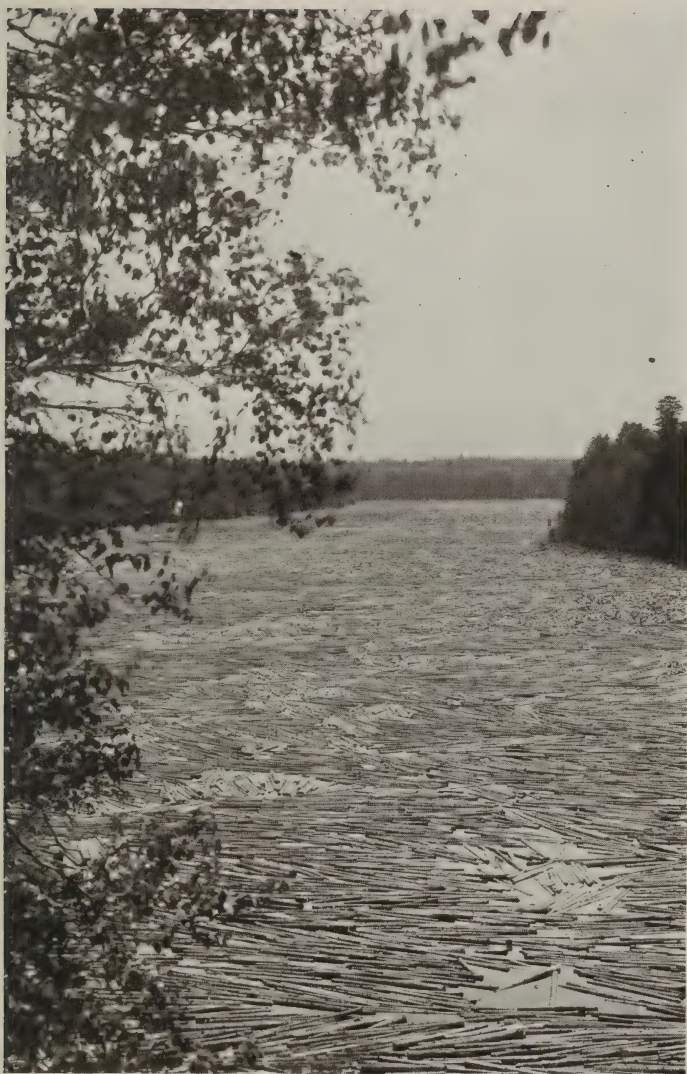
Some believe that "Miramichi" is an Indian word meaning "Hand"—because five branches of the river

run together like fingers; others say it is Indian for "Happy Retreat," because of the lovely wooded glens along the river's course.

When Cartier sailed into Miramichi Bay so many canoes came paddling out that he was afraid their great numbers might swamp his boat, knowing that in their curiosity they would crowd upon him; so he fired his cannon to frighten them off. He hastily, then, showed his friendliness by presenting the chief with a bright red hat.

The inner harbor is shut in by a chain of islands that stretch, like fairy stepping-stones, across the bay.

Both Chatham, a charming little city, lying where bay and river meet, and Newcastle, a short distance up the broad Miramichi, are favorite outfitting-points for the vacationist fortunate enough to be able to spend fascinating days in the interior. All of northern New Brunswick is densely timbered. Spruce, fir, pine, cedar, hemlock, poplar, maple, birch—it seems that every lovely tree that ever was, grows somewhere here. And in these forests are thousands of moose, roaming about, swimming the cool streams, standing knee-deep in the pleasant lakes, feeding on the tender undergrowth, or resting motionless in the forest, their bodies the color of the background, their antlers like prongs of a tree. Herds of caribou, too, are here. Red deer are plentiful. And innumerable fur-bearing animals live their busy lives somewhere in these forests—bear, raccoons, otter, mink, beaver, marten, and many other creatures of the wild.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

A LOG-DRIVE ON THE MIRAMICHI

This famous river is a favorite with anglers and canoeists.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

THE GIANT'S HEAD

Weird, wave-sculptured rocks edge the shore at Hopewell Cape.

Campers delight in the migratory birds that find New Brunswick's deep and lovely woods too alluring to pass over; and in the wild-fowl that always are abundant here.

A network of rivers and streams, and many lakes, winding through the incensed forests, form a labyrinth of water that the canoeist finds irresistible. The Tobique-Nipisiguit canoe trip, from Plaster Rock on the Tobique to Bathurst on Chaleur Bay, is one of the most delightful to be found anywhere. It winds, and often races, for about one hundred and fifty miles through the wildest forests of northern New Brunswick, and has a portage of only three miles. This route may be varied by going down the Upsalquitch to Campbellton. Either way affords fine salmon fishing, wonderful camping sites, and beautiful forest scenery.

The Restigouche, with crystal-clear water, is a favorite with the lazy canoeist; for a hundred miles or so there are no rapids, and one may float along at leisure and enjoy the forest creatures that come down to the river to drink or bathe. The Miramichi, also, is a favorite with canoeists; and the routes of the St. John and its tributaries are innumerable.

The Tobique and the Nipisiguit, rising in little lakelets on the slopes of Bald Mountain and flowing in opposite directions, are noted for their trout and salmon. So also are the many branches of the Miramichi; and almost every other river in New Brunswick. But the favorite salmon stream, with anglers,

because of the abundance, the gaminess, and the immense size of the fish, is the Restigouche River, with its many tributaries, one of which has the delightful name of Quatawamkedgewickasis, which means Little Quatawamkedgewick.

Part of the Restigouche's course lies between Quebec and New Brunswick. Its lower reaches, nearly four miles broad, gradually widen into the very beautiful Chaleur Bay, which Cartier named the *Baie des Chaleurs* because the heat, on July 10, 1534, was more than pleasantly noticeable. The Micmac name for the bay was the Sea of Fish.

Dalhousie, running down to the water where the river ends and the bay begins, is a much-loved summer-resort and a charming little sea-town, lying at the foot of wooded hills.

Few places are so rich in legend as this lovely Chaleur Bay.

"Who has not heard of the phantom light
That over the moaning waves, at night,
Dances and drifts in endless play,
Close to the shore, then far away,
Fierce as the flame in sunset skies
Cold as the winter light that lies
On the Baie des Chaleurs."

This legend of the phantom light goes back to the days when pirates roamed the seas. A brave young man and his lady fair set sail to begin a wondrous life together in the new world. But their ship was

sighted on the highseas by a pirate crew. With bellowing sails they sped into Chaleur Bay, the buccaneer ship in their wake. They were overtaken, and sunk. Only the heavens had been witness to the tragedy; and the displeased heavens suddenly opened and dropped upon the pirate ship a ball of fire; flames sprang up the rigging, and tongues of flame leaped along the deck. Punishment had come swiftly; in another moment the ship and the cut-throat crew were at the bottom of the Baie des Chaleurs.

Mariners claim that now, in the dead of night, the pirate ship comes up from the deep and flits about the bay, lighted by a glow of phantom-fire that leaps up the rigging, manned by a crew of wailing specter-pirates.

Partly shutting in Chaleur Bay are two large, wooded islands—Shippegan and Mictou—the haunts of wild-fowl. These are isles of delight to the man with rod or gun, or to the mere seeker of rest and extraordinary beauty. But these islands, especially Mictou, were held in the utmost dread by the Indians; for here, they believed, dwelt the terrible sea-monster Gougou, half-woman, half-dragon, who was big enough to put in her pocket the largest ship that sailed, and who ate Indians as choice titbits. Even Champlain was led to believe in her. In 1603 he wrote:

“There is still one strange thing, worthy of account, which many Savages have assured me was true; that is that neare the Baie des Chaleurs, toward the South, there is an island where a frightfull Monster makes his

home, which the Savages call Gougou, and which they told me had the form of a Woman, but very Terrible, and of such a Size that they tell me the toppes of Mastes of our Vessel would not reache to his waiste, so great do they represent him; and they say that he has often eaten up and still continues to eat up many Savages; these he puts, when he can catch them, into a great pocket, and afterward he eats them; and those who had escaped the danger of this awful Beaste said that its pocket was so greate that it could have put our Vessel into it. This Monster makes horrible noises in this Island, which the Savages call the Gougou; and when they speak of it, it is with unutterable fear, and severall have assured me that they have seene him. . . . If I were to record all they say of her, it would be considered as idle tales, but I hold that this is the dwelling-place of some Devil that torments them in the manner described."

A charming little summer-resort on this south shore of the Baie des Chaleurs is Jacquet River, where a crystal stream winds through the woods and meadows to end in the bay. The view out over Chaleur, the water sparkling in the sunshine, the waves ever restless, is alluring; and the shore itself is attractive, with wide clean beaches running back to cliffs of fantastic rock or to meadows white with drifts of daisies.

"Of all the floures in the mede
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our towne,
To hem I have so greate affection."

New Brunswick has much to offer the homeseeker. To the vacationist it is a land of unending delights. Fishing, hunting, yachting, canoeing, camping, exploring its ever-new wilds; motoring on its many scenic highways, horseback-riding into the deep woods where logging-roads go, hiking off into the bypaths or blazing new trails through the incense-sweet trees and the cool deep ferns—these are a few of its inexhaustible joys.

Mountains and meadows, woods and sea, give a pleasing variety to the beauty of this land so rich in scenery, this land of the magnificent forests. In the spring, when the trees are all so freshly green, and white with dogwood blossoms, they are exquisite. In the summer the woods are even more enticing, with their tangled vines and brilliant wild-flowers. But by far the loveliest time is the early autumn, when maples splash the spruce and hemlock forests with flame and crimson and scarlet, poplars glow vivid-yellow, and oaks are a gay gold-bronze. The visitor, leaving New Brunswick, has many pleasing memories, but none is more haunting, none more enduring, than the exquisite coloring of her autumn woods.

“With magic color the forest glows,
Fit for a pageant fair—
Gold and scarlet, ruby and rose,
Bright as a bugle’s blare.”

III. THE HAPPY ISLE

THE LEGEND OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
WHEN CARTIER CAME
DELIGHTFUL TIGNISH
ALONG THE NORTH COAST
RUSTICO'S FAMOUS BEACH
SEA-MEADOWS AT EAST POINT
THE CHARM OF SOURIS
IN CARDIGAN BAY
INLAND FROM MONTAGUE
LOVELY MURRAY HARBOUR
THE LEGEND OF THE GULLS
THE GREAT HILLSBOROUGH BAY
CHARLOTTETOWN, THE FLOWER CITY
"THE GARDEN OF THE GULF"
ICE-BOATS ON THE STRAIT
FOX RANCHING
COLORFUL BEDEQUE BAY
SUMMERSIDE'S MANY DELIGHTS
AROUND WEST POINT
A MICMAC LEGEND

III

THE HAPPY ISLE

"There's a piping wind from a sunrise shore
Blowing over a silver sea,
There's a joyous voice in the lapsing tide
That calls enticingly."

—*L. M. Montgomery*

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND was known to the Indians as *Abegweit*, "Resting on the Waves." And, surely, no more delightful description could be given of it. It lies in a long crescent of red and green and gold, the sea-blue around it and the sky-blue above it. When mists drift in from the gulf, half-veiling the shores, the island looks as if it were indeed "resting on the waves," ready to float gently off should a big wave come to disturb it.

The sandstone cliffs and the clay-soil of the island are a rich red; and the Micmacs say they were colored by their demigod Glooscap for his pleasure, because red promotes cheer, and to this island he came when there were annoyances on the mainland. He especially disliked rain, and here, on the Happy Isle, all was gay sunshine. But one day his enemy, Big Beaver, discovered where Glooscap had gone, and persuaded Gull and his brothers to fly over the island and shower him with rainwater, carried in birchbark buckets. The gulls found the buckets very heavy, so they rested on

clouds; but the clouds, too, found the buckets heavy and they dropped lower and lower and began to frown darkly. And to this very day, whenever there are low black clouds over the island, it is because Gull and his brothers are perched upon them, ready to empty their birchbark buckets.

There may be occasional rains, but Abegweit is still a Happy Isle that "calls enticingly." When Cartier examined its shores in 1534 he described it as "The Low and Beautiful Land"; but Champlain, seventy years later, felt that so lovely a place should have the name of one of his beloved saints. Accordingly, he called it L'île Saint-Jean; and that name clung to it for about two centuries, until in 1799 the English changed it to Prince Edward, in honor of the Duke of Kent.

This island, about one hundred and forty miles long and varying in width from two to thirty miles, is the smallest of all the provinces. It lies in the southern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, separated from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia by the Northumberland Strait. The shores are extremely irregular, with deep indentations and rivers almost joining across the island. This gives many fine harbors, many little coves running up into red-rock shores, many crescent beaches of bright-red pebbles flecked with white, many quiet inlets where marsh-grass runs out into the sea, and where marsh-birds, dipping up from their bath, rest a moment and sway delightedly, shaking water-diamonds from their wet wings.

When Cartier came upon "The Low and Beautiful

Land," on July 1, 1534, he was entranced. Such great forests, such a variety of trees, such an abundance of berries—nothing escaped him; and he wrote enthusiastically of his discovery. The natives, however, were shy and kept in hiding. On the second day Cartier landed on what is now North Point. He called it Cap des Sauvages because of the many natives who peeped at him from behind trees but, not knowing whether this strange, bearded man, in his wholly-strange clothing, be mortal or demon, were afraid to approach. As Cartier was putting off from shore, one of the Indians, more courageous than his companions, ran out from his hiding-place and began making signs to him. The white man, eager to get into communication with the natives, hastened back to shore. But the Indian's courage deserted him. Man or demon, he would take no chances. In a flash he was off in the forest. Cartier waited, and called; but the Indian—watching his every move, no doubt—remained in hiding, so the white man left him a knife and a piece of red cloth tied to a stick, and went back to his boat. What must have been the Indian's joy and delight to own such unheard-of treasures as these!

North Point is one of the tips of the great crescent of land that is Prince Edward Island. Black Reef, a treacherous shoal, lies in the gulf a few miles to the north of the point, the clang of its bell-buoy warning mariners of the many ships that have come to grief there. A few miles to the south is the friendly little village of Tignish, its inhabitants French and Scotch,

descendants of the early Acadians and of Highlanders.

Fisherfolk live at Tignish. Their little world is centered about the cod and mackerel and herring hauls, the lobster-pots, the changing sandbars offshore, their many boats. To the outsider Tignish is a delight. There are seas to be sailed in the daytime, fish to be lured into the nets; and at night, with the tang of brine in the air, and the stars coming out overhead, you sit on the beach, on an upturned boat, and listen to tales of the sea.

There is a wholesome charm about this little village clinging to the edge of the sea, and a colorful beauty in its fishing-fleets. At dawn the boats set out gaily, the chauntery song or the cheery whistle of the fisherfolk coming back, muffled, through the morning fog; at sunset, creamy sails against darkening sky, they come gliding triumphantly in, deep-laden with the day's catch.

“When the dark comes down, oh, the wind is on
the sea,
With lispig laugh and whimper to the red reef’s
threnody,
The boats are sailing homeward now across the harbor
bar
With many a jest and many a shout from fishing
grounds afar.
So furl your sails and take your rest, ye fisherfolk
so brown,
For task and quest are ended when the dark comes
down.”

Sandbars stretch along much of the north coast, shutting in the bays like deep lagoons. Here and there are openings in the sand, where vessels may pass through. Cascumpeque, the first of the large bays, is Indian for "Floating through Sand."

On this shore about a century and a quarter ago a thrilling event was a "sea-cow" drive. Walrus came up on the banks in herds of three or four hundred. They were left unmolested until the wind blew off-land, and then the settlers, armed with long, sharp-pointed sticks, got between the "sea-cows" and the water and prodded the poor creatures until they went waddling off, away from the sea and into the woods. There, out of their element, they lost all sense of direction, and all their herd instinct, and, once scattered, few of them escaped.

Malpeque Bay, near Cascumpeque, was named by Cartier "River of Boats" because of the great number of canoes that he saw there. The Indians were hastening up-river, away from him, to the short portage across the island to Bedeque Bay. A heavy wind carried Cartier back to his ship, but not before his observant eyes had seen, for the first time, smoke issuing from the mouths of the Indians. Later, when he had become more familiar with tobacco, he gave a quaint description of it:

"There groweth also a certaine kinde of Herbe whereof in Summer they doe make greate provision for all the yeere, making greate account of it, and onlie Men use it; and firste they cause it to be dry'd in the Sunne, then

weare it about their Neckes wrap'd in a little Beastes skinne made like a bagge, together with a hollow peece of stone or woode like a Pipe. Then when they please they make Powder of it and put it in one of the endes of the say'd Cornette or Pipe, and laying a coale of Fire upon it at the other ende, they doe sucke so long that they fill their bodys full of Smoake, till that it cometh out of their Mouthe and Nostrills even as out of the tunnell of a Chimney."

All along the north coast there are Acadian fishing villages that curve about the little coves, the white cottages tucked away in the green of trees and splashed with bright-colored flowers. These are ideal places for the vacationist who loves the sea, who likes to go out with the fishermen in the early morning, while the day-dawn fog is still thick and the boat sails on and on through a world of pearl-white mist, nothing to be seen but the fog, nothing to be heard but the flapping of canvas and the surge of the sea.

The rivers of the north coast are popular with anglers for their fine trout; and oysters and lobsters are to be had where the rivers meet the gulf. Many splendid beaches, fine sand running out into shallow water, are to be found along the entire stretch of gulf coast. One of the most popular is at Rustico, where the fishing, boating, and bathing are excellent.

At the extreme eastern tip of the crescent, East Point reaches a rocky foot out into the water. Far off, across a stretch of rolling sea, often flecked with whitecaps, the coast of Cape Breton Island looms,



Courtesy, P. E. I. Tourist Assn.

WHERE THE NORTH SHORE ENDS

East Point reaches out into the restless waves of the Gulf of
St. Lawrence.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

AN ISLAND SUNSET

Cool, dark trees are silhouetted against pools of flame.

purple-blue in the distance. On each side of East Point the shore is formed of striated rock, wave-eaten into shelves and ledges and fascinating caves where the outgoing sea leaves kelp and tiny water-creatures floating about in pools until the incoming tide washes back to claim them. Rocky beaches curve into crescent banks; and, above, tall grass escapes from the meadows and runs down to the ledges where the waves of the gulf come rolling in. When the seas blow high, spray drenches the grass and edges the blades with jewels. These sea-fringe meadows are exquisite then; but there is a joy in them even when they lie only a subdued foreground to the vast water-loveliness beyond.

The short eastern coast has many fine harbors. Colville Bay was named Souris by the French, not because of the ragged, mouse-eaten appearance of its shores but because the forest which then crowded about the bay was overrun with mice. The name still clings to the town. Souris, in spite of its growing importance as a fishing center and a port of call for steamers plying between Pictou, Nova Scotia, and the lonely Magdalen Islands, is a quiet and wholly charming little village, busy with its shipping, busy with its fishing, yet never too busy to greet the stranger and to see that he misses none of the joys of woods or water. There is a fine sandy beach here that proves a constant lure.

Cardigan Bay and Murray Harbour vie with each other in the loveliness of their seascapes. The busy ports of Georgetown and Montague give Cardigan

Bay a picturesqueness, with boats ever coming and going, that is wholly different from the quieter beauty of Murray Harbour.

Some of the loveliest scenery on the island lies inland from Montague—deep woods with creeks winding through them, trees arching over the water; broad and quiet rivers that glide along leisurely or linger in pleasant, tree-shaded pools; rolling meadows where sheep are grazing or cows stand knee-deep in shallow streams. Flowers add colorful beauty to the meadows, crowd along the highways, and scatter their blossoms through the deep woods.

Cardigan Bay and the inshore rivers and woods are charming; but there are few places on the island more lovely than Murray Harbour. The water, white-capped and restless, comes rolling in, hesitates, then surges back. Boats, their white sails lilting to the swing of the sea, cut against the blue of water and sky. Sea-gulls wheel about the boats, or swoop down to ride the waves, flecks of white like the frothy white-caps.

A Micmac legend claims that the whitecaps are sea-gulls too, unable to fly above the water because the Spirit of the Sea holds onto them by strings tied to their legs.

Long ago Glooscap arranged for a powwow between Spirit of the Sea and Spirit of the Air; and, following the custom, each took the other a handsome present. Spirit of the Sea could think of nothing more lovely than the bright-gold sand that carpeted his floor; so

proudly he took up with him as much of this as he could carry; but the ungrateful Spirit of the Air, having no use for such a gift, flung it back into the sea—and there it remains to this day, the islands in Murray Harbour. Now Spirit of the Air had selected, as his choicest treasure, the whitest and fluffiest of his sea-gulls. This gift greatly pleased Spirit of the Sea. He let the gulls fly about at the bottom of the gulf, securely fastened to his lodgepole by a long string tied to the leg of each one.

One day Spirit of the Sea saw Stormcloud weeping, while Wind lashed the waves high. Wind was angry, he told Sea, because the gulls all flew away from his friend Stormcloud. They played with Suncloud, but the moment Stormcloud appeared they flew off to land. So Sea made a bargain. For every drop of water Wind should blow down to him from the skies there should be a gull for Wind and Stormcloud to play with. So now the sea-gulls come up, but Spirit of the Sea holds on tightly to the strings on their legs and jerks them back when he has counted all the waterdrops.

It was at Murray Harbour that the early settlers, never having heard of fireflies, believed them to be evil spirits dancing in the air, and a pail of milk was nightly set out to appease them. In the morning the milk would be gone, and the good folk never once suspected the roaming pigs.

The metropolis of the island is its capital, Charlottetown, lying at the confluence of two wide

rivers—the East or Hillsborough and the North or York, while the West or Elliott River skirts the town. Where the waters of these three rivers mingle, Charlottetown Harbour reaches out to Hillsborough Bay, broad and colorful, with blood-red beaches stretching in burnt crimson between the silver-blue of the sea and the many shades of green and yellow on shore. The French who sailed into the harbor in 1733 found it so beautiful that they named their little settlement Port la Joie.

There is a quiet loveliness about Charlottetown, with its wide, tree-bordered streets, its many lawns, and its bright flower-beds. And not the least of its charms is the undercurrent of happiness, the sense of deep and great content, that pervades the town.

In 1775 two American cruisers, sent to the St. Lawrence to intercept troop or munition ships from England, grew tired of waiting for their prey and sailed into Charlottetown Harbour, took the city, and carried off with them acting-Governor Callbeck and two of his officers. But instead of being commended for this exploit, they were severely reprimanded by Washington, who was then at Cambridge, and the Governor and his men were set at liberty with many apologies from the great General. Not to be outdone in courtesy, Governor Callbeck then wrote to Washington, in his exquisite English:

“I should ill deserve the generous treatment which your Excellency has been pleased to show me had I not gratitude to acknowledge so great a favor. I

cannot ascribe any part of it to my own merit, but must impute the whole to the philanthropy and humane disposition that so truly characterizes General Washington. Be so kind, therefore, as to accept the only return in my power, that of my most grateful thanks."

Late that same year, the colonies then being deep in war, a few daring Americans whose whaleboats were on the Nova Scotia coast decided to swoop across and capture Charlottetown. But they had no suitable vessel—only the two small whalers. In these they boldly sailed into Pictou harbor and captured a fine armed merchantman loading for Scotland. It then occurred to them that possibly Charlottetown was now protected, as in truth it was, so they stood to in Baie Verte to wait for reinforcements they expected among Nova Scotia sympathizers. And at this time along came the sloop-o'-war *Hunter* from England and, learning at Pictou of the Americans and the captured ship, hastened with all sails spread to Baie Verte. But the Massachusetts men were not napping. When they saw her coming and knew they were far too few to protect their prize, they slipped out the back door, as it were, and escaped overland; and the *Hunter* then towed the deserted ship into Charlottetown Harbour, where its captain decided it would best remain while the seas were infested with American marauders.

Radiating from Charlottetown are many roads, both by land and by water, that entice the visitor to see where they go. Some lead to trout-streams that wind, through a fringe of trees, down to the sea.

Others go to creeks that have been transformed into millponds, wholly picturesque, but tragic when they mean the death of the lovely trees that the island ill can afford to lose. Some run off through the meadows or rolling uplands where cattle and sheep are grazing; or where grainfields, rippling green or gay yellow, or dotted with squat little "stooks" waiting to be carried away, lie side by side with fields of potatoes or turnips. Apple orchards are scattered about, sprinkled with red or gold in the fall, masses of loveliness in the late spring, with

"Colors of dream afloat on cloud and tree,
So far, so clear,
A spell, a mystery!"

A favorite name for Prince Edward Island long has been "The Garden of the Gulf." For centuries the land has been tilled; for the past century it has been encouraged with kelp and mussel-mud; and it never fails to produce a bountiful harvest. Oats, potatoes and turnips are raised widely; hay is gathered on the uplands; berries of all kinds thrive. In the woods gay birch and beech are friendly neighbors of somber spruce and cedar; while the island shows its Canadian spirit by flaunting everywhere bright-leaved maple-trees.

A railroad spreads over the island, reaching out to all the important points, and connecting with the mainland by car-ferry, which carries the train across

Northumberland Strait from Borden to Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick, and so on out into the world.

Formerly, for about two months in the year, the frozen and uncertain strait had to be crossed in ice-boats, equipped with sails for possible stretches of open water, with oars for use among icefloes, and with runners for crossing the miles of solid ice, the *modus operandi* then being the crew pulling the boat by four leather straps attached to each side. Often a blinding snowstorm would swirl them far off their course; the many hummocks in the icy trail would make difficult going; but the trip across the sea of ice in one of these unique and jolting boats was a thrilling experience.

From the train-port at Borden the railroad runs up to Emerald Junction; and there the visitor has before him a fascinating choice of directions. He often is tempted to linger in the neighborhood of Emerald, wandering through country lanes where Acadians are busy in their grainfields, or visiting one of the many fox-farms. This is an industry for which Prince Edward Island is noted, and one which never fails to interest the outsider. The friendly little creatures, silver-gray or black, shut into their wire "runs," seem too lovely to kill; yet fox-farming, as it is scientifically managed on the island, brings much wealth into the province.

While Borden is the most direct way to this vacation isle, there is steamship connection between Pictou and Charlottetown; and another steamship route between

Point du Chêne and Summerside, affording a delightful sail. Before the shores of New Brunswick are lost in the distance, the low red cliffs of Bedeque Bay are showing in soft purple which slowly changes to red as the coast is approached. Summerside is the island's second largest town, and its name alone gives it a glamour which is lacking in the prosaic names of Charlottetown and Georgetown. It spreads its pleasant streets about an inlet of Bedeque Bay, and is much in favor as a summering-place. There is excellent fishing and boating, and a gypsy-wild fascination in climbing about the low red cliffs. Bedeque Bay is famous for the magnificence of its cloud effects, especially at sunset.

"The west o'erbrims with warmest dyes;
Its chalice overflows
With pools of purple coloring the skies
Aflood with gold and rose."

Added to the glory of color in the clouds and its iridescent reflection in the water below, there are the colorful cliffs.

Egmont Bay, called by the French La Grande Anse, is even more superb in its massed clouds, and its blue-green water, silvered by the sun of midday and purple at twilight.

Beyond West Point, at the end of Egmont Bay, the shore runs up to North Point in an almost unbroken line. Cartier cruised here, looking in vain for a

harbor, at last believing this to be only the shore of a bay and "The Low and Beautiful Land" part of the mainland.

About half-way up the west coast there is a small inlet which in the old days was almost encircled by dense pine forests with thick and tangled underbrush. Here, the Micmacs believed, Thunder came down from the clouds, in the form of a black bear, to fish in the water as a pastime. One day an Indian maiden, gathering berries, pushed her way through the underbrush and came upon the inlet, not seeing the black bear who lay under a pine-tree nearby. Thunder was entranced with her beauty. Changing himself into an Indian brave, he plucked a mayflower and threw it at her—the Micmac way of asking her to be his wife; and once he had her in his arms he floated up to his home in the clouds. There she lived very happily, until she fell in love with Morning-star; and Thunder, in his jealousy, sent her hurtling down to earth. She fell into the shallow inlet where he had found her; and her blood, spattering over the rocks, stained them red. And so they remain to this day.

Micmacs still live on the island. They have adopted white man's clothing, white man's ways, and they have all but forgotten the traditions of their ancestors; but in their hearts they are Micmacs and, away from veneer, alone in the deep woods or out on the wide seas, they are wholly Indian. They make excellent and interesting guides when one goes for deep-sea fishing, or after the lobsters or oysters for which the island

is noted, or to find the best places in the many trout-streams. Their ancestors never cast their fishnets without murmuring a prayer to the fish, entreating them to be brave enough to run into the net, promising to burn their bones and throw the ashes back into the stream so the spirit-fish could then come to life again. When the present-day Micmac hooks a fine trout, he must feel, even subconsciously, some of this reverence which extended through so many generations of the long ago.

One of the insistent charms of Prince Edward Island is the friendliness of the people who live there. There is something pleasing, too, in their stanch Canadianism, and in the intense loyalty to their little province. They call it, lovingly, "The Island," as if in all the world there could be none other. They even claim that in prehistoric days the Indians, too, called it Minegoo, "*The Island*."

What Prince Edward Island may lack in great forests, in high mountains and spectacular waterfalls, it more than has in colorful beauty, in quaintness and wholesomeness, in a beguiling serenity. Its initials well might stand for Peaceful, Enchanting Island.

"O, you beautiful land,
Deep-bosomed with beeches and bright
With the flowery largesse of May
Sweet from the palm of her hand
Outflung, till the hedges grow white
As the green-arched billows with spray.
O, you beautiful land!"

IV. THE CHARM OF QUEBEC

ROMANTIC QUEBEC

THE ISLANDS IN THE GULF

THE "GREAT RIVER OF CANADA"

GASPÉ'S CHARM

THE LEGEND OF PERCÉ ROCK

MATAPEDIA AND "BEAUTIFUL BIC"

HISTORIC TADOUSSAC

A CREATION LEGEND

THE SAGUENAY AND LAKE ST. JOHN

MURRAY BAY, THE POPULAR PLAYGROUND

THE CHARM OF THE HABITANTS

QUAINT AND HISTORIC QUEBEC

THE SHRINE OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

MONTMORENCY FALLS

LAKE EDWARD AND LAURENTIDES PARK

THE LAKES OF THE SOUTH

THE LEGEND OF SHAWINIGAN FALLS

THE "RIVER OF THE IROQUOIS"

BEAUTIFUL MONTREAL

CANOE-ROUTES ALONG THE OTTAWA

THE GREAT NORTH

THE LEGEND OF THE STARS

IV

THE CHARM OF QUEBEC

"The sky had a gray, gray face,
The touch of the mist was chill,
The earth was an eerie place,
For the wind moaned over the hill;
But the brown earth laughed, and the sky turned blue
When the little white sun came peeping through."

—*Anne Huestis*

THERE is romance in the very word *Quebec*. Four centuries of history—tragic, heroic, daring history—have spread their glamour, and the province is steeped in memories of the past—memories redolent of great deeds, of brave men, of courageous and loyal women. But Quebec lives not alone in the past; there is a busy and happy and beautiful present. As Purchas quaintly expressed it, it is "a goodlie Countrey furnish'd with Oaks, wilde Vines, Peares, Goose-berries, Diamonds, and other Profitable Pleasures."

The province is so vast that it comprises almost a world in itself. The north, an immense wilderness of lakes and rivers and dense timber, stretches back from the Laurentian Mountains which border the northern shore of the St. Lawrence. The south is a narrow strip that ends in Gaspé Peninsula, and through this strip the Notre Dame and the Shikshok

Mountains extend, a continuation of the Appalachians. Between these two lies the wedge-shaped basin of the St. Lawrence. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence are the islands of Anticosti and the Magdalen group, with the two Bird Rocks standing alone, white with sea-birds.

When Cartier came this way in 1534 he lingered in amazement at these Bird Rocks. He believed them to be snow-mountains until he approached and discovered myriads of white birds—gannets, auks, puffins, and innumerable others. Purchas took Cartier's description of them, and expanded it:

"The soile of the Ilands is sandie red, but by reason of manie Birds on them they looke white. The Birds sitt as thicke as stones lie in a paued streete, or to vse Iaques Cartier's comparison, as thicke as any Fielde or Medow is of grasse. . . . Some are as bigge as Iays, blacke and white, with beakes like vnto Crowes: their wings are not bigger than halfe ones hande, and therefore they cannot flye high: they are very fatte. . . . A bigger, and white, which bite like Dogges they term'd Margaulx. Beares swimme thither to feaste with these Birds. One they saw was as greate as a Cow, saith Cartier, and as white as a Swan, which they did kill and eate, and the flesh was as goode as of a two-yeere-old Calfe."

The Rocks are still white with birds, and birds wheel about them in undulating masses of white. The great auk is no more; but there are countless gannets

and other sea-fowl whose incessant cries furnish wild music for the lonely keeper of the light.

A few leagues southwest of Bird Rocks are the Magdalen Islands, tenanted by Acadian fishermen. Long before Cartier arrived and thoroughly examined this group, "Britaines, Baskes, and Biskaines" were coming here for the whale fishing and for walrus, "the huge and mightie sea-oxen with greate teeth." The islands are a fishing center today; and because of their isolated position they are a quaint and interesting place to spend a few days or a few weeks. They are reached by steamer from Pictou. One long island, made up of drifted sand-dunes, rolling sandbars and red hills and shutting in long and lovely lagoons, is scattered about with other islands. Amherst, at the southern end, is the most important of the group. Entry Island flanks it on the east, and Deadman's Island on the west; and far off to the north lies Brion Island, wholly isolated.

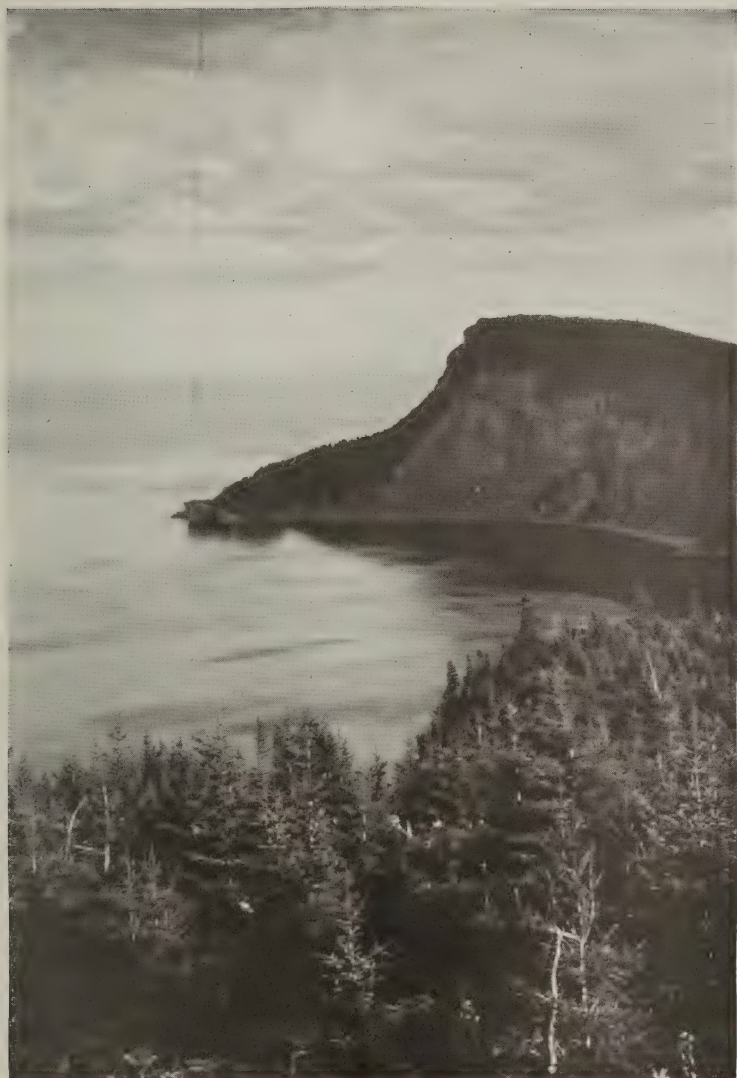
"The Sauvages worshippe the Deuill," wrote Cartier, of Anticosti Island, "and doe dwel in houses made of Firre-trees bound together in the toppe and sett rounde like vnto a Doue-house." Anticosti, larger than Prince Edward Island, lies at the estuary of the St. Lawrence River like a great fish swimming out to sea. Its north coast rises in rugged mountains, and most of the island is timbered and well stocked with game. It is privately owned.

The Indians had many names for the St. Lawrence, and a legend for almost every cove and headland,

every rocky stream tumbling down from the hills. The early explorers called it the "Great River of Canada." And today it usually is known as the "Beautiful St. Lawrence." Few rivers have such varied loveliness, such constantly changing scenery. The actual source of the river is in Minnesota, four of the Great Lakes serving for its bed; but the St. Lawrence as it is known and loved begins where the water leaves Lake Ontario and sweeps northeast to the sea. At its mouth it is more than a hundred miles wide; near Quebec it is less than a mile. Purchas expresses its vastness in one of his quaint similes: "The Greate Riuer of Canada is like vnto an insatiable Merchante so that other streames are in manner but meere Pedlers."

Between the St. Lawrence and the Baie des Chaleurs the surpassingly lovely Gaspé Peninsula reaches out into the gulf. Wherever one may go, in this delectable land of the Gaspeche, there is beauty. Mountains rise from two to three thousand feet, not ruggedly but in soft, sweeping lines. They fold back to form enchanting river-valleys, or cup around exquisite lakes. The Chaleur Bay curls into the shore in little half-moon coves, with broad beaches running up to rough-rock banks. Where bay ends and gulf begins, the banks rise to cliffs, rich red, wave-worn fantastically, and splashed with yellow and green where algæ cling. When a storm rages at sea and breakers come driving in, the Gaspé coast is superb.

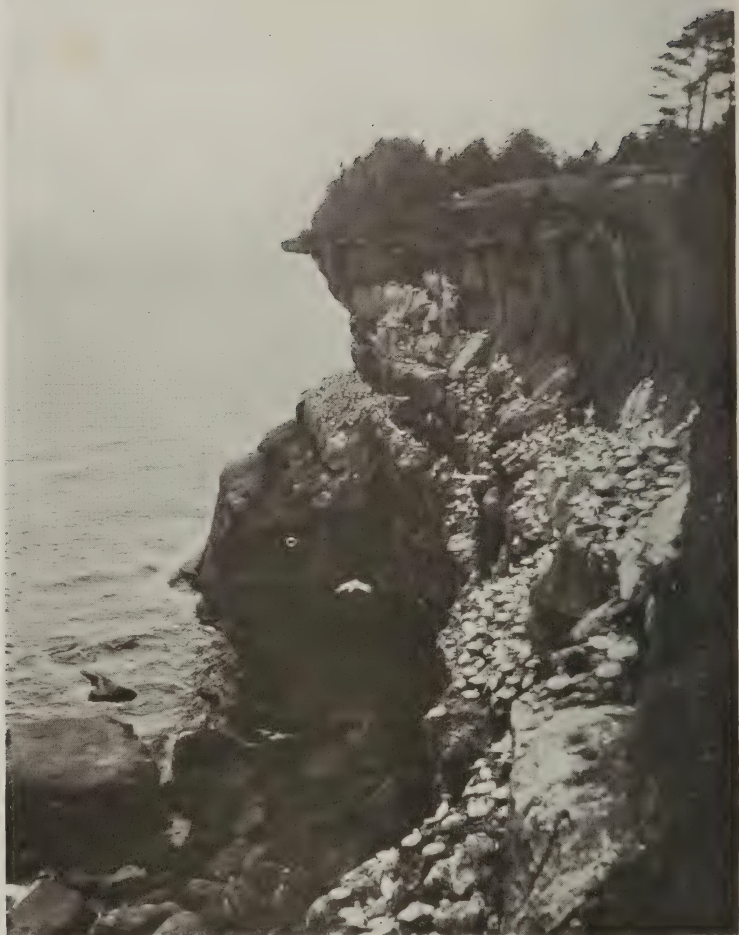
Here and there the cliffs fall away to reveal entranc-



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

CAP BON AMI, GASPÉ PENINSULA

Much of the beauty of this peninsula lies in the soft, sweeping lines.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

BIRD ROCK, BONAVENTURE ISLAND

The rich red cliffs, green above, are draped in white by the many sea-birds.

ing little half-bowls, the green hills curving behind them, the blue gulf stretching in front; and here the bright-white cottages of the fisherfolk are scattered. Each of these villages has its many tales of the sea. Near Cap d'Espoir Queen Anne's great fleet, destined to capture Quebec, was completely wrecked. Here, too, the fisherfolk claim, on rare days, when the water is very quiet, the *Flying Dutchman* appears. Towering waves announce the phantom ship, which comes rolling in, riding the heavy seas; these break near the shore, and waves and ship disappear, leaving again the glass-smooth sea.

The most noted of the little fishing villages is Percé, which lies in a low bowl where the gulf eats back into the shore in a semicircular bay. Out at the tip of the bay is Percé Rock, rising in a huge mass straight up from the water for nearly three hundred feet. Its grass-covered top forms a refuge for sea-birds. White clouds of them float about the rock; white blankets, dotted with black, drape the ledges. These birds are exquisite. And the wild music of their cries serves to warn mariners of the danger of the rocks, when they come blindly into the harbor in a thick fog.

Where the water curls about the base of Percé there is a lofty arch, like a tunnel through the rock, high enough for boats to pass through. "Ile Percée is like a Rocke, very steepe, rising on both sides, wherein there is a hole, through which Shallops and Boates may pass at a high water; and at a lowe water one may goe from the maine Lande to the said Ile." Standing be-

side Percé is another giant which once was fastened to it by a rock-bridge.

This strange Percé Rock had many Indian legends to explain it, and even the early settlers wove about it tales of supernatural happenings. Fisherfolk at the village of Percé will tell you that even now, at the ghostly hour when twilight merges into dark, the wraith of a woman may be seen hovering against the rock, or floating above it. A Breton maid, they say, crossing the wide seas to join her fiancé in New France, was captured by pirates, and she alone of all on board was spared, to become the property of the pirate-captain. To escape this fate she plunged into the gulf, as the buccaneer-ship neared Percé Rock, and was at once drowned. But the pirates saw her on the rock, beckoning to them. They drew near quickly, and to their horror their ship began to turn to stone. Frantically they tried to shove off; but a huge wave swept the ship against the rock, carrying the pirate-crew, as the wave surged back, to the bottom of the sea. There, for many years afterward, the fishermen of the neighborhood pointed out the granite masts and the slate sails of the ship plainly showing against the rock. Wind and weather have now almost obliterated them. But, even so, no mariner will go near Percé Rock after sundown, for fear the ghostly maid will turn his boat to stone.

Behind the little village of Percé, the wooded slopes of Mont Sainte Anne rise abruptly about thirteen

hundred feet, forming a striking and colorful background.

Offshore, three miles or so, lies Bonaventure Island, famous as a fishing-center, and wonderfully picturesque with its red and yellow cliffs, wind and wave-eaten into ledges, splashed with white and black and gray where sea-fowl hover.

Cartier sought shelter behind this island in 1534 when a furious storm arose; but he found the water dangerously rough and hastened to a harbor which his scout-boat had reported a short distance to the north. And so he came to Gaspé Bay. All the beauty of the ages, all the poetry of the centuries, all the romance of the world, seem here to be commingled. Broad blue water dotted with the white of lilting sails; gay, sun-splashed beaches of gold-red sand; warm-white houses against tree-dark hills sweeping up from the water, or fields of grain, wholly exotic, rippling in silver and lush green; and, beyond, against the sky, the ineffable smoke-blue of the mountains. Crystal streams tumble down from the hills into the bay, adding the beauty of falling water; and sand-dunes, far out, lie gold-yellow against the blue. Truly, Gaspé Bay is exquisite!

When Cartier landed here he received a royal welcome by the Indians who had come down the St. Lawrence for the fishing. Neither could speak a word of the other's tongue, but through the universal language of gesture they carried on a lengthy conversation. Cartier took possession of the land for his king,

planting a cross bearing the words "*Vive le Roi de France.*" The Indians exclaimed that the land belonged to them; but a few gifts soon appeased them, and Cartier then persuaded two youths to return with him to France, that they might serve as interpreters on his next trip. At first they held back, frightened, but vanity won when Cartier brought out two flashing uniforms. They eagerly threw away their rags, donned these unheard-of clothes, and set sail gaily for France the following day, Cartier either failing to discover the St. Lawrence on this first trip or purposely returning to France to winter there and prepare properly for exploration the following spring.

Gaspé Bay, made easily accessible by the railroad which clings to the shore of Chaleur Bay and curves round the tip of the peninsula, is becoming increasingly popular as a summering-place. Lovers of sport are lured by the fine yachting and deep-sea fishing, and by the game that abounds in the forests back of Gaspé. Moose, caribou, deer and bear are here; in the hill-streams are salmon and trout; and wild-fowl frequent the rivers and the secluded lakes.

The entire Gaspé Peninsula is rich in scenic beauty; and creatures of the wild wander through the woods, except where the railroad has frightened them away. But even the railroad does not bother the fish. The Matapedia River, which the train follows closely, is noted for its salmon. And the deep and narrow Matapedia Valley, with its rushing, singing water and its tree-clad walls, is equally noted for its exquisite scenery.

Lake Matapedia, lying high in the hills, is a lovely bit of rippled blue, forest-trees hemming it in, overhead

“White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep.
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!”

On the St. Lawrence shore, near Lake Matapedia, Metis Beach reaches back into the hills, while the St. Lawrence, nearly forty miles wide here, sweeps in like a broad green sea.

A little farther up the river there is a harbor so lovely that its brief name, Bic, has now become “Beautiful Bic.” A bay curves into the shore; wooded hills rise back of the beach for more than a thousand feet; little islands are scattered in front.

When, in the early days, Frenchmen landed on a bit of this south shore of the St. Lawrence where a stream comes gurgling down from the hills, the shoals at the mouth of the river were covered with seals, which they knew as sea-wolves, *loups-marins*; and so the hill-river was called Rivière du Loup. That is now the name of both the stream and the attractive and important town at its mouth.

Across the St. Lawrence, connected with Rivière du Loup by steamer, is the historic village of Tadoussac, lying at the mouth of one of the most remarkable rivers in the world—the Saguenay.

Tadoussac is popular as a resort because of its wild and rugged setting; but the romance of centuries clings to it. From the earliest days it was one of the main

fur-trading centers. Basque and Breton mariners came, to exchange gaudy baubles for valuable furs. Cartier stopped here in 1535 and named a headland the Point-of-All-the-Devils because "the windes doe strike into the say'd haven with a greate furie." Champlain came in 1603, having with him two Montagnais interpreters who had been to France. They landed at the little Indian settlement, and Champlain went in state to call on the Sagamo, or great chief. The interpreters told the Sagamo of the French King and his powerful army, and of the excellent ally he would be; and thus Champlain was accorded a royal welcome, delivered in the usual very long speech. Then, he records,

"Wee went out of his Cabine and they began to make their Tabagie or Feaste. . . . They had eight or ten Kettels full of meate in the midst of the said Cabine, and they were setting one from another some six paces, and each one vpon a seuerall fire. The men sat on both sides the house, with his dish made of the barke of a tree; and when the meate is sodden, there is one which devideth to euery man his parte in the same dishes, wherein they feede very filthily, for when their handes be fattie, they rubbe them on their haire, or else on the haire of their Dogges.

"Before their meate was sodden one of them rose vp and tooke a Dogge & danced about the said Kettels from the one ende of the Cabine to the other: when he came before the greate Sagamo he caste his Dogge perforce vpon the grounde and then all of them with one voice

cried, ho, ho, ho, which being done he wente and sette him downs in his place; then immediately another rose vp and did the like. . . . When they had ended their Feaste they began to dance, taking the heades of their enemies in their handes which hanged vpon the walle behinde them; and in signe of joy there is one or two which sing, moderating their voice by the measure of their handes which they beate vpon their knees, then they reste sometimes, and cry, ho, ho, ho, ho."

Champlain, the good Catholic, was interested in their theology—which he later denounced as "brutall and bestiall." They believed in one god who created all things, the Sagamo told him. "This God tooke a certaine number of Arrowes and stucke them in the grounde from whence Man and Woman grew." But the god became angry and sent a big flood over all the world. That would have been the end of everything had not Beaver taken hold of a birch-tree with his strong teeth and held the world above-water until the god came again and took the flood away. "They beleue in one God, one Sonne, one Mother, and the Sunne, which were four—the Sonne was goode and the Sunne also; the Mother was naught and did eate them; and the Father was not very goode."

Champlain sailed up the Saguenay about sixty miles, until rapids turned him back; but the Indians told him of the beautiful lake, now St. John, which lay beyond, and of the rich copper mines in the region to the north.

Lake St. John, called by the Indians "Flat Lake," lies like a broad sea, almost circular in shape, cupped

in the midst of rolling hills, with mountains rising beyond. The Thousand Islands of the Saguenay are scattered at the east end of the lake, where the water finds outlet, through two stretches of furious rapids, into the Saguenay River. A fertile valley surrounds this inland sea, and here French-Canadian farmers are leading happy and busy lives in a little world of their own. Grain, tobacco or potato fields lie side by side with dairying farms.

Five large rivers and innumerable smaller streams flow into Lake St. John from all directions, and these abound in fish. In the lake are the famous ouananiche, or land-locked salmon, which anglers travel far to find. The rivers from the north—the Peribouka, Mistassimi, Ashuapmouchouan—come from fascinating stretches of wilderness, unsettled and almost unexplored. From the south the Ouiatchouan and the Metabetchouan bring to the St. John the water from a tangled labyrinth of lakes and streams. The Ouiatchouan Falls, nearly three hundred feet high, and in a wild setting, are wonderfully spectacular, especially when the late spring floods swell the river.

A legend of the Porcupine Indians claims that a maiden was enticed into the canoe of an unwelcome suitor and carried to midstream. Her frantic cries brought her lover to the rescue, and in the fight all were swept over the Ouiatchouan Falls. The good Manitou caught the maiden and her lover and carried them safely to shore; but the wicked Indian perished, and the water that boils at the foot of the falls is

caused by his thrashing about in his rage and his efforts to escape.

On the shores of the lake, at Pointe Bleue, there is a reservation of Montagnais; and these interesting Indians, whose ancestors for centuries wandered through the mountains of this region and traveled its many waterways, make the finest kind of guides and canoemen. Often, about the campfire at night, if the white man be wholly *en rapport*, they will recount, in rhythmic singsong or short staccato sentences, some of the lore of their ancient tribe.

Roberval is the principal town on the lake, but there are many smaller villages. A railroad runs up from Quebec, skirts the southern shore of Lake St. John and follows down the Saguenay to Chicoutimi.

In 1647 Father de Quen, the first white man to reach this interesting region, was paddled up the Saguenay as far as Chicoutimi, and from there his guides, knowing the impassable rapids above, took him to "Flat Lake" by way of Lake Kemogami, Lac Verte, and so beautiful a river that De Quen at once named it La Belle Rivière.

Much of Canada's early romance centers about her missionaries. The lives of the first Recollet, Jesuit and Sulpician fathers who came to the wilderness are a pæan of courage and heroism, of unbelievable fortitude, of a faith that was deep and devout, and a zeal that knew no discouragement.

"One must submit to infinite Fatigues and barren and ingrateful Labour," one Jesuit wrote in his report. "Patience is absolutely necessary for this Employ. All

along our Travels we dined upon the Ground. A Fagot of Cedar was our Pillow in the Night; our Cloaks our Coverlets; our Knees our Table; some Bushes tied together our Seats; the Leaves of Indian Corn our Napkins. We had some Knives, but they were of no use to us for want of Bread to cut."

The Indians at first looked with suspicion on these "Black-robcs" and the "Bare-feet"; for the medicine-men, fearing for their own power, declared the friars to be sorcerers, and their books and rosaries part of the witchcraft. But the sheer courage of the missionaries won admiration. The first converts, however, were made with much difficulty. The Indians believed that after death they went to a glorious existence in a Happy Hunting-ground, where life was one eternal round of pleasures—hunting, fishing, family joys. "They belecue that the dead go into farre Countries to make merrie with their friends." In comparison, the white man's Heaven seemed a gloomy abode with ceaseless monotony—no wife, no small son to teach the ways of the forest, no hunting, no fishing. They preferred their own Hereafter.

It is the lower reaches of the Saguenay which make it so remarkable a river. Glacial action cleaved a chasm sixty miles long straight through mountains nearly two thousand feet high, digging so deeply that the bottom of the river is in places a thousand feet below sea-level. The centuries have clothed the stern cliffs with pine-trees, and the scenery is one of somber magnificence, with the sublime grandeur of towering

cliffs and immensely deep fjords. Cape Eternity, rising 1700 feet sheer from the water, and the nearby Cape Trinity, 1500 feet, are the river's most majestic moments. This stretch of the Saguenay is both grand and awful; one never passes it without a shudder.

"A faire Riuer," Champlain wrote of this mighty stream, "and of incredible depth, which cometh downe from a very high place from whence there descendeth a fall of water with greate impetuositie. All the Countrie which I saw was nothing but Mountaines, the most parte of Rockes cover'd with woodes of Firre-trees, Cypresses and Birch-trees."

When Champlain was leaving Tadoussac at this time, 1603, "to returne vnto France, one of the Sagamos of the Mountayners gaue his Sonne to M. du Pont to carrie him into France. Wee prayed them to giue vs a woman of the Irocois who they were to haue eaten: who they gave vnto vs, and we brought her home with the foresaid Sauage."

From Tadoussac up the St. Lawrence the north shore of the Great River of Canada is one of much beauty and grandeur, with bays opening out, rivers falling down from the hills, and in the background the blue of the Laurentian Mountains. An island in St. Paul Baie is a mountain which fell there, it is claimed, during a cataclysmic earthquake in 1663 when "the earth began not merely to quake but to boil and surge." The Isle-aux-Coudres was doubled in size by another mountain which fell at the same time, it is said. As recently as 1925 Baie St. Paul was much shaken by an

earthquake and great damage was done, although fortunately no mountains fell.

The most popular resort of the Lower St. Lawrence is Murray Bay, which lies on this north shore of the river. When Champlain sailed into it in 1603 he named it "La Malle Baie" because of "the tides which there doe runne prodigiously," and to this day the natives call it La Malbaie. Between Point à Pic and Cap à l'Aigle a crescent arm of the river curves back to form the lovely bay. Luxurious hotels, beautiful summer homes, a golf course that is the pride of Canada, and similar excellent attractions make Murray Bay a resort for those who seek a gay summering-place. At the same time there is a wholly different charm in the quaint old French village which keeps aloof on the banks of its river. Where the hills rise back of the bay there are luring forests, with caribou, bear and other wild creatures wandering about but keeping a wary eye on their enemy man. Ravines wind down, musical with falling water. Streams and lakes entice the camper.

The railroad between the city of Quebec and Murray Bay passes through quaint little French-Canadian villages lying between hills and river, their bright church-spires ever dominating the scenery. Much of Quebec's charm centers about her *habitants*. Through all the centuries these descendants of the early French colonists to Canada have preserved their traditions, their language, and their individuality. They are not French today: whole-heartedly and intensely



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

FISHING IN THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS

These streams, alone, are an allure, with their wild and beautiful setting.



Courtesy, Canadian National Ry.

FRASER FALLS, MURRAY BAY

The water is in no haste as it cascades from step to step.

they are Canadian. There is a cherished love for France, the Mother Country, and a real admiration for Great Britain; but the deep and ardent love is for Canada.

They are wholly charming, these habitants, unspoiled by the outside world, uninterested in modern innovations. Their little villages might be bits of old Normandy or Brittany transplanted—except that the whitewashed houses are immaculate. Gran'mère, with her quaint costume and lovable ways, and gran'père, plodding beside his ox-team, hauling fragrant hay to the barn, might have stepped straight out of a story-book—a very delightful story-book. The loom and the spinning-wheel occupy as important a place in the household as the tall iron stove and the high old bed with its drawers of trundle-beds beneath, where the family of ten to twenty children pile in snugly. In the yard, often edging onto the road, is the great outdoor oven where the family bread is baked, and where the dog and the wee children curl up beside the warm rocks, sniffing the pleasant odors.

When the day's work is done, the violin croons a soft accompaniment while père leads in the singing of the old habitant songs which his ancestors sang in the long ago when they tilled this very same land for some Seigneur. In winter evenings, when dark comes early, the children gather about the cheerful tall stove and listen, wide-eyed, to tales of the terrible *loup-garou*, or to more pleasant tales of life here when gran'père was young or when *his* gran'père was a boy. The

goodnight story is always a happy one, with quaint humor, so dreams will be undisturbed. Many tales are woven about Dalbec, who in the long ago lived at Ste. Anne—perhaps.

Dalbec, it seems, was a famous hunter. One day when he was returning home through the forest he came to a little lake, and in the reeds on the opposite shore he saw a fox just stooping to drink. He quickly raised his gun; but as he took aim, six ducks swam out of the reeds near the fox. He had only one cartridge left. Should it be the fox, or a fine fat duck for supper? The mighty hunter bent the gun-barrel into a circle, killed all six of the ducks, the fox, and the bullet then came back and broke the leg of the dog standing beside him. And, gran'père adds, "*C'est bien vrai!*"

This same Dalbec, with remarkably keen ears, once heard some wild-geese flying over his cottage as he sat at supper. It was pitch-dark outside and he could see nothing, but he shot in the direction of the honking. He waited, but no goose fell, so he went to bed. The next morning when he stepped out of the door, two wild-geese dropped at his feet—they had been so high it had taken them all night to fall!

Among themselves the habitants speak only French—sometimes a patois, often a remarkably pure French. Many of them know no other language; but many speak, in addition to their mother-tongue, a charming habitant-English.

"You can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien', dat's a fack, I know you will say,
W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
De nice leetle Canadienne."

For quaint and lasting charm, for wealth of historic lore, for lingering, haunting memories, no city can compare with delightful, walled Quebec.

There are two cities: the Lower Town, where one is swept back three centuries, each winding street a bit more quaint, a bit more picturesque, than every other street, it seems; and the modern Upper Town of beautiful residences, important stores, and hotels famous for their excellence.

Quebec is built upon a great mass of gray rock, "a verrie highe Mountayne which falleth downe on both ye sides," where the St. Charles River flows into the St. Lawrence. Beyond the "verrie highe Mountayne" is a "leuel & goodlie Countrie" which is famous in history as the Plains of Abraham.

When Cartier sailed up the Great River of Canada in 1535, having with him the two Indians he had dressed in flashy uniforms and taken to France the preceding year, he had lost hope of the river's leading to China, yet he was no less eager to enter the heart of this land which the Indians painted so alluringly. They told him he was approaching their home, the

Huron settlement of Stadacona—where the city of Quebec now stands—and the next day “ledict cappitaine” with his “gentilz hommes” and fifty men landed and went to call on the Huron chief, Donnacona. There was great rejoicing at the return of the two braves, who had come from a world beyond the seas; and Cartier was royally feasted. But when he wished to continue up the river, on to the Huron town of Hochelaga—present Montreal—objections were raised. There were impassable rapids, he was told; the forests were filled with ferocious beasts that lay in waiting by the portages.

When these direful warnings had no effect on Cartier, the Indians resorted to an amazing scheme. The French were lured to the banks of the river, where Donnacona kept them entertained, until suddenly they were startled by frightful howls. Floating down from the direction of Hochelaga came a canoe containing three huge Devils—Indians dressed in dogskins, bison-horns fastened to their heads, their faces luridly painted. The Devils paid no attention to the men on shore, but as they passed they chanted in a loud and mournful voice that they came from the dead as a warning that any one who went up-river would perish in the ice and snow. The canoe drifted ashore near Cartier, and the three wailing Devils got out and proceeded to “die,” whereupon all the Indians threw themselves upon the ground and set up a weird and distressing howl.

Still unawed, Cartier and seventy of his men

ascended the St. Lawrence as far as Hochelaga. This Indian settlement stood upon such a fine eminence above the river that Cartier named the hill Mont Réal, his Norman French for Royal Mount; and that name it has retained through all the centuries.

Returning to Stadacona, Cartier built a rude fort and wintered there; for ice in the river tied up his little fleet. It was a dreary and tragic winter for his men; but for Cartier, with his eager mind, it was not without interest. The Indian medicine-men especially intrigued him, for these were the mouth-pieces of the Devil. While the savages crowded round in awe, the medicine-men held the invisible Devil tied to a pole in the ground. His message received, the Devil was released, and the crowd broke into loud shouts, jumped over the fire, rushed into the nearest tent, and put "halfe a pole out of the toppe of the Cabine, with something tied thereto, which the Diuell carrieth away." Cartier adds, disgustedly, "They teache their eldest Sonnes the mysterie of this Iniquitie."

In 1541 Cartier came again to Stadacona and attempted a settlement; but the Indians now were hostile, for he had carried off with him their beloved chief Donnacona and many of their friends, all of whom had died in France. Roberval came shortly afterward; but he, too, found hostility, and his settlement had to be abandoned. And so the foundation of Quebec was left to Champlain; the fortified group of houses which he built in 1608 formed the begin-

ning of the present quaint and lovely city. The name *Stadacona* had disappeared with the Hurons; and Champlain's settlement took the name the Abenaki Indians applied to this part of the great river, *Keбек*, "Narrow."

From the very beginning of Quebec, history piled fast upon it. It was a coveted stronghold, constantly assaulted by the English. In 1629 it was captured, but soon returned by treaty; a century and a quarter of further struggle ensued; and in 1759 came the memorable battle familiar to every schoolboy, when Wolfe, mortally wounded, heard some one shout, "They run!" and raised himself to ask eagerly, "Who run?" "The enemy," he was told, and he dropped back with a sigh of great content. "God be praised, I now die in peace," he said. Montcalm, who so valiantly had defended the city, and who also was mortally wounded, died in an anguish of uncertainty the following day, not knowing whether the French army then marching toward Quebec would turn the tide for his beloved France or whether the colony was irretrievably lost.

Canada was ceded to England four years later; and thus, as British territory when the American Revolution broke out, Quebec again found itself under siege. Benedict Arnold, approaching from Lake Champlain, was met by General Montgomery, who already had taken Montreal, and they planned a surprise attack on the night of December 31, 1775, in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. But their plans had reached the

British, and the heavy guns were ready. The Americans knew this, but they rushed to the attack, only to be mowed down. General Montgomery was killed, Benedict Arnold wounded, and many prisoners were taken.

After the War of 1812 "historic Quebec" knew a century of peace; but when the World War came she was among the first to muster her heroic sons, and they were among the Canadian Contingent that sailed from Gaspé Bay in October, 1914.

The four centuries of history that enwrap Quebec permeate the town with their glamour and romance. The tragedies have been softened; the joys a thousandfold magnified. Of the yesterdays there linger now but colorful memories. There's a spell here, and it lays a gripping hold upon the visitor as he wanders about the quaint and winding streets. He senses the haunting, elusive atmosphere, the ghosts of the years that have gone.

But there is a very wide-awake, up-to-date atmosphere, too, in this charming city of Quebec. This is especially true in winter, when the sports lure crowds from the gay cities in the States to gayer Quebec for tobogganing, snowshoeing, skiing, skimming over the hills behind an Alaskan dog-team, or the many other winter joys to be had here. Dufferin Terrace is famous the world over.

A fine view of Quebec is to be had by approaching the city from Levis, across the St. Lawrence. At this distance the town shows in a magnificent panorama,

perched superbly above the river, with its towered hotel, its impressive citadel, the frowning guns on its ramparts, and the many boats, from all the world over, riding at anchor at its feet.

Another short boat-ride which affords a fine panoramic view of the city is to the Isle of Orleans. The Indians called this twenty-mile stretch of land in the midst of the St. Lawrence, *Minegoo*, "The Island"; but Cartier named it *L'île de Bacchus*, because of the plentiful wild-grape vines laden with luscious fruit.

Many delightful short-trips may be made from Quebec. The most famous of these is to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, with its noted shrine to La Bonne Sainte Anne, visited annually by a quarter of a million pilgrims.

At some date prior to 1628 Breton sailors were caught in a storm that raged upon the St. Lawrence and threatened destruction to their small fishing-craft. They appealed to Sainte Anne, the patroness of their loved Brittany, vowing that if she would save them they would erect a shrine to her on the most beautiful spot they could find. They saw ahead of them the shore of Minegoo, "The Island," its trees, beyond the rolling waves, spray-drenched and lovely. Almost at once the river magically grew calm, and the men began to row toward a wooded point of this island, intending there to erect their shrine. But La Bonne Sainte Anne willed it otherwise. A strong wind blew from the east and the waves rose again and swept the little boat across to the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

There the sailors landed, on Petit Cap; and it seemed to them as lovely a place as could be found in all the world. A small stretch of grassland, which they named Beau Pré, "Beautiful Meadow," extended back from the river, and rising above it were the steep Laurentian hills, covered with shaggy-lovely trees.

Here they built their shrine; and Ste. Anne de Beaupré soon became the Mecca for all fishermen who sailed into the St. Lawrence. Its fame spread, and a missionary was appointed. The first recorded miracle occurred when the original crude chapel was being replaced by a substantial church in 1659 and an old man, bent double with rheumatism, hobbled up to lay, with a world of devotion, one of the foundation-stones. Instantly he was well and strong. Shortly afterward a woman, paralyzed for a year and a half, a helpless invalid, was carried to the shrine, and scarcely had she uttered her first prayer to La Bonne Sainte Anne when she found herself completely well.

These miracles, recorded by the Jesuits in their "Relations," spread far and wide; and from that day the Good Sainte Anne ever has paid heed to the appeals of the truly devout. At the time of a disastrous fire which destroyed the church in 1922, great stacks of crutches were evidences of some of the many miracles that faith in this good saint has compassed. A temporary church was at once erected, and work on the new basilica, a very beautiful and worthy cathedral, was soon begun; so that pilgrimages to the shrine were uninterrupted. Thousands continue to come, to

kneel at the foot of the Miraculous Statue and pray to the Mother of the Virgin Mary for her intercession.

To Catholics the priceless treasure at this shrine is a piece of the wristbone of Sainte Anne, its authenticity vouched for by letters which hang on the wall nearby. Protestants find equally interesting a very beautiful painting by Le Brun presented to the church in 1666.

The railroad which runs from Quebec to the pretty little village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré passes Montmorency Falls. The cataract, 274 feet high, is so milk-foamy white that the French peasants called it *La Vache*, the Cow. The Abenaki Indians of the old days believed that this spectacular fall was a favorite haunt of the Spirit of the Water; and once a year, at the Feast of the Falling Water, they brought him gifts—tobacco, shell-beads, beaver-skins—and cast them into the spray at the foot of the fall, chanting a rhythmic prayer for abundant crops and plentiful fish. As the water was then heavy with spring floods, the gifts were swept into the St. Lawrence, and the Great River carried the message to all its tributaries to water the land of the Abenakis, and to fill their nets with fish. The falls are very beautiful, and they have historic interest as well, with the Kent House perched above them and a famous battleground at their foot.

North of the city of Quebec lies a wild and lake-sprinkled wilderness, reached by the railroad running to Lake St. John and on to Chicoutimi on the Saguenay. This line passes such delightful places as Indian Lorette, with an interesting Huron settlement,



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

MONTMORENCY FALLS

Here the Indians brought offerings to the Spirit
of the Water.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE

Where an arm of the river reaches back into the Gaspé Hills.

a spectacular waterfall and a wild rock-gorge; and Lake Edward, which the Indians knew as the Lake-of-the-Many-Islands, and which the white man knows for its rushing rapids and gamy fish. And it passes near the Laurentides Park, a reserve covering about three thousand square miles of wildwood.

The scenery in Laurentides Park is extremely wild. From a watershed which crosses it, rivers rush south to the St. Lawrence and north to the Saguenay. The hills are heavily timbered and are blue with many lakes. In the frothing rivers that pour down the ravines, trout abound; and moose and caribou are plentiful in the forests. The Jacques Cartier Lake and River are especially noted for their fine sport and their scenic beauty.

The Chaudière River pours into the St. Lawrence very nearly opposite Quebec. Its headwaters, not far from the United States border, are in a region that is a network of rivers, streams, and narrow, winding lakes. The largest of the lakes are the Memphremagog, which spills across into Vermont and at its upper end connects with Lake Magog, and Lake Megantic, whose gamy trout afford rare sport to the angler.

One of the oldest cities in Canada is Trois Rivières, situated picturesquely on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, where the broad and historic St. Maurice, famed for its beautiful Shawinigan Falls, sweeps down from a string of lakes in the hills, to end here in the Great River.

In the long ago the St. Maurice formed the boundary between the Huron country and that of the Algonquins. One day a party of Hurons went hunting on the shores of the river, above Shawinigan Falls; and in the late afternoon they started downstream with loaded canoes. When they came near to the head of the cataract, where the portage must begin, they began paddling to shore; but suddenly the woods were alive with Algonquins. They quickly turned to the opposite bank; but there, too, the enemy was waiting, howling with glee. Near the Hurons was the edge of the cataract; it was impossible to pull back upstream against the strong current; to land meant falling into the hands of merciless enemies. The Huron chief stood up, tall and straight in his canoe, gave a mocking yell to the Algonquins, and steered for the foaming precipice. His people did the same; and all were dashed to pieces at the bottom of the fall, one hundred and fifty feet below.

When the early missionaries came into this region the Indians took them at twilight and tried to point out to them—from a safe distance—the ghost-canoe with the ghost-chieftain proudly going over the precipice. Almost, as the wind swept the foam outward and the gathering dark gave it vague outlines, they could be seen. In these prosaic days of powerhouses and pulp-mills, however, even the wraith of the Huron chief must refuse to come back to a country he knew only as a beautiful wilderness.

Above Trois Rivières, for twenty-five miles, the St.

Lawrence is so broad it is known as Lake St. Peter; and at the upper end of this lake the Richelieu River brings to the St. Lawrence its burden of water from Lake Champlain. The Richelieu was a much used highway during the American Revolution; during the preceding century and a half of French and English struggles; and for untold centuries before the white men came. In 1610 Champlain and his Montagnais friends were preparing to camp on one of the islands opposite the mouth of this river when word came that their Algonquin allies were attacking a large party of Iroquois who had come down the Richelieu looking for scalps. The Algonquins were in urgent need of assistance, and Champlain and his men went with the Montagnais to their aid. But,

“Before the said Mountayners set forth to the Warre, they assembled all, with their richest apparell of Furies, Beavers, and other Skinnes adorn’d with Pater-nosters [beads] and Chaines of diuers colors, and assembled in a greate publicke place, where there was before them a Sagamo which led them to the Warre; and they march’d one behind another, with their Bowes and Arrowes, Mases and Targets, wherewith they furnish themselues to fight: and they went leaping one after another, in making many gestures of their Body’s, they made many turnings like a Snaile: afterward they began to dance after their accustomed manner, as I haue said before: then they made their Feaste. . . . and then they went into the Water, and strooke at one another with their oares, and beate Water vpon another: yet they did no

hurt, for they warded the blows which they strooke one at another. After they had ended all those ceremonies, the Sauages went to Warre against the Irocois."

The Richelieu was then known as the River of the Iroquois. When Champlain sailed up it in 1609, about twelve miles before he reached the lake which bears his name he came to a long and densely wooded island, and named it L'île aux Noix because of the many nut-trees. Years later, when the French found it necessary to control the Richelieu River, then the great highway of both the Iroquois and the English, a fort was built at this strategic point on the Ile aux Noix. During all the French and English and Indian struggles, and during the American Revolution and the War of 1812, this French fort and its English successor saw eventful history. At the cost of millions of dollars the English then constructed the present imposing and substantial buildings which comprise Fort Lennox, and which, long ago abandoned as a military post, the Canadian National Parks preserves as a historic site.

In 1611 Champlain cleared a space on the Island of Montreal, intending to make of it neutral territory with a trading-post where all Indian tribes might come to trade peacefully; but the city of Montreal, which now spreads along the eastern shore of the island, was not founded until thirty years later when the Sieur de Maisonneuve, inspired by supernatural visions and voices which bade him establish a great Roman

Catholic center in New France, built the little settlement here as the first step toward his "Kingdom of God," and named it Ville-Marie. The Huron name *Hochelaga* had disappeared with their village; and the fur-trading camp which had existed for a few weeks each year was known merely as The Sault, from the rapids nearby.

As the St. Lawrence is the Great River of Canada, so Montreal is the Great City of Canada. And it is a proud and surpassingly beautiful city. Mont Royal, on which Cartier stood in 1534 and looked far out over the country of the Huron-Iroquois, stands today as majestically, as superbly, keeping watch over the widespread city. From its summit, on a clear day, Lake Champlain may be seen, a far-off valley of silver, stretching between purpled hills which are the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains. In the foreground, out over a glimmering sea of roofs and spires, and many lovely trees, the blue-green St. Lawrence, silvered by the sun, narrows to strands of white raging between green islands, lies in a ribbon of green silver, then broadens to the beautiful Lake St. Louis. To the west, the Lake-of-the-Two-Mountains leads into the Ottawa, blue even across the far stretch of meadows. And to the north, beyond glittering bands of rivers dotted with innumerable islands, the Laurentian Mountains sweep back, the smoke-blue of their foothills merging into soft violet that turns to mauve where it meets the sky.

As the largest city in Canada, and one of the largest

in the two Americas, Montreal is vitally alive, pulsing with the energy of a big commercial center, important as one of the greatest shipping ports on the continent. It is a thoroughly modern, teeming active city. But there is also another side. For in the French quarter, centering about the quaint Bonsecours Market, a wholly different atmosphere prevails. Passing from the ultra-modern town into the sleepy, old-world streets of the French quarter, one is led to believe in fairytales, in the power of the magic wand that can sweep away two centuries or more and carry one back to the Ville-Marie of the fur-trading days, the good old days of the *voyageurs* and the *coureurs de bois*.

Few large cities are a lure to the vacationist; and yet Montreal, situated so delightfully on an island in the midst of the St. Lawrence, with mountains rising beyond, has much to offer. In every direction there is water. The canoe-trails are a lure which few can resist. There are lakes and river-bays where the waves are restless enough to give zest to a sail. The wooded hills call to those who love the forests. A nearby Indian reservation is a constant attraction; and the quaint habitant villages on the island are ever interesting.

In winter there are even more allurements, for no city in the western hemisphere can surpass Montreal in winter sports. The toboggan-slides and ice-rinks are the finest in America. The hills for skiing and snowshoeing or for the old-fashioned bobsledding, the hard-packed roads for sleighing, and the frozen

rivers and iceways cannot be excelled. Health and joy and verve are to be had in Montreal's out-of-doors in winter-time. There is a stimulant in the gay colors and the flying figures, exhilaration in the pure air, and beauty in the snow-covered hills. For those who like the carnival-spirit, colorful Frost King pageants are held.

Montreal Island lies at the mouth of the Ottawa River, which the Indians called the River of the Algonquins, and the early voyageurs named Grand River. From its source in a string of irregular, long, winding lakes, the Ottawa follows a tortuous course, almost doubling upon itself before turning definitely eastward and joining the St. Lawrence in the Lake-of-the-Two-Mountains. The length of the river is nearly a thousand miles. About four hundred miles of its less erratic course forms part of the boundary between Quebec and Ontario.

The Ottawa is considered one of the most beautiful rivers in Canada. Dense forests shut it in; rocks in its bed cause surging rapids and many cascades; where the river is less impetuous the water lingers to form broad and wind-blown lakes, with trees edging the shores and islands cropping up. The upper reaches of the river lie near the height-of-land; and across the watershed are lakes feeding many streams flowing to James Bay, the big southern arm of Hudson Bay.

The Ottawa leads the canoeist to a vast region of almost continuous waterways, where he may traverse hundreds of miles with no long portage. There is a

wide variety of choice in routes. Some cling largely to broad, still lakes and deep and winding rivers, while others are frequently spiced with what Father Hennepin terms "most rapid and horrible Currents full of greate Rockes, where the water roars Night and Day like the most Frightfull Thunder." A railroad runs from Montreal to Labelle, on the Rivière Rouge, and continues on to Mont Laurier, on Rivière du Lièvre. Both of these towns are in the very heart of the canoe country, and from either a fascinating route may be followed—off into a region where there are no roads except the luring waterways.

"And, oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty everywhere;
The beauty creeping on the ground,
The beauty singing through the air."

A large part of northern Quebec is virtually unexplored wilderness. There are vast areas without a habitation, except perhaps a little Naskapi or Ungava settlement or a lone Hudson's Bay post. In the rivers and the many lakes there is an unlimited supply of fish; in the forests there is almost an unlimited supply of furs. Iron and many other minerals, including gold, have been discovered. Champlain reported copper: "there is toward the North a Mine of fine Copper, whereof they showed vs certaine Bracelets, which they had receiued of a Nation which are called the goode

Iroquois." From the upper reaches of the rivers flowing into Lake St. John there are several canoe routes through this northern region; but they are difficult routes, with many falls and rapids, long portages and unbroken trails; and so, much of this great country remains with the fascination of the unexplored, calling to the adventure-lover to come and see what *may* lie beyond the next bend.

The Hamilton River and the Naskapi flow from a group of large lakes that lie on the height-of-land, three or four thousand feet above sea-level; and in their descent these rivers form many superb cataracts.

The Grand Falls of the Hamilton are especially spectacular, where the water drops more than three hundred feet from a broad precipice into a deep rock-canyon, the thunderous noise echoing and re-echoing against the high cliffs. Across the watershed, in the dense forests that clothe the northern hills, there may be other falls as grand as this one—waiting to be discovered.

A few Naskapi Indians still wander through this central plateau, living their gloriously free lives, worshipping, as did their remote ancestors, the sun and the spirits in the trees and the water. They believe that the stars are children of the sun. Before this great god starts out in the morning he puts all his children to bed; and when he comes home in the evening he wakes them up and places them in the sky, to keep watch on the world while he is asleep. Some-

times he is so tired that he forgets to do this, and then the sky is dark because the stars, too, are sleeping.

South of the Naskapi country the Montagnais roamed. One of the early Jesuits tells a story of three of his converts. These Montagnais, good Christians all, went to visit some Hurons who had not yet been brought into the Faith. A delicious elk stew was served, the elk-meat minced very fine. Alas, it was a day when good Catholics were forbidden to eat meat; yet Indian etiquette demanded that they eat everything set before them. Should they disobey the white man's God and partake of the stew, which smelled so delectable; or should they offend their Huron hosts and leave it untouched? This was a nice problem; and with great nicety the Montagnais settled it. Picking out each small morsel of meat, they ate the soup that remained. But one of them, the temptation too great, put a piece of meat on his tongue, just for the joy of holding it in his mouth—and swallowed it. This so troubled his conscience that he went to the priest and confessed.

This same Montagnais asked the good Jesuit if it were really true that God created heaven and earth. Being assured that He did, the Indian then asked: "If there was neither heaven nor earth at that time, where did God Himself live?"

With all of Quebec's allurements—and in so vast a territory, and with such a wealth of historic lore and romance, there are many—none is greater than the

beauty of her forests, whether in the wilds of the north, where few men go, or in the woodland stretches of the south, where quiet lakes lie calling—

“Leetle Lac Grenier she’s all alone,
No broder, no seester near,
But de swallow fly, an’ de beeg moose deer
An’ caribou too will go long way
To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier. . . .
Leetle Lac Grenier, O let me go!
Don’t spik no more,
For your voice is strong lak de rapid’s roar,
An’ you know yourse’f I’m too far away
For visit you now—leetle Lac Grenier!”

V. ONTARIO'S LOVELY LAKES

OTTAWA, THE BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL
ON LAKE TEMISKAMING
TEMAGAMI'S LURE
LAKE NIPISSING AND FRENCH RIVER
THE LEGEND OF THE FIVE MEN
IN ALGONQUIN PARK
A LEGEND OF MUSKOKA LAKES
THE LAKE-OF-BAYS DISTRICT
THE CHARM OF THE KAWARTHA LAKES
A LEGEND OF THE RIDEAU LAKES
THE THOUSAND ISLANDS
ALONG LAKE ONTARIO
IN GAY TORONTO
NIAGARA FALLS, "THUNDERING WATER"
HISTORIC LAKE ERIE
LAKE HURON AND GEORGIAN BAY
THE ROMANCE OF SAULT SAINTE MARIE
HIAWATHA'S "BIG SEA WATER"
THE LOVELY NIPIGON REGION
LEGENDS OF NANIBOUJOU
THE TWIN CITIES ON THUNDER BAY
IN THE WILDS OF QUETICO PARK
THE RAINY LAKE REGION
CANOE-TRAILS IN THE WILDERNESS
THE LAKE-OF-THE-WOODS AND MINAKI
THE WAITING NORTH

V

ONTARIO'S LOVELY LAKES

"Hurrah for the rapid that merrily, merrily,
Shivers its arrows against us in play!
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits as light as its feathery spray."

—Charles Sangster

ONTARIO well might be named "The Land of the Gay Canoe"; for its labyrinth of waterways, placid lakes and rushing streams, resounds now to the carefree laugh of the man on pleasure bent even as in the old days it echoed the rollicking *chansons* of the gay voyageurs.

The first white man to enter what is now Ontario was a Frenchman, Brulé, who lived among the Indians for more than twenty years, and then was boiled and eaten by them. But after the feast his outraged spirit remained to haunt them, the Hurons believed, and they set fire to their village and fled in terror. Ever afterward, however, the spirit of Brulé's sister flew over the site—although some claim it was the spirit of his uncle.

Brulé had gone with the Petite Nation in 1610. Champlain in 1613 ascended the Ottawa as far as Allumette Island, on his way to the Nipissing tribe; but the Algonquin chief turned him back, refusing him guides and canoes, assuring him the Nipissings were

sorcerers and would kill them all with charms and magic.

Champlain was greatly impressed by the beauty of the Ottawa River, which ends where the Lake-of-the-Two-Mountains joins the St. Lawrence. In the Long Sault his canoe "oversett" and he would have been drowned in a whirlpool had he not been wedged between two rocks. This stretch of furious rapids made less impression upon him, however, than upon Father Hennepin, who came later:

"This dreadfull Encounter of Water that beats so furiously against these Rockes, continues about two Leagues, the Waters spurte about ten or twelve Yardes high, and appear like huge Snow-Balls, Hail, and Raine, with dreadfull Thunder, and a Noise like His-sing and Howling of Fierce Beastes: And I do certainly beleieve that if a man continues there a considerable Time, he wou'd become Deaf, without any Hope of Cure."

Years later this part of the Ottawa was the scene of a heroic sacrifice, one of the many valiant deeds in the history of Canada. The Iroquois had come in force to destroy the French at Montreal. Adam Daulac and sixteen comrades, here on the banks of the river, made a pact that so long as one of them remained alive the Iroquois should not pass. For a week these brave and loyal Frenchmen held out, one by one falling, and by the time the last had been killed the Iroquois were so greatly surprised and discouraged

by this resistance that they turned home; and Montreal was saved.

Ottawa, known as one of the loveliest of all capitals, is built upon a picturesque site where the Rideau River joins the Ottawa, and both form spectacular falls. The Indians called the Rideau the Singing River because the water trips down from the hills in a series of musical cascades. Its final great fall, into the Ottawa, was lovely indeed before the mills claimed it. When Champlain saw it in 1613, the water dropped from an outcropping ledge, so that Indians could pass behind the cataract "not wetting themselves except it be from the spray that is thrown off." To the early voyageurs it appeared to be a beautiful, foam-flecked curtain, and so they named it *Le Rideau*.

At the opposite end of the capital city are the Chaudière Falls of the Ottawa. The water rushes down, between many rocky islets, into a basin where it seethes and boils and sends up clouds of rainbow-spray. The Indian name for this rock-basin was *Asticou*, "Kettle"; and the voyageurs merely changed this to their own tongue, Chaudière. This cataract was held by the Indians in especial reverence, and they never passed without making a gift to the Spirit of the Water. When there were many of them they took up a collection, each man contributing tobacco or some equally valued treasure, and this was placed in their midst to be danced about and sung over, before it was cast, with a final chant, "into the midst of the cauldron" where the water seethed most violently.

Between these two falls, Rideau and Chaudière, rises the city of Ottawa, with the Grand River of the voyageurs—the Ottawa—stretching at its feet, and across the river, in Quebec, the Laurentian Mountains running back in lavender and blue to the skyline. The far-off range is cut by the Gatineau Valley with a river of silver-green winding down to join the Ottawa.

Much higher in its course the Ottawa broadens into long, deep, and wholly lovely Lake Temiskaming, lying on the boundary between Ontario and Quebec. This was part of the great waterway used by voyageurs of the early days. Both explorers and fur-traders reached the Hudson Bay country through Lake Temiskaming, Lake Abitibi and its outlet to James Bay. Up this route, soon after its discovery, came a band of adventurous soldiers, led by d'Iberville, one of the most romantic figures in Canadian history. The Hudson's Bay Company had a string of forts which the French decided to capture; and these d'Iberville and his band surprised, and secured, the French holding them until England, a few years later, sent across some of her war vessels to retake them.

Lake Temiskaming today lies in the midst of a farming community. Pretty villages dot its shores, with here and there a lake-resort where the joys of woods and water are to be had. A comfortable steamer plies on the lake, and affords a scenic ride.

Lake Abitibi, to the north, hemmed in by forests, lies in a great gold belt, which produces millions of

dollars' worth of gold annually. South of it is a region rich in both silver and gold, the silver centering about Lake Cobalt, which was drained in order to get its precious ore. And Cobalt is near Temagami, the gateway to the Temagami Forest Reserve, with Lake Temagami sprawling, many-armed, throughout its length.

This unique lake, with an area of ninety square miles, has more than three thousand miles of coastline. Seen on a map, it looks surprisingly like an eagle, wings outstretched, dripping many feathers. The eagle's claws are lakes, each feather in its outspread wings is a lake, its lake-beak is open to swallow a string of lakes; and feathering its body are nearly two thousand islands, forming countless channels and twisted waterways between them. Lakes are spattered everywhere—long, winding lakes; short, crooked lakes; broad, island-dotted lakes with irregular shores, mere fingers of water reaching back into the deep woods. For all of this lake loveliness is set in an unbroken, primeval forest of pine and spruce and balsam. It is a region of limitless beauty, a waterwood which one scarcely can leave.

To the canoeist, especially, Temagami presents unending delights; for the myriads of lakes are connected either by streams or by brief portages, and lead on and on, through deep and deeper forests, circling back, by countless routes, to the starting-point, or wandering off into far regions, even to distant Lake Huron.

Well-marked trees show where portages begin. Here a hike through a stretch of forest, incense-sweet, the trail well-trodden, ends abruptly at another broad lake, hemmed in with spruce and pine. Should it be midday the lake lies sparkling blue; but should it be late afternoon, the slanting sun turns the water to purple, and the undergrowth along the shores begins to merge, contours softening. Far off there may be an island, its cool green depths and misty shadows vastly alluring. Irresistibly you paddle toward it. Later, as the twilight droops down and the forest beyond wraps itself in a deep violet, you are on the island in a world of magic, listening to the soft lap of the water, the trill of a sleepy bird, or the whispering of spruce-boughs, waiting for the stars to come out, or the moon, may be, to change night's blue-black velvet to glowing silver.

"The slender moon and one pale star,
A rose leaf and a silver bee
From some god's garden blown afar,
Go down the gold deep tranquilly."

A Hudson's Bay post on Bear Island, in the heart of Lake Temagami, supplies canoes and camping outfit, and even guides for those who thus are willing to lose most of the joy of canoeing. There are rustic camps, too, where the less hardy may sleep on real beds instead of glorying in the pungent-sweetness of spruce-boughs.

The greater part of the forest is pinewood. This

alone is an allure, without the tangled waterways, for none can resist the spell of a pine-tree.

After the liquid music of the Ojibwa names—Tema-gami, Obabika, Wakimika—names that belong to this primeval land of the Indian and are part of the magic to transport you to a world of the long-ago, it is distressing to find one of the loveliest lakes in this lovely region with the incongruous name of Lady Evelyn. The lake itself is exquisite, and the Lady Evelyn Falls are superb. Many of the lakes have story-fraught names, translated directly from the Indian—Jumping Caribou, Hanging Stone, Red Squirrel, White Bear, Gull, Turtle, Rabbit. The wild animals that wander through this forest reserve are one of its great delights.

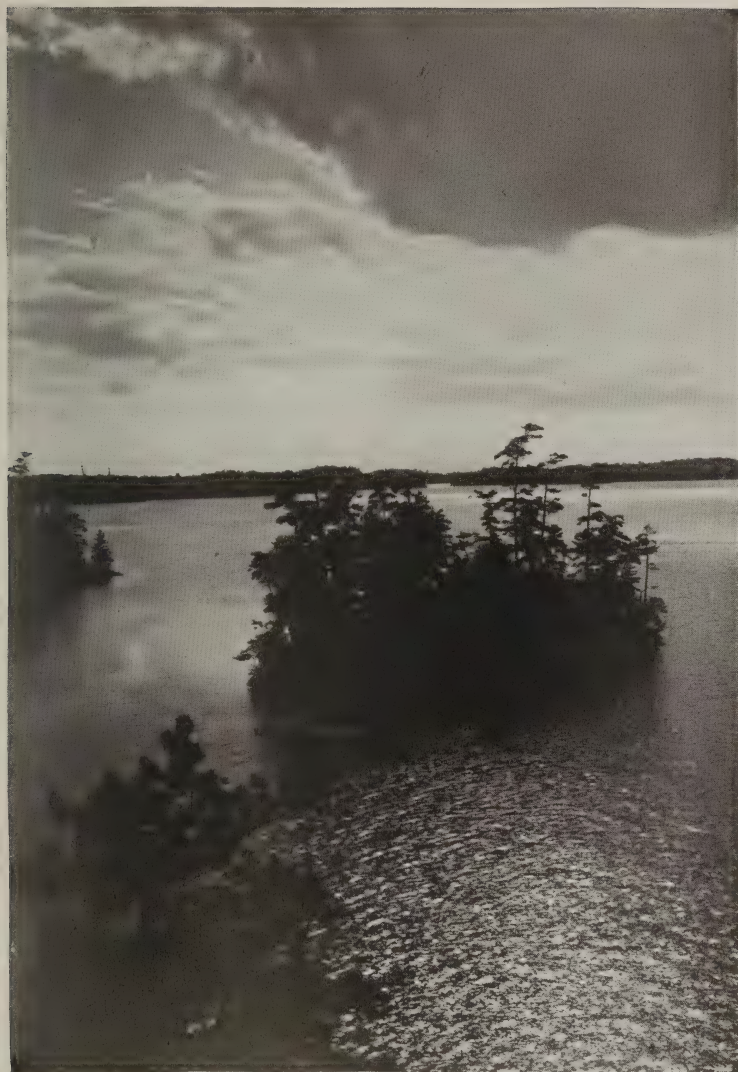
Far south of Temagami, and connected with it by canoe-route, lies Lake Nipissing. In 1615 Champlain, searching for the China Sea, reached this lake by way of the Ottawa and Mattawa Rivers, and somehow steered his course through the maze of channels that form the French River, into Lake Huron, which the Indians called *Attigouantan*, but which he named *La Mer Douce*. His eager mind was as much interested in the "Sauvages" and their theology as in their country. At one place he asked the Sagamo whether he or his ancestors had ever heard that God had come into the world.

"Hee said that hee had not seene him: but that
anciently there were fieve men who traveling toward the

setting of the Sunne met with God, who demanded of them, Whither goe yee? They answer'd, Wee goe to seeke for our liuing. God said, You shal finde it heere: but they, not regarding, pass'd further: and then God with a stone touch'd two of them, who were turned into stones. And he said againe to the three others, Whither goe yee? They answer'd and hee replied as at firste: they yet passing further hee tooke two staues and touch'd therewith the two formost and transform'd them into staues. Asking the third man where hee wente, hee said, To seeke his liuing: wherevpon hee bade him tarrie, and he did soe, and God gaue him meate and hee did eate: and after hee had made goode cheere hee return'd among the other Sauvages and told them all this tale."

This Sagamo also told Champlain about one of his ancestors who had a great deal of tobacco. God came one day and asked him for his pipe. The Indian gave it to Him, and God "dranke much of it and then brake the pipe." It was the only one the Indian had, so God gave him another, and told him to carry it to his Sagamo "with warning to keep it well and then he shou'd wante nothing nor any of his." But the Sagamo lost God's pipe, and famine and disease came upon them. "This," adds Champlain, "seemeth to bee the cause why they say God is not very goode."

After Champlain had shown the way, the Lake Nipissing route became one of the two great highways for explorers and fur-traders—the other route



Courtesy, Canadian National Kys.

THE MUSKOKA LAKES

This region is rich in Indian lore. Each island, almost,
has its legend.



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

BEAUTIFUL LAKE NIPISSING

Champlain, searching for China, discovered this route to the Great Lakes.

going north through Lake Temiskaming, on to Hudson Bay.

Lake Nipissing, called by the Indians the "Big Water," is now a popular summering-place. From the city of North Bay, a progressive and picturesque town on the shore of the lake, canoe-routes and motor-roads radiate in all directions. Both the Nipissing region and that of French River, the outlet of the lake, are popular with sportsmen because of the abundance of fish and game—trout, bass, maskinonge, pike; wild geese, ducks, and partridge; deer and moose. The French River is made up of countless winding channels, a maze that delights the canoeist. There is much scenic beauty here, too, with foam-white rapids and long stretches of lake-smooth water where the tree-fringe reflects itself in liquid shadows.

Algonquin Park, set aside by the Province of Ontario as a game and forest reserve, contains three thousand square miles of exquisite loveliness. Countless lakes lie amid such primeval forests as would have delighted the heart of Hiawatha. The lakes are connected by streams or well-beaten portages, and the canoeist has the rare joy of winding in and out of a water labyrinth so far off in the wilderness that no sound reaches him but the dip of his paddle, or the eerie music of whispering trees. Then suddenly comes a choral from the forest—the chattering of chipmunks, the laughing songs of bluejays, a loon's call, and over and above it all the liquid notes of a thrush. A deer comes down to the edge of the lake

to drink; a moose swims just ahead, striking across to a cool fern-glade beneath the pines on the farther shore; a bear shambles down the far trail, squirrels scampering up trees to avoid him. Much of the joy of Algonquin Park is centered in its wild creatures, which are beginning to know that here they have a haven. But there is great joy, too, in the wild beauty of the lakes and the lovely, fragrant forests.

For one who wishes to get far off into the wilderness, where there are few roads, but moose-trails may be followed, and canoe-ways without end, Algonquin Park makes an ideal vacation-place. It has a magic of its own, a spiritual balm born of the sheer beauty of these wilds, calling back again and again those who once have been there.

The entire region south of Algonquin Park is made up of innumerable lakes, winding streams, many farms, and picturesque villages, with occasional large and important cities.

Back of Georgian Bay—the great arm of Lake Huron—are the Muskoka Lakes, a noted resort in the Highlands of Ontario. There is plenty of life at Muskoka. Hotels and summer homes and pretty cottages are everywhere. Scarcely a wooded point can be seen without its pink-roofed villa among the trees. The water is gay with canoes, motorboats and even steamers. Sailing, swimming, canoeing and golfing are the pastimes here; and fishing, of course. Muskoka does much to live up to its Indian name, which means "Clear Sky"; for the sky is ever a smil-

ing blue, and it domes over sparkling lakes and pine-clad hills.

A legend of the Ojibwas claims that in the long ago, when their tribe was at war with the Crees, there was an Ojibwa brave, fleetier than the deer, keener than the eagle, whose name was Swifter-than-Lightning. This Ojibwa loved the daughter of an enemy, a Cree chief, and Beautiful-Bluebird-which-Sings would meet him secretly in the forest. But this maiden had an unwelcome Cree suitor who spied upon her. When he saw her with the Ojibwa brave he placed his swiftest arrows in his bow; but they would not shoot, they fell like flint to the ground. The Cree then hastened away to the medicine-man, the maker of magic, and he came with a powerful charm and turned the Cree maiden into a green cedar, and the Ojibwa brave into a black grouse. And this occurred, the Ojibwas say, on the shores of Muskoka Lake.

Among the winding streams in this region is Shadow River, the water so quiet and so clear that it reflects in minutest detail every leaf and branch of the trees that almost arch overhead. Indians will not go on this river at the ghost-hour, twilight or dawn, for they believe that at the bottom of the water there is a spirit who is free only at this hour, and he watches the shadows in the river and reaches up and grabs any Indians that please him.

The Lake of Bays district is another of the gay resorts, with a far-famed Bigwin Inn to please the luxury-lover, and many golf courses in ideal surround-

ings to lure the devotee of the links. This, also, lies in the Highlands of Ontario, in the midst of pine and birch forests. Villages and stray cottages dot the shores of the lake; steamers ply upon its waters, and there are lilting sails and a constant hum of motorboats. The Lake of Bays appeals to those who like to vary fishing and boating with golf, tennis, dancing and a jolly social life.

Farther south are the Kawartha Lakes, still another attractive group, where vacationists delight to go. Cottages are scattered between summer-resorts. Sailboats and canoes and motorboats crowd the lakes. The fine sandy beaches and the picturesque rocky points are gay with pleasure-seekers. And anglers are ever bent upon their favorite sport.

To the west are Lake Simcoe and Lake Couchiching, with outlet to Georgian Bay through the picturesque Severn River. The shores of both these lakes are dotted with cottages, and many summer-resorts have sprung up about the tempting beaches.

The Rideau Lakes district, another favorite region, and literally blue with water, was believed by the Indians to have been formed of the tears of a love-sick maiden. When her beloved one was killed she melted away to tears, and the gods were good and preserved them in these beautiful lakes. There are many attractive summer-resorts in this district, and the scores of lakes afford all the water-sports.

Directly to the south are the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. These lie where Lake Ontario has

narrowed to the St. Lawrence River. Some of the islands are so small, mere rocks and slanting trees, that their natural beauty has been unmarred. On the larger islands are camps and cottages, hidden among the trees; and many have been transformed into luxurious estates, with beautiful homes and landscaped gardens. One of Canada's National Parks, the St. Lawrence Islands, is here, assuring the public a recreation-ground in the midst of this world of woods and water.

The Iroquois name for the lowest of the Great Lakes was *Skanandario*. This, wrote an early explorer, meant "Beautiful Water," and then added that in winter "outrageous Windes do blow." Champlain called it Lake St. Louis; but the Iroquois name has persisted as Ontario. The lake is nearly two hundred miles long and from thirty to seventy miles broad, a veritable inland sea; and when its "outrageous Windes do blow" and the waves pile high, changing in color from the blue-green of the sea to a pale crystal-emerald as they break, the water is truly magnificent.

Where the commercially important city of Kingston now stands, on an eminence overlooking the lake, Fort Frontenac was established in 1673 by Governor Frontenac, and placed in the care of La Salle. But La Salle was an explorer; sitting at home in a fort pleased him not at all; and so the Iroquois found no difficulty in falling upon the little settlement and destroying it. A few years later Frontenac was rebuilt;

but it grew to a city of real importance only after the Tories, at the end of the American Revolution, settled there, changing the name of the town to Kingston.

This north shore of Lake Ontario is thickly settled, one of the most populous agricultural districts of the province being here. Fruit orchards and tobacco fields run back between miscellaneous farms. And on this north shore, spreading upward from a splendid harbor, is the city of Toronto, the capital of Ontario, and the second largest city in Canada.

In 1678 a little Indian village was where Toronto now stands, and Father Hennepin's canoes, tossed about on the lake, hastened there for shelter and for food. He says: "We barter'd some Indian Corne with the Iroquese, who could not sufficiently admire us." Not only the strange white men were amazing to the Indians, but their undreamed-of clothing; and above all, what most delighted the "Iroquese," were the buttons.

From the earliest times the Iroquois village of Toronto clustered about the lake; but the present city was not actually founded until after the American Revolution when Tories from the United States settled there in 1793 and named their new town York. Nearly a half-century later this name was changed again to the early Indian name, Toronto, which means "Place of Meeting."

Today a more delightful Place of Meeting scarcely could be found. The city climbs back gradually from

the lake-shore into the hills. The business section, with towering skyscrapers and teeming activities, is as wide-awake and hustling as the most modern metropolis; the residential section is a place of lovely homes and spacious gardens.

At the extreme western end of Lake Ontario, where ragged points reach out and terraces rise upward from the water, the city of Hamilton spreads its long, straight, tree-lovely streets between bay and mountain. Hamilton is one of the largest cities in Canada, and one of the leading manufacturing centers. From its "mountain," rising six hundred or more feet back of the town, a splendid view is to be had out over the rippling water of the bay and the rougher water of the lake.

Directly across the lake from Toronto the Niagara River comes pouring down from Lake Erie into Lake Ontario, forming, midway, the scenic Niagara Falls, with its great cauldron where the water

" . . . bubbles and seethes and hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin uproars,
And flood after flood hurries on, never ending."

"I cannot conceive," wrote Father Hennepin, the first white man to publish a description of the wonderful cataract, "how it came to pass that four greate Lakes shou'd emptie themselves one into another, and then all centre and discharge themselves at this prodigious Frightfull Fall and yet not drowne a goode

part of America. . . . When one stands neare the Fall, and lookes down into this most Dreadfull Gulphe, one is seized with Horrow, and the Heade turns rounde."

The first sight of the roaring cataract impressed him as "a vast and prodigious Cadence of Water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner. . . . The Waters which fall from this Precipice do foam and boyl after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise, more terrible than that of Thunder."

The name, Niagara, is the Iroquois word meaning "Thundering Water." Here, the Indians believed, dwelt the Great Spirit, and they made long pilgrimages in order to cast into the seething water some choice treasure. Once a year they gave the Great Spirit a bride, the fairest maiden of their tribe being chosen from among the many eager for this great honor. Dressed all in white, standing upright in a white canoe banked with flowers, the maiden rode gaily over the cataract, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks in the tormented waters below.

So many thousands visit Niagara Falls every year that they are now too well known to need describing. On both the American and Canadian sides their beauty is protected for future generations, by Prospect Park on the New York side and the lovely Victoria Park in Ontario. Many falls are higher than Niagara, many are broader, yet there is a lure about the "Thundering Water" that brings increasing thousands every

year to see its marvels. As enthralling as the cataract and its enveloping clouds of spray are the rapids above and the scenic gorge below. "The two Brinkes of it are so prodigious high that it would make one tremble to look steadily upon the Water, rolling with a Rapidity not to be imagin'd." Words would indeed fail Father Hennepin could he see the gorge today with aeroplanes flying overhead, carrying sight-seers, enabling visitors to obtain veritable bird's-eye views of the "prodigious Dreadfull Gulphe."

Lake Erie is delightfully described by an Ontario poet as,

"A dash of yellow sand,
Wind-scattered and sun-tanned;
Some waves that curl and cream along the margin of
the strand;
And, creeping close to these,
Long shores that lounge at ease,
Old Erie rocks and ripples to a fresh sou'western
breeze."

This lake has had its important place in Canadian history since the year 1670, when two Sulpician friars, Dollier and Galinée, erected a cross on its northern shore and took possession of the surrounding country for the King of France. In 1922 the Canadian Government marked this spot, near Port Dover, by a cross which may be seen far out over the lake.

Dollier and Galinée had been sent to the Indians in the "far West." With them was La Salle, on an

exploring expedition. But at a little village where Hamilton now stands they met Jolliet, returning with much to tell about the great western country; and La Salle then turned south, intending to pass through the land of the Senecas to the Ohio and so, he believed, reach the Vermilion Sea—the Gulf of California—which he felt confident washed the shores of China. The two Sulpicians continued west, and came upon Lake Erie in the late fall of 1669.

The country seemed to them an “earthly Paradise.” Galinée writes that “there is assuredly no more beautiful region in all of Canada.” But there were storms upon the lake-coast, so they chose a wintering-place where Black Creek and Lynn River come together, and there they built a combined cabin, chapel, store-house and fort. Iroquois, coming for the plentiful beaver, visited them, helped them gather baskets of chestnuts and walnuts in the fall, taught them how to catch fish in the winter. The good friars said mass regularly three times a week; and in the spring they erected their cross on the shore of Lake Erie, and soon afterward continued their journey toward the land of the Pottawattomis.

But the Indian devil-gods, they believed, were against them. For a Lake Erie storm blew their canoes upon Pointe Pelée, and the winds and the waves there swept away their altar service. How could they convert the heathens without an altar service? Their mission to the Pottawattomis was abruptly ended. Nothing remained but to return to

Montreal. But instead of retracing their steps they chose the more interesting route by way of Lake Huron and Lake Nipissing. Thus they ascended the Detroit River, passed through Lake St. Clair and the St. Clair River; and at one place they saw upon the bank the cause of all their troubles—a huge stone, an idol of the Indians, painted red, with many gifts lying at its feet. This, the Sulpicians knew at once, was a Demon who wanted no missions there, so he had sent the wind to blow away their altar service and had bidden all game keep away from the shores, so they might starve. With righteous wrath the good friars landed and smashed the stone, and threw the pieces into the deepest water. "God rewarded us immediately for this good action," writes Galinée, "for we killed a roebuck and a bear that very day."

Near Lake Erie, on the bank of Niagara River, La Salle built his *Griffon*, which sailed so proudly out upon the lake in 1679, five cannon booming a joyous salvo, sails bellowing, the crew chanting a *Te Deum*, canoes of amazed Senecas swarming round. La Salle and Hennepin were on board; and as the *Griffon* passed through Detroit River, on her westward way, Hennepin named the marshy little lake to which they came, Sainte Claire, because it was the day of that saint. The Iroquois had called it *Otsiketa*.

On through the full length of Lake Huron the proud ship swept, battling terrific storms, and entered Lake Michigan. There La Salle anchored at an island and loaded the *Griffon* with a cargo of valuable furs

which were waiting for him. He and Hennepin and another Recollet friar remained, for they had work to do, but the ship was promptly started back to Niagara with its rich cargo. No one ever saw it again. It may have been robbed and scuttled; it may have gone down in a storm. Mariners on the Great Lakes, however, claim that even now, at the small hours of morning, when only starlight is shining, the *Griffon* may be seen, a ghost-ship battling the waves, its phantom-crew scurrying about the dripping decks.

On the north shore of Lake Erie, where Pointe aux Pins reaches its pine-clad peninsula into the lake, Ontario has set aside about eight square miles as the Rondeau Park. This is a favorite camping-place.

Point Pelee, the southernmost point of Canada, reaching far out into Lake Erie, is included in the Canadian National Parks as a place of geographic and historic interest and especially as a bird reserve, for here the migrating birds have learned to linger.

Lake Huron was known to the Indians as *Karegonondi*. It is frequently swept by storms as great as those of the ocean, and the waves that curl up and break are not like the salt waves of the sea, but have a crystal, translucent brilliance that makes them gleam like emerald.

The most noted feature of Lake Huron is Georgian Bay, which extends far back into the Ontario shore. The Thirty Thousand Islands of this bay are actually about fifty thousand in number. This is the fabled land of Kitchi Kewana, who was to the Ojibwas what

Glooscap was to the Micmacs. Each island, almost, has its legend, all of them centering about this demi-god, who created the islands for his pleasure, brought here the birds to sing for him, the beavers to work for him, and the squirrels and rabbits to play with him. His favorite haunt was on Beausoleil Island, where he formed two lovely lakes, which were eyes to watch the island while he was journeying elsewhere. A few miles away a mound-shaped island, known as the Giant's Tomb, was his burial-place.

Even Champlain, so fond of scattering broadcast the names of his saints, could think of nothing more suitable for this lovely stretch of island-dotted water, when he came upon it in 1615, than the name the Indians gave it, *Manitou*, "The Lake of the Great Spirit." This the poetic French of the early days called it; but the English broke the Indian charm that lay upon it by changing its name to prosaic Georgian Bay.

By whatever name it may be known, this water-stretch is all poetry. The fifty thousand islands, densely wooded, are like emerald gems, rimmed with pearl-white beaches, and set in aquamarine, where the water sparkles sea-blue. Some of the islets are mere bits of pale-gray rock, wave-eaten and fantastic, rising out of the water like strange monsters of the deep. These are the islands that frighten and yet fascinate the Indians, and about which they have woven their many legends.

The canoeist or the man with the motorboat finds

unending delight in winding in and out of the channels formed by the countless islands. There are hotels and summer cottages scattered about; there are thousands of islands that rarely are visited; and it is claimed that there are some which even the government has not charted and no white man has ever set foot upon. The Land of Kitchi Kewana calls to the adventure-lover to come and explore, to see what the demigod yet may have, hidden away on the unknown islands.

Both Georgian Bay and the western coast of Saugene Peninsula, which partly encloses the bay, are famous fishing-grounds. Whitefish, lake-trout, pickerel, sturgeon, and the fighting maskinonge afford rare sport for the rod enthusiast. Nor is this angling delight confined solely to the open-water season.

“During the Winter, we broke Holes in the Ice of the Lake Huron and by means of severall large Stones sunk our Nettes sometimes twentie sometimes twentie-five Fathome under Water to catch Fish, which we did in greate Abundance. We tooke Salmon-Trouts, which often weigh’d from fortie to fiftie Poundes. These made our Indian Wheate go downe the better.”

Another picturesque arm of Lake Huron has the unoriginal name of North Channel; but it, too, is a beautiful stretch of water, with countless islands scattered along its mainland coast and large and small islands shutting it in from the lake. The largest of

these is Manitoulin, "The Island of the Great Spirit," eighty miles long, cut up with coves and bays reaching deeply inland, and dotted with lakes. Indian Reservations on this island add to its interest; and there are many summer-resorts and fishing villages.

When the adventure-loving Radisson was visiting his friends the Ottawas here in 1658, word came that the merciless Iroquois were lurking round. Radisson organized a party of Ottawa braves, and set off eagerly to rout the enemy. A few of his braves were killed in the skirmish, but those who returned victoriously brought with them eight dead Iroquois and three prisoners. The dead were boiled and eaten at a great feast of joy, and the living were roasted over a slow fire, "to comfort the desolate Ottawas" whose relatives had been killed.

The Mississauga Forest Reserve extends inland from the North Channel of Lake Huron, sloping upward to the height-of-land. This is a lake-sprinkled wilderness, water-blue, with countless lakes lying in the forests and scores of streams tumbling down to the Channel with their rushing hill-water. A railroad skirts the Reserve on the north and on the south, affording easy access to a region that is utterly wild and entirely lovely. Canoe-trails follow twisting lakes and quiet and scurrying streams, with many alluring bypaths wandering off into deep and ever deeper forests.

At the west end of North Channel, beyond a maze of islands, is St. Mary's River, bringing the water

from Lake Superior, in a tortuous route, to Lake Huron; and half-way down the river's course are the mile-long rapids known as Sault Sainte Marie. "This Fall," wrote the delightful Hennepin in 1682, "is a Precipice full of Rockes, over which the Water of the upper Lake, which flows thither in great Abundance, casts itself with a most violent Impetuositie. Notwithstanding which a Canou may go up it on one side, provided the People in it row Vigorouslie."

More than a century later the Hudson's Bay Company constructed a canal, on the Canadian side, through which their small ships might pass. Still another century later and there were canals on both the American and the Canadian side large enough to accommodate ocean liners. Even today, however, one may have the thrill of shooting the rapids in an Indian canoe, guided by an Indian; although it is more than doubtful whether the guide would, or could, "row Vigorouslie" up them.

In 1671, a hill overlooking the Sault Ste. Marie was the scene of one of the most spectacular gatherings of white men and Indians that ever occurred. The highest chiefs of fourteen Indian tribes—Pottawatomis, Sacs, Winnebagos, Miamis, Crees, Ojibwas, Nipissings and others—came in their various and colorful regalia, accompanied by countless lesser chiefs. Four Jesuits were present. Jolliet was there, and many French traders and interpreters.

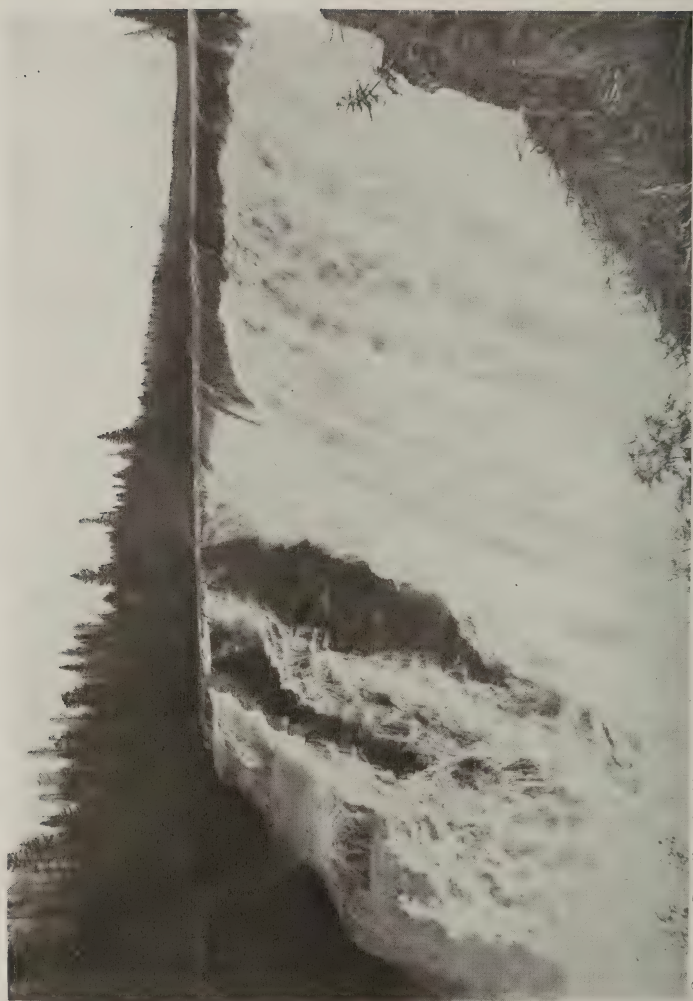
The gathering had been called by the French, as the simplest way—and certainly the most clever way



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

THE WINNIPEG RIVER, AT MINAKI

The Ojibwas found this region so entrancing they named it
"Beautiful Country."



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

THE KAKABEKA FALLS, NEAR FORT WILLIAM
They supply electricity on week-days and beauty on Sundays.

—to take peaceful possession of all this land. First a cross was erected, and then there followed one of the strangest religious ceremonies in Catholic history. It was as spectacular as the good Jesuits, knowing the Indians and their love of show, possibly could make it. Psalm-chanting was explosively interspersed with shouts of *Vive le Roi!* and solemn *Te Deums* were startlingly peppered with fusillades of firearms. A white man would have found this ceremony wholly amazing; to the Indians it was astounding and stupendous. And added to it were the speeches, highly colored by the interpreters, about the mightiness of the French King, and his soldiers not bothering to count scalps but measuring their victories by the rivers of blood which flowed; and added to all this, were the rich vestments of the priests, and the purposely theatrical attitude of the fur-traders. The Indians were utterly overwhelmed. At the end of the bizarre ceremony they joined, wholly dazed with the magnificence of it all, in the final shout of *Vive le Roi!*

Lake Superior, the highest and largest of the Great Lakes, was described to Champlain in 1603 when he was seeking information from the Indians as to the water-route to China. They told him that the eastern tip of the "Big Sea Water" was "the farthest place where themselues had bene, nor had knowne any Man that had seene the end thereof . . . in the Summer the Sunne doth sett to the North of the say'd Lake, and in the Winter it setteth as it were in the middest thereof." Hennepin declared, when he saw Lake Su-

perior in 1682, that it "resembles the Ocean, having neither Bottom nor Banks."

In many ways Lake Superior is the most beautiful of the five Great Lakes. The Canadian shore is strikingly picturesque, with high, bold cliffs, often garishly colored, the bright sun and the reflection from the blue water enhancing their brilliance. High above the gay-tinted rocks, sometimes hundreds of feet, are dark-green trees, while below is the cobalt-blue of the lake. Many of the cliffs, ravaged by fire, stand bare and desolate, as striking as those that are crowded with trees. The water that laps against the rocks, or storms in when the winds rage, is crystal-clear and is intensely cold even in midsummer.

High and rugged islands are scattered along the northern coast, Michipicoten being the largest at the eastern end. Not far from Michipicoten is the "Isle of Yellow Sand" which Alexander Henry the Elder searched in 1771 for the gold of the Indian legends. The Ojibwas told him that some of their ancestors had discovered the island and found its sands to be pure gold-dust. They filled their baskets with the pretty, shining metal and started to paddle away, when a terrible ogre, sixty feet high, stalked out into the water and thundered at them to return what they had stolen. This, in great terror, they did, in spite of huge serpents that now rushed out of the forest hissing fire. No Indian ever dared go near the island again, for fear of this monster. Henry, searching the island diligently, failed to find either the serpents

or the ogre, nor yet the gold-dust; but he did report ferocious hawks that swooped into his face, and deer with enormous antlers.

St. Ignace Island is the largest of a chain of lovely islands that all but enclose Nipigon Bay, where the famous Nipigon River has outlet.

While salmon-trout of prodigious size, if one may believe the fishermen, are caught in Lake Superior, speckled-trout that break the world's record come from the clear cool depths of Nipigon River, the pride of the region having weighed fourteen and a half pounds. Nipigon, with its scurrying water, its lingering pools, its broad lake-stretches, is a veritable paradise for anglers. And yet it is merely the front door to a region vastly more interesting, vastly more alluring, centering about Lake Nipigon, which lies in the heart of the Nipigon Forest Reserve.

The Crees called Lake Nipigon "God's Bowl." And it lies like a great blue bowl, with deeply fluted edges, shut in by wooded hills and richly colored cliffs. All about it is the wilderness, and scattered over its surface are tree-crowded islands, high, green, and entrancingly lovely. The shores run back in deep and ragged bays, cliffs rising about them, the rocks splashed with gray and bronze and burnt vermillion. Many lakes lie in the hills, and clear, cold streams come pouring down from them in foam-white rapids, cutting their way through forests, to fall into lovely Lake Nipigon.

The river, in its forty-mile course from Lake Nipi-

gon to Nipigon Bay and Lake Superior, is one mad cataract after another, interspersed with swirling rapids which bring a thrill merely to watch them, and many pools where the water glides beside a towering cliff or stops to linger beneath a stretch of drooping spruce-trees. Virgin Falls, at the head of the river, is its most spectacular cataract, but there are others equally as picturesque.

One railway—passing the strangely beautiful Long Lac, which stretches for fifty miles through a narrow and winding valley—gives entrance to the Nipigon region at Orient, on the lake; another railroad has its gateway at Nipigon, the interesting point where river and bay meet.

All of the north shore of Lake Superior is the land of Naniboujou, the demigod who always is hungry and never quite can catch up with his food. Naniboujou, like Raven in the legends of the far Northwest, travels with his grandmother. One day, being very hungry, he was looking closely into the clear water for fish as he ran along the bank, and suddenly he saw clusters of rich red berries down below. He dived quickly—and found only rocks, for it was merely a reflection; but as he came up he saw the real berries on a bush edging a cliff above. He scaled the cliff nimbly, and as he reached the top, old North Wind, Keewatin, came howling along and shook the bushes. Before Naniboujou could get the berries they had fallen to the water. Down again he went; and just as he reached the bank, the fishes he had been

watching for, grabbed the berries and made off with them.

So Naniboujou hurried on, still very hungry, to where his grandmother had built a fire. He found her wading in the river trying to catch a duck. Naniboujou lifted up a stone and found a beetle beneath it; this he carried to the duck, and when it swam up to eat the beetle Naniboujou caught it. Soon the duck was roasting over the fire and Naniboujou sat sniffing the delicious odor. But a pack of wolves far off smelled it, too, and said one to another, "Naniboujou is roasting duck. Let us go feast." And they ran up and devoured the duck and sat down beside the fire to warm themselves; and poor Naniboujou and his grandmother had to go still farther to seek for something to eat.

The long peninsula that shuts in Thunder Bay and terminates in Thunder Cape is a favorite haunt of Naniboujou, the Crees and the Ojibwas claim, the frequent thundering there being the voice of the Above People communicating with him. Some say that the cape itself is the body of Naniboujou, stretched out at rest, the Sleeping Giant. When Alexander Henry was here in 1767 he found on projecting ledges of rock "a quantity of tobacco, rotting in the rain; together with kettles, broken guns, and a variety of other articles. The spirit of Naniboujou, the Great Hare, is supposed to make this his constant residence; and here to preside over the lake and over the Indians, in their navigation and fishing." Naniboujou was not

the Great Hare, but one of his two brothers. Great Hare went north, to Always-winter-land, and figures in the legends of that region; while the other brother reigns over the Hereafter.

Thunder Cape is a striking landmark in Lake Superior, its towering mass of basalt rising boldly above the lake for thirteen hundred feet, only a fringe of trees at its base. It is the tip of a long peninsula which curves back, in soft hills, mist often drifting about them, to the head of Thunder Bay. On the other side, Black Bay reaches into the land, almost to Nipigon.

Immediately east of Thunder Cape is Silver Islet, which in only a few years produced nearly four million dollars' worth of treasure; and then the jealous Naniboujou sent the waters of the lake to drown the mine. At the mouth of Thunder Bay is Pie Island, far more beautiful than its name, with stern cliffs, fluted columns of basalt, and bold hills, falling away on the south side to form a crescent cove of sheer loveliness.

Thunder Bay's greatest interest lies in its Twin Cities, Port Arthur and Fort William, the golden gateway through which vast quantities of prairie grain pour for reshipment to the hungry East.

In 1678 Sieur de L'hut—which America has changed to Duluth—established a trading-post at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, where Fort William now stands; and in later years as the cabin fell into ruins it was used by occasional traders and explorers. In

1801 the Hudson's Bay Company, realizing the importance of the location as the gateway to all the great Northwest, established one of its posts there. It then became a bone of contention between the Hudson's Bay and its rival, the North-West Company, and not until these two merged twenty years later was there actual peace. These were the most colorful days of the old fort, when it stood at the edge of civilization. Down the Kaministiquia came brigades of canoes laden with furs, and here they lingered for a brief space while the voyageurs made merry and over their cups told the tales of their adventures to those going in the opposite direction to spend weeks or months in the wilds.

In 1870 Colonel Wolseley passed this way with his army, on a famous march to Fort Garry to quell the Red River Rebellion. Port Arthur then came into being, and that was the beginning of Fort William's remarkable growth that has made it and its twin city the greatest grain center in the world. Their floods of prairie gold are not their only attractions, however, for both cities offer summertime recreations for the visitor—boating, fishing, and especially motoring.

A short distance from Fort William are the Kaka-beka Falls of the Kaministiquia River—a broad cataract, with an immense volume of water, and higher than Niagara. These falls are turned on and off at will, supplying electricity on week-days and beauty on Sundays. And when their full volume of water is roaring over the precipice they are exquisite. The

smooth and glistening pale-green that curves over the edge changes at once to fluffy curtains of foam, out-blown by the wind, shot with green in their upper reaches and hidden below in clouds of rainbow-spray.

Mount MacKay, near Fort William, towers straight upward for sixteen hundred feet, and is crowned, like Thunder Cape, with stark, bare rock. From a distance it appears to be unscalable, but there is an easy trail, and it is well worth climbing for the superb panoramic view of the Twin Cities, of Thunder Bay, of the rugged Cape, and of the rolling blue of Lake Superior, lost in purple at the horizon, where the sky comes down to rest in Mitchi Gama, Hiawatha's "Big Sea Water."

Pigeon River, farther south, forms part of the international boundary, which runs westward through a chain of delightful lakes, and on through Rainy Lake and Rainy River, to the Lake of the Woods. In the midst of a wilderness so plentifully sprinkled with lakes that it seems almost wholly water, but actually has vast tracts of forest, is Quetico Provincial Park, a forest and game reserve in the heart of the Rainy River district.

Quetico is one of the loveliest regions in Canada. The beauty of the grand old forest trees is duplicated in unrippled lakes; masses of wild-flowers form drifts of color through the forests and run down to the water to add splashes of pink and yellow and crimson to the green tree-reflections below; scurrying streams go singing by from pool to pool; moose, bear, deer, foxes and the many smaller animals pad along the trails,

or stop to drink in quiet lakes. The primeval loveliness of Quetico is many times enhanced in the early morning or the late evening when reflections are at their best and all the beauty of woods, every detail of shaggy tree or sleepy flower, is duplicated in a shadow-world below.

"The tiny fern-leaf, bending
Upon the brink, its green reflection greets,
And kisses soft the shadow that it meets
With touch so fine
The border line
The keenest vision can't define;
So perfect is the blending."

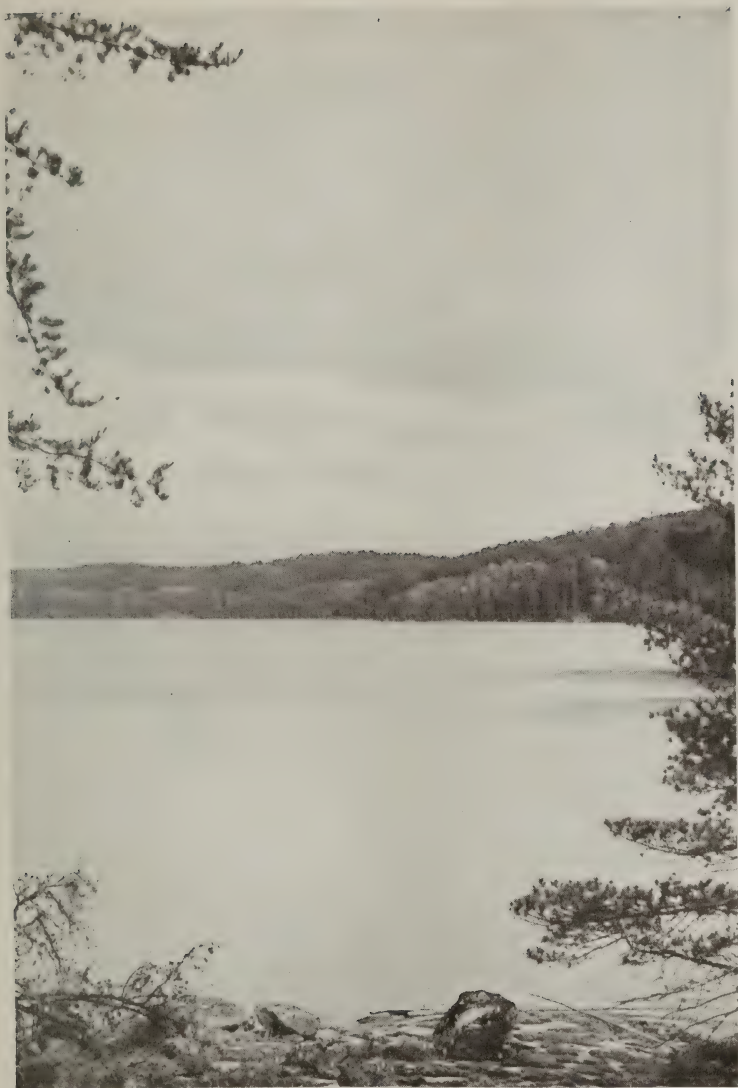
Definite canoe-routes are mapped out among the many lakes, and trails through the deep pine and balsam woods. These are for the timid; the man to whom the forest talks in its own language likes to wander off where it beckons, to drift on the lakes that call, or paddle up the streams that lead off into the unmapped wilds.

The railroad station at Quetico, on the long, winding, lovely Lake Windigoostiawan, is the main entrance to this land so filled with wild beauty and picturesque animal life. The camera enthusiast finds wonderful opportunities for photographs. A moose swimming a lake is a common picture; and a rare one is a bear fishing in a stream, slapping his paw into the water to pounce upon an unwary fish.

From Quetico a hardy canoeist can paddle on and on, in a many days' trip, into Rainy Lake, following part of the route used by the earliest explorers. The railroad goes between these two points as the crow flies, while the water-route wanders far afield, twisting and curving through lake and stream, hemmed in always by pine and spruce and tamarack forests.

Rainy Lake is more than forty miles long, and is so irregular in outline that it varies in width from one to forty miles. This gives it many finger-shaped bays, many deep-curved inlets, many lovely points extending for miles out into the water. There are nearly three hundred islands in the main lake, all wooded and all reflecting their shaggy green trees in the clear water; and on every side there are countless other lakes lying scattered about in the wilderness and connected by streams or portages. Merely to read the canoe-route from Rainy Lake to Lake of the Woods gives one the paddle-fever, the longing to be up and off, into the far, deep woods:

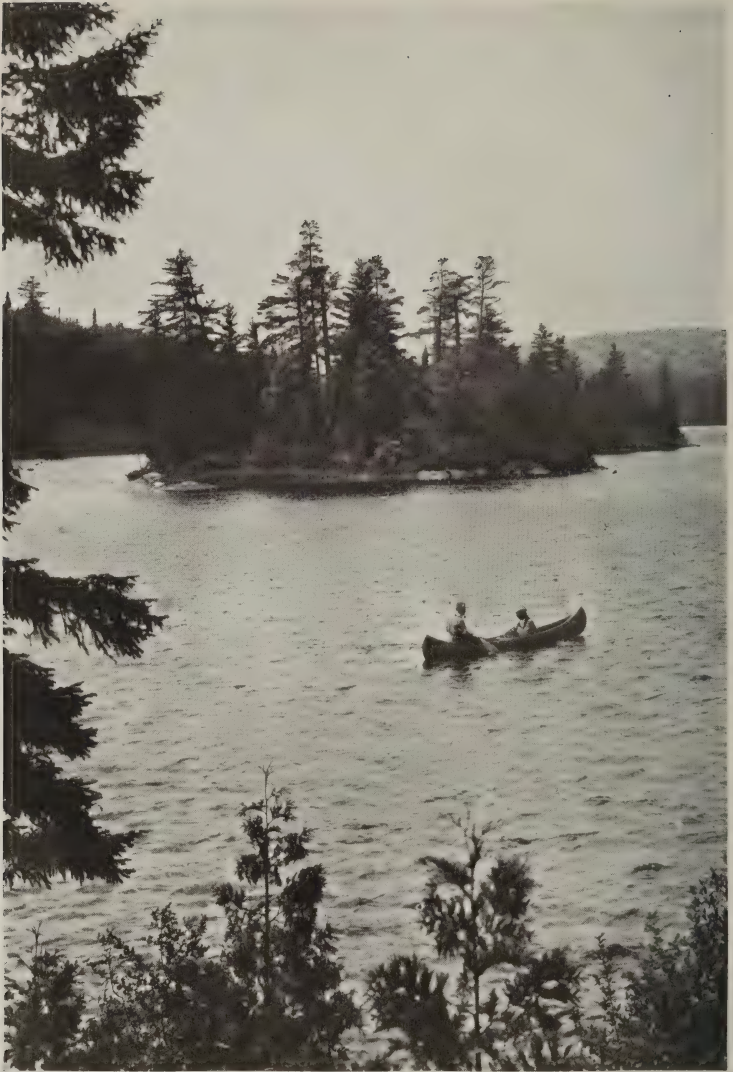
"Starting at Fort Frances, easily reached by railroad, head your canoe north to Northwest Bay; portage to Lake Despair" (so named, perhaps, because one despairs of ever being able to absorb the entrancing beauty, the gripping loveliness, of this spruce-fringed lake—sweeping limbs drooping over the water, incense floating from the sun-drenched boughs); *"down Lake Despair into Despair River; thence into Clear Water Lake"* (where reflections are exquisite, especially if it be early morning when the violet mist



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

IN QUETICO PARK

In the heart of the Rainy River District, where quiet lakes lie calling.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

FISHING FOR GRAY TROUT

Algonquin Park is a region of primeval forests and wild and lovely lakes.

has just lifted and still hovers, forming a fairy sky for the fairy world below, where the upsidedown reflections are like enchanted trees and the whole lake lies bathed in magic); "*down Clear Water Lake; portage into Pipestone Lake—two rapids will be found here; down Pipestone Lake*" (soft, greenish stone, used by the Indians for their calumets, is here; nearby is Footprint Lake, so named by the Indians because of strange human footprints embedded in the rock ledges, made, perhaps, when the world was young) "*into Schist Lake; portage*" (over a moccasin-trail through a stretch of pine and tamarack, with a carpet of shy blue flowers, where squirrels flash across the trail and bluejays scold you for coming) "*into Sand Hill Lake; down Kakagi River—there are three portages—into Kakagi Lake; portage into Lake of the Woods.*"

This route was followed by the early explorers and the fur-traders on their way to Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan River. La Verendrye came this way in 1732, with his son and a party of adventurers. They established a fort on the west side of the Lake of the Woods, and a stone cairn now marks its site and tells the tragic tale of Verendrye's son. This lad started down-river with a Jesuit and the hardiest of the voyageurs to meet supplies coming from Montreal. What happened none was left alive to tell. Their bodies were found where the Sioux had murdered and left them. And here, where the stone cairn now stands, they were buried.

The Lake of the Woods spreads across into the United States; or, more properly, the United States runs up into the Lake of the Woods. In romantic beauty and historic interest this lake has few rivals. Scarcely any one of its countless islands was not at some time a battleground where Sioux and Ojibwas clashed. Or Crees slipped down from Lake Winnipeg to kill a few Sioux for slaves in the next world. It lies "where the West begins," the last of the great stretches of forest before the open prairies are reached. That gives an added interest to its beauty. And beauty there is aplenty, with the broad water-stretches, the forested islands, the winding channels.

There are Indian Reservations on many of the islands. This is truly the Red Man's country—such wilderness as his ancestors knew, even though the charm be broken occasionally by the anachronism of a motorboat snorting its way up and down the channels. Many of the islands, the Ojibwas believe, are still inhabited by Windigoos. These are bad-gods, half human and half devil, and so tall that pine-trees seem as grass to them. They eat nothing but Indians. Being magicians, they can make themselves as small as wood-sprites and wait in hiding behind rocks or bushes until a toothsome Indian comes near. Little Cree and Ojibwa children of today will never go through a lonely wood without a wary eye for the lurking Windigoo.

At the north end of the Lake of the Woods is Treaty Island, which becomes a solid splash of color

when Indians of all ages gather there annually to meet the Great White Father and be paid the Treaty money and goods promised in the so long ago—and faithfully delivered each year. The payment and speeches over, the Government Agent departs, but the Indians remain for a grand jubilee. First comes the ceremonial Feast-of-the-White-Dog, and that is followed by torchlight dancing, to the music of snake-skin tomtoms and a shrill flute fashioned from willow and wild-rice reed.

Opposite Treaty Island, on the mainland, the picturesque Devil's Gap Bungalow Camp spreads its rustic and comfortable cabins in the deep forest, on the shore of the lake. With guides and canoes, and fishing and camping outfits, to be had here, one may live in comfort and yet enjoy the wild lake-and-forest out-of-doors of this delightful region.

The Lake of the Woods has outlet through one long, twisting, island-dotted stream that almost is a lake itself. This is Winnipeg River, which crosses into Manitoba and empties into Winnipeg Lake. At the most beautiful stretch of the river is Minaki Inn, a famous and luxurious summer hotel, one of the largest in Canada, set in a grove of pine and birch forest, with the water lapping by, beyond the fringe of trees. This land of blue lakes and wooded islands, rippling water and soft, velvety skies, the Ojibwas considered so lovely that they called it *Minaki*, "Beautiful Country."

The long-distance canoe-routes radiating from the

Minaki district and the Lake of the Woods are innumerable. An interesting and exciting one, which may be of any length, is to the north of the Province of Ontario, through Lac Seul and Lake St. Joseph.

The northern region, untraversed as yet by a railroad, is little known except to trappers and prospectors; therefore to adventure-seekers it is vastly alluring. Big game and fur-bearing animals abound in the forests, and moccasin-trails show where Indian trappers are wont to go. The large rivers that flow to Hudson Bay or James Bay—the Severn, Winisk, Attawapiskat, Albany and many others—form in their descent magnificent falls, and beside these the Indian trapper pauses to offer to the Spirit of the Water some treasure, that the animals may come in plenty to his traps and the fish to his nets. Indians who have much to do with white men are now carrying off anything of value they find at these falls, conscientiously leaving in their stead, however, a twig or a stone; for, they claim in the white man's language, it is not the gift but the giving that pleases the Spirit.

Ontario's doors are open wide. There is ever a welcome extended, for those who would come for a brief sojourn among the forests and lovely lakes, or for the settlers who would come and linger, in the land of Kitchi Manitou.

Commercially, its mineral production, including gold and silver, is more than twice that of any other province; it leads in live stock and in developed water-power; only Quebec surpasses it in commercial tim-

ber, and only Saskatchewan in field crops. But it is Ontario's beauty that calls—her vast forests, her enticing lakes, her timbered hills and winding valleys. To the camper or the man with rod or gun these are irresistible. To the man with the canoe they are an even greater delight, for he may go farther into the wilds, may sense the sheer joy of the limpid lakes and the thrill of the rushing streams, may, to the dip of his paddle, sing with Tekahionwake, Ontario's Mohawk poet,

“We’ve raced the rapid, we’re far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.
And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.”

VI. MANITOBA, "GOD'S PRAIRIE"

THE COLORFUL PRAIRIES
LORD SELKIRK'S SETTLEMENT
THE RED RIVER REBELLION
WINNIPEG, THE MAGIC CITY
THE VALLEY OF THE ASSINIBOINE
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
AN INDIAN STORY
BRANDON, THE "WHEAT CITY"
LOVELY LAKE KILLARNEY
LAKE WINNIPEG'S POPULAR BEACHES
LAKE MANITOBA, "PRAIRIE WATER"
ALONG LAKE WINNIPEGOSIS
THE GRAND RAPIDS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN
THE LEGEND OF THE SINGING BIRDS
THE PAS, GATEWAY TO THE NORTH
HISTORIC YORK FACTORY
PORT NELSON, ON HUDSON BAY
THE GREAT CHURCHILL RIVER
A LEGEND OF SOUTHERN INDIAN LAKE
THE UNKNOWN NORTH

VI

MANITOBA, "GOD'S PRAIRIE"

"I know a vale where the oriole swings
Her nest to the breeze and the sky,
The iris opens her petal wings
And a brooklet ripples by."

—*Albert D. Watson*

A FEW hundred years before the white man came to Canada a Sioux chieftain had a dream, in which he saw himself at the head of a long file of Indians, marching across the Dakota prairies toward Morning-land; but as he looked back he saw the smoke from the Sioux fires, and many people about the tepees he was leaving. His dream changed and he was in a canoe, following a bird with snow-white wings which was flying toward Always-winter-land.

When he woke, the chiefs of the tribe were called to interpret the dream, and the medicine-men were consulted; and after many days it was agreed that it was a message from the Above People telling the chief that he and his followers were to leave the Sioux and form a tribe of their own. Quarrels arose as to who should go and who remain; but eventually the new tribe set out, wandering east and north in accordance with the dream. When they came to the rocky region about the Lake of the Woods, wild-

geese they were following alighted there, and so they, too, lingered, and made that region their new home. Thus they became known as the "Sioux of the Rocks," *Assini-bwan*. (*Bwanak* was the Saukteaux name for the Sioux, and means "He-whom-one-roasts-on-a-spit"—the fate of any Sioux unlucky enough to fall into their hands.) The story of the migration of the Assiniboinés was handed down from father to son, and recorded by a Jesuit in 1694.

After a time these Assiniboinés left their rocky home and wandered over the vast prairies. Their word for prairie was *toba*; and this new country that rolled on and on, with its abundance of game, its lakes where fish and fowl were plentiful, its rivers for their canoes—surely so delectable a land must be the abode of the Great Manito; and so they called it "God's Prairie," *Manito-toba*, combining the two words, as they frequently did, to *Manitoba*.

As one looks out today over the rolling prairies, the beautiful lakes, and the many willow-fringed streams, it is not difficult to believe that Manitoba was the Chosen Land of the Indian gods. Entering the province from the east, especially, the sudden change from timberland to prairie is startling: from the cool, dark-green depths of luxuriant forests one is swept, as by magic, into a land drenched in color.

For miles the prairies are treeless and level, or gently billowing, stretching away to the horizon in waves of green and daffodil-yellow and ocher, until the great bowl of the sky cups down, in softest blue,

to meet them. When the wheat is young, there is one vast silver-green carpet, darkened almost to purple where cloud-shadows lie. Later, when the grain has grown taller, the prairie becomes an undulating blue-green sea, silvered by wind-ripples, gilded where the sun creeps across it. And when the grain stands ripened, wave after wave of burnished gold stretches to the horizon.

The prairie loam is almost black, and where an occasional road lies, it winds through the grain like a band of purple-black ribbon.

Wheat is Manitoba's principal crop, but there also are stretches of oats, barley and rye; and nothing is more beautiful than the acres of flax, vivid blue flowers mingling with the yellow of wild buttercups.

Prairie wild-flowers claim more than their place in the sun. They spatter the fields with color wherever they can crowd in among the grain or push back the prairie-grass. Wild-roses open pink and fragrant blossoms all along the highways; the purple loam of prairie-roads is edged with gold—buttercups in the early season, feathery asters and goldenrod later; black-eyed Susans crowd together everywhere, massing their vivid orange to lure bees that hover over honey-sweet thistle. Splashes of red show the Indian's paintbrush; magenta is coral-weed; drifts of white are daisies; glowing yellow is wild mustard. The Indian gods were truly generous when they scattered the seeds of flowers over their prairies.

Manitoba, as the gateway to the unknown west in

the early days, has a history filled with romance and adventure. In 1670 it became part of that almost limitless stretch of territory ceded to the Hudson's Bay Company and known as Rupert's Land; but, except for the forts on Hudson Bay, more than a half-century passed before the first white man entered the province. In 1733 Jean de la Verendrye, with a boyish desire to see what lay beyond the next bend, left his father at Lake of the Woods and paddled down the Winnipeg River until he reached its mouth at Winnipeg Lake. That was the beginning of a history filled with adventure, teeming with romance, replete with heroism, a history colored by the picturesque voyageurs, with their bright sashes and gay songs and their hearts of sheer daring, and by the pioneers who came hopefully in, bringing their all in long trains of covered wagons.

The city of Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, is built upon two rivers, where the Assiniboine flows into the Red. This was long known as The Forks, and was chosen by *Sieur de la Verendrye*, in 1738, as a strategic point for a trading-post. There he erected Fort Rouge, having already established Fort la Reine at what is now Portage la Prairie. But *La Verendrye* cared little for trading; he was at heart an explorer, and he soon pushed westward, leaving Fort Rouge to fall into ruins.

The North-West Company, the rival and bitter enemy of the Hudson's Bay Company, also considered The Forks a strategic point, and there erected

Fort Gibraltar in 1801. The Hudson's Bay, not to be deprived of so valuable a site, soon had Fort Douglas nearby. There was constant conflict between the two; and it culminated in the tragedy of the Red River Settlement.

Both fur companies knew the advance of settlers meant the extinction of fur-bearing animals; it was to their interest to prevent this, and so far they had succeeded in doing so, by spreading the report that this was a vast stretch of barren land where nothing would grow but grass so coarse that cattle scarcely could eat it. Were their attention called to the luxuriant gardens about the few missions that had been established, they would claim that it was because God had made it holy ground and sent his special blessing, that it might flourish for his servants. And so, for three-quarters of a century, they had had things very much their own way.

But in 1811 Lord Selkirk, a Scottish nobleman, was in control of the Hudson's Bay Company, and dearer to him than furs was a dream he had of founding a vast empire in the west. By 1812 his first settlers began to arrive, after being icebound in Hudson Bay all winter and suffering intolerable hardships on the trail by way of Hayes River and Lake Winnipeg. Others straggled along in 1813, '14 and '15, their hopes of a rosy life in a new land utterly crushed by what they found. They were not wanted here. Governor Semple, of the Hudson's Bay Company, received them only half-heartedly; and the North-

West Company bitterly opposed them, making no effort to stay the acts of violence committed by the Nor'-West's half-breed employees. The quarrels culminated in what is known as the Battle of Seven Oaks, when Governor Semple and most of his men were slaughtered, and the settlers fled.

Lord Selkirk was not the man to give up. Other settlers were sent out from Scotland; and, the rival fur companies being merged, peace reigned and the city that was to become Winnipeg had its real beginning. Fort Garry was built, to command both the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers; and, later, as the town grew, another and more substantial Fort Garry was erected.

The region named by the Indians *Manitoba*, and then known as Rupert's Land, was now called loosely the Red River Settlement; but when it joined the Dominion of Canada in 1870 its name again was changed to Manitoba. For two hundred years the Hudson's Bay Company had controlled the territory; and when in 1869 it sold its rights to the Dominion fresh trouble came.

There had grown up a powerful race of half-breeds, Métis, who under the régime of the Hudson's Bay had known little law except that of their own making. To become part of the well-ordered Dominion was not to their liking. Headed by Louis Riel, they turned back the newly appointed Governor, then marched upon Fort Garry and captured it, and established a government of their own with Riel for

their president. This held for about eight months, until Colonel Wolseley, with his famous regiment, arrived in 1870 and recaptured the fort, Riel finding it wise to be elsewhere at the time. Far from being tracked down and hanged for treason, Louis Riel became three years later a member of the Dominion Parliament for Provencher. Within a few months he was outlawed; then reelected; then expelled; incarcerated in an insane asylum; spent five quiet years in Montana; and eventually was hanged at Regina for a later act which was adjudged treason. Though this Métis with the spectacular career may have been "mystical" and rash, few more courageous men ever lived.

The old Fort Garry, which figured so prominently in the Riel Rebellion, or Red River Rebellion, and in Colonel Wolseley's triumphal march, has gone, but its gateway now stands, in picturesque, vine-covered ruins, beside the palatial Fort Garry Hotel, in the heart of Winnipeg.

The city of Winnipeg almost makes one believe in genii who accomplish miracles overnight. Where, only a comparatively short time ago, there were but a few crude houses built along a prairie-gumbo road, there is now one of the loveliest cities in Canada, with spacious streets, beautiful buildings, and many lovely parks. It calls itself, quite appropriately, the Sunshine City. What most impresses the visitor is its spirit of vitality, of enthusiasm, of optimism, and of exuberant cordiality. As the gateway between the

east and the west, Winnipeg has become a vast railroad center; and it is the greatest grain market in the world, the prairie grain pouring through it for distribution to the United States, to eastern Canada, to Europe, and to other parts of the world.

The Red River, which the Indians called *Miskouesipi*, "Blood-red River," enters from the United States and crosses some of the finest wheat land in the province, the rich soil of the valley having been at one time the bed of a vast lake. There are potato fields here, also, and ranches where horses or cattle are grazing.

The Assiniboine River comes from the west, from Saskatchewan, through a broad, undulating valley. On the Assiniboine, a short distance from Winnipeg, La Verendrye built his Fort la Reine at the point that later was named Portage la Prairie because at that place fur-traders began their long portage across the prairie from the Assiniboine River north to Lake Manitoba. Portage la Prairie is now an important grain, railroad, and industrial center, lying in the heart of vast stretches of wheat.

The first white men to come to this region had many stories to tell about the manitous, or fetishes, of the Indians. They were not peculiar to the tribes here, being common, by some name, to most Indian tribes, from Alaska to Patagonia; but the Saulteaux and the Crees were especially superstitious regarding them. Indian boys, as they left their childhood behind, underwent a period of fasting, usually spent in solitude,

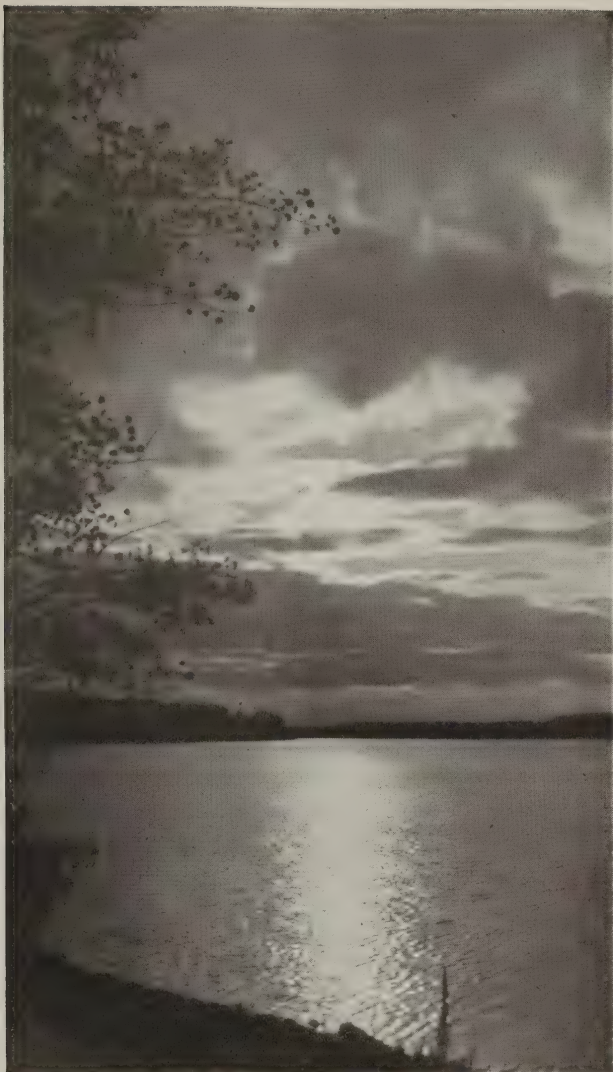
in communion with the gods, and whatever object came prominently into their dreams or their thoughts at that time became their manitou, their guardian spirit. Often it was an animal or a bird; frequently it was part of an animal, a bear's claw, a fox's tail, a wolf's ear; sometimes it was a stone or other object. The manitou was believed to be all-powerful; and if its magic failed to work, it was because the manitou had grown tired of the Indian and deserted him, and in that case another period of fasting had to be undergone and another manitou chosen.

At Portage la Prairie, in these early days, an Indian hunter had a string of fine horses, and also a fishnet which the entire tribe envied. One day the horses disappeared. His manitou was quickly consulted, but it refused to reveal what had become of them. Days passed, and the Indian searched ceaselessly, for the horses had been his great pride. Then one day a Saulteaux came to him with a bluebird's wing which he declared was his own powerful manitou; if the hunter would give the Saulteaux his fishnet he would consult the bluebird's wing about the missing horses. The hunter agreed; and the bluebird's wing, speaking through the Saulteaux, told not only where the horses were tied in a clump of willow but the number of them and their color. This was great magic. The tribe looked upon the bluebird's wing with awe, while the hunter hastened off and found the horses, every detail being just as the manitou had said. The Saulteaux quickly departed, in possession of the envied

fishnet, before it should be discovered that he had stolen the horses and tied them there himself, in order to get the fishnet by honest means!

West of Portage la Prairie, and also on the Assiniboine River, is the hustling town of Brandon, the "Wheat City." Brandon is the second largest city in Manitoba, and it is an important railroad and grain center, lying in Manitoba's greatest wheat district. Its huge elevators are conspicuous far across the prairies.

South of Brandon are the wholly charming Mennonite settlements, where the "men of peace" live in a very happy world of their own. The Mennonites, originating in Germany in the early sixteenth century, found refuge from Prussian militarism in southern Russia, and from there they emigrated in large numbers to America. They believe in the sanctity of human life and of a man's word, and refuse either to fight or to take an oath. They are excellent farmers; and their communities are quaintly picturesque, for they have constructed their houses to imitate as nearly as possible the loved homes in Russia, even to the thatched roofs and gabled ends. The living-room, stable and cowhouse are all under one roof, communicating with one another; and above them is the granary. Their homes are spotlessly clean, the copper pans and samovars shining as brightly as in the neatest of Russian kitchens. The Mennonites are delightfully hospitable; and fortunate indeed is the visitor who is privileged to sit in a comfortable, home-made chair



Courtesy, Manitoba Motor League

SUNSET ON LAKE KILLARNEY

A prairie lake, with cool blue water and color-drenched
skies.



Courtesy, Dept. of the Interior, Canada

A PRAIRIE RIVER

Manitoba has many such rushing streams, with tree-fringed shores.

and listen to the samovar sing while tea is being prepared, and perhaps even hear a far-away folktale, told in broken English.

An attractive resort in southern Manitoba is Lake Killarney, lying like a tree-fringed oasis in the heart of broad sweeps of prairie-land. The lake, dotted with pleasure-craft and rippling away in the blue distance, is beautiful; but it is the wooded shores, extending back from fine beaches and rising in hills, that give the greatest charm. Trees are always lovely, and in the midst of an almost treeless plain their beauty seems many times enhanced. Birds fly here, out of the glare of the prairie sun, and add their songs to a place already gay with nodding trees and wind-blown water.

"The nut-hatch runs, and nods, and clings;
The bluebird dips with flashing wings,
The robin flutes, the sparrow sings,
And the swallows float and flee."

Manitoba's greatest resort is Grand Beach, on the eastern shore of Lake Winnipeg. It is sixty miles from the city of Winnipeg; but with a fast train and excellent motor-roads, distance means little, and on hot summer days thousands go from the capital city to play on the bright-white sands. The water laps in gently, on the beach, but on the lagoon side wind sweeps down the boisterous lake and throws up an excellent surf.

North of Grand Beach is a quieter resort, Victoria

Beach, looking out upon both the lake and the mouth of Winnipeg River. This broad stream rushes down in such a series of frothy cataracts that the voyageurs named it the Foaming River.

Lake Winnipeg is two hundred and sixty miles long, and has many tree-covered islands scattered about its always restless surface. The Crees say it figured in the creation of man. When the world was all water a god came down from the sky bringing in one hand a white cloud. But he found no place to put his feet, so he changed the cloud into a duck and bade it dive below the water to search for land. The duck came up with mud in its bill, and this the god blew upon until it became one of the islands now in the lake. The island so pleased him that he sent the duck below for more earth while he flew up for a handful of clouds to turn into other ducks. Even today one may see them in the marshes that border the lake. Wherever the god threw mud, land grew; and then he took reeds, blew upon them and made animals, and from a young willow-tree, which is greater than the reeds, he made man.

Lake Winnipeg's twin stretch of water extends parallel with it, but is not so wide and is much more irregular. Its northern reaches are Lake Winnipegosis, and the southern part Lake Manitoba, which La Verendrye called *Lac des Prairies*, from the Assiniboine name *Minnetoba*, "Prairie Water."

Lake Manitoba is far-famed for its whitefish; even in winter great quantities of these fish are caught by

lowering nets through holes in the ice. Its irregular, wooded shores make it very beautiful, with many points running out into the water. Almost midway it narrows to "Manito's Strait," where the whistling of the wind rushing through the narrow passageway was believed by the Indians to be the voice of Manito. This strait was held sacred by them, and they never passed without shooting an arrow onto the shore, to frighten away any lurking devils, so the Manito would be unmolested.

Lake Winnipegosis is even more irregular than Lake Manitoba, with many deep inlets and bays and channels, many lovely islands, many haunts where wild-fowl scream across the water. The Swan River Valley, to the west, was formerly settled by Doukhobors, "Spirit-fighters," but most of them emigrated to British Columbia, where they now have a strong and interesting colony.

North of Lake Winnipegosis is Cedar Lake, reached by portage. This is a broadening of the great Saskatchewan River, which then again collects its water and pours into Lake Winnipeg beyond its spectacular Grand Rapids, where for nearly six miles the river foams down over rough ledges of rock. A canal now skirts the rapids, but in the old days they had to be partly tracked and partly portaged.

This was the route of the fur-traders and the voyageurs, who ascended the Saskatchewan River to reach the great country beyond. Alexander Henry came this way in 1775, and a short distance above Cedar Lake

he reached a little Cree village, where he was cordially received and invited, with his men, to a feast in the chief's tent. Scarcely were they well inside when they were all informed they were to be put to death. The chief said that he was a peaceable man, however, and disliked to take human lives, so he would release them if they would deliver to him three casks of gunpowder, four bags of shot and ball, two bales of tobacco, three kegs of rum, three guns, besides numerous knives and other articles. Henry could only agree to this; and while the village was "making merry" under the influence of the rum he managed to escape and continue up the Saskatchewan to the Hudson's Bay post on Cumberland Lake.

North of Cedar Lake there is a stretch of forest that is a so-called game reserve, where wild animals abound and only fowl are protected. Many song-birds come here, finding an abundance of food in the wild-grain and the marsh-grasses, and shelter in the forest. It was in this region, the Indians say, that birds first learned how to sing. An Assiniboine once made a lot of songs, packed them in a bag, and set out on a journey, with the songs on his back. They soon grew heavy, and he had to stop and rest; and at last, when he reached this stretch of woods, he could go no farther. He set the sack down, leaning it against a pine-tree, and lay down beneath it and went to sleep. There was an old crow up in this tree, and he was very curious to know what the man could have in his sack. He hopped down to a lower limb, where he

could get a better view of it. Then he felt certain it must be maize, so he swooped down and pecked a hole in the sack, with his bill open ready to swallow the grain as it began to pour out. But out came a song, instead, and lodged in his throat. Unluckily, he had injured it in pecking, so all he could sing was, "Caw! Caw!" The Indian jumped up quickly, but already his sack was empty, for the songs all came floating out of the hole and were drifting round, not knowing where to go. The Assiniboine then called the birds, and each chose the song it liked best. Some of these songs, however, are still floating about the forest, for the trees hid them when the birds came, keeping them to sing to Keewatin, the North Wind, when he comes to play through their branches.

Moose Lake spreads part of its irregular shores back into this forest, its shallow waters, high-blown by the wind, also holding a choral of the Assiniboine's songs, one might believe. Many wild-fowl are here, finding nesting-place on the islets or among the reed-grown margins of the lake; and in the trees along the southern shore,

"The chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick."

To the west, on the Saskatchewan River, where the Pasquia River flows into it from the north, is The Pas, an important lumber town and the gateway to a mineral area immensely rich in gold, silver, copper and other ores. Gold is found also in the eastern part

of the province, and much no doubt remains yet to be discovered in the unfrequented north.

The Saskatchewan, flowing through Lake Winnipeg, has outlet through the strange Nelson River which in its long, winding course seems unable to determine whether it shall be a chain of lakes or a river proper. Where it leaves Lake Winnipeg the Hudson's Bay Company has one of its historic posts, Norway House; and near the mouth of the Nelson, where Hayes River flows into Hudson Bay, is York Factory, the Hudson's Bay post founded in 1682 and captured by d'Iberville when he made his spectacular raid on the English forts in 1697. It then was repeatedly captured and recaptured; for it was the gateway into the vast fur regions of the west, and both French and English wished to control it.

The most important town on Hudson Bay is Port Nelson, at the mouth of the Nelson River. There already is steamship service between this port and Liverpool; and when the railroad has been completed connecting it with the prairie towns it will become one of the greatest grain-shipping ports in the world, for at least the open-water months. Also its lumber industry will be important, for there are immense tracts of timber along the Nelson River, and an abundance of available water-power.

North of the Nelson, and flowing through an untraveled wilderness, is the great Churchill River, more than a thousand miles long, crossing both Saskatche-

wan and Manitoba to empty into Hudson Bay. In its course it forms innumerable lakes; the largest, almost an inland sea, is Southern Indian Lake, covering fifteen hundred square miles. This long, irregular, and very beautiful body of water, dotted with islands, lies in caribou-land, in a country almost unknown except to Chipewyan fur-trappers.

On the shore of Southern Indian Lake, in the long ago, Chipewyans say, while the men were off hunting, two boys were playing together about the camp, having a contest to see which could shoot the higher. One of them, Little Pine, had a magic bow, and when he shot, his arrow lodged in the sky; he shot another arrow, and it lodged in the first one, and another and another, until soon he had a ladder of arrows reaching from the earth up beyond the clouds. He climbed up to see where it would lead, and when he reached the top the Old Woman in the Moon grabbed him, and held him for a slave. The boy on earth waited and waited, and when Little Pine did not return he started to climb after him; and just then he looked into the lake, and there he saw the Moon's reflection, and Little Pine held by the Old Woman. Then he knew that he must disguise himself. He tied blackberry-bushes all round him until he was completely hidden in them, and as he climbed they flowered and bore fruit and he had berries to eat. The Old Woman in the Moon grabbed the bushes; but the boy had his sharp flint ready. He cut the thong that bound them and he

and Little Pine escaped down the ladder while the Old Woman was scratching her fingers on the briars.

North of the Churchill River there is a vast region of Manitoba that is little known. Much of it is "barren land," covered with caribou-grass and occasional clumps of trees. There are many large lakes and many streams; and to the adventuresome canoeist this area offers fascinating possibilities.

The Province of Manitoba is so well-known for its wheat that one is apt to overlook its other great resources—in live-stock, in fisheries, in minerals, and especially in manufactures, which alone amount to nearly two hundred million dollars annually. There are immense deposits of gold, silver, copper and other ores; there are vast areas of pulpwood; there are furs in the untraveled wilderness, and an unlimited supply of fish in the lakes and rivers. That Manitoba's riches are fast being appreciated, however, is shown by her astonishing census. In the past half-century the number of her inhabitants has increased more than five thousand per cent.

"God's Prairie" is a pleasant place to live; and it is a charming place to visit. Whether in the winter, when the land lies blanketed in snow, and iceboats and snowshoes and sleighbells are in order, or whether in summer when the prairies have come into their own, there is always interest and delight. In the moon of the falling leaves the lemon-yellow stubble is checkered with patches of bright emerald where new growth has

started hopefully forth, and sprinkled with autumn's wild-flowers in purple and yellow. In the moon of the budding leaves—but all the world is lovely in spring-time.

"When the laughing lakelets lie
 Blue beneath an azure sky,
 And the sleepy earth awakes
 And her wrinkled garment shakes;
 All along the gurgling streams
 Willows grasp the warm sunbeams,
 Aspens nod, and birches stand
 Smiling in this happy land—
 The land of Manitoba."

VII. COLORFUL SASKATCHEWAN

PRAIRIE GOLD
THE LEGEND OF QU'APPELLE
LOVELY REGINA
MEDICINE-WATER AT LITTLE MANITOU
MOOSE JAW'S NAME
AT SWIFT CURRENT
THE LOON LEGEND OF CYPRESS HILLS
THE WONDER CITY OF SASKATOON
ON BIG MANITOU LAKE
HISTORIC BATTLEFORD
PRINCE ALBERT, THE GATEWAY
A PRAIRIE LEGEND
TREATY MONEY AT ILE À LA CROSSE
THE MIGHTY CHURCHILL RIVER
REINDEER LAKE
AN INDIAN FISHING SECRET
LAKE ATHABASCA
THE LEGEND OF CREE LAKE
INDIAN CHILDREN

VII

COLORFUL SASKATCHEWAN

"Within the vale a lakelet, lashed with flowers,
Lay like a liquid eye among the hills,
Revealing in its depths the fulgent light
Of snowy cloudland and cerulean skies. . . .
And all was silent save the rustling leaf,
The gadding insect, or the grebe's lone cry,
Or where Saskatchewan, with turbid moan,
Deep-sunken in the plain, his torrent poured."

—Charles Mair

WHEN the Indians of the long ago came upon a broad and turbulent river, with many rapids where the water is thrown back in foaming eddies before it goes racing on, they named it *Kisiskadjiwan*, "The-river-that-turns-round-when-it-runs."

The Saskatchewan is formed of two large rivers, the North Saskatchewan and the South Saskatchewan, which rise in the Rocky Mountains of western Alberta and after wandering their roundabout ways come together in the center of Saskatchewan Province, flow onward into Lake Winnipeg, and reach Hudson Bay through the erratic Nelson River. This was the great route for the fur-traders, the first white men to push westward, and for explorers who were eager to see what lay beyond the buffalo prairies. Into these wilds, too, came the heroic missionaries, bringing their Faith

and undermining the prestige of the medicine-men. David Thompson, a pioneer of the West, came often upon an Indian village in Saskatchewan where the religion was a strange commingling of the old and the new. He tells of one place where the chief took his red ceremonial pipe and "gave three whiffs to the Great Spirit, three to the Sun, three to the Sky, three to the Earth, three to the Four Winds, and three to the Virgin Mary." Thompson adds: "It seems that when the French first entered these fur countries every summer a priest came to instruct the traders and their men in their religious duties, and preach to them and the natives in Latin, it being the only language the Devil does not understand and cannot learn."

The southern half of Saskatchewan is largely prairie-land, scattered about with innumerable lakes. The northern half is densely timbered, with chains of lakes and rapid rivers; and many lakes so large they are veritable inland seas. No railroads enter this northern forest-land, and so it remains unsettled except for an occasional Hudson's Bay post or a shack of an Indian trapper.

Saskatchewan, the middle of the Three Prairie Provinces, is the greatest wheat-growing section in Canada, more than half of the wheat raised in the Dominion coming from its broad sweep of golden prairies. The land here is more rolling than in Manitoba, and a stretch of half-grown wheat reaches away to the horizon like a sea storm-tossed into great waves. The color is the blue-green of the ocean—bluer, almost

purple, where shadows lie; greener, almost yellow, in the bright sun. Wild mustard crops up in the wheat, and the prairie, thus mottled yellow and green, resembles an endless and fantastic Chinese rug. A neglected stretch of land soon becomes massed yellow with flowers, broken only here and there by a patch of emerald, like a cool green oasis, where wild wheat has pushed its way to the sunlight through close-crowded flowers. Occasionally a stream will go winding through the wheat, the water fringed with willows and cottonwoods; or an indigo lakelet will lie, fluffed with white where wild ducks float or suddenly dip head downward to reach lily-roots in the mud. Here and there clumps of trees, an aspen or willow copse, will be seen, or a coulée where wild prairie-grass and bright marsh-flowers mingle in gay splashes of color.

In the southern part of the province the Qu'Appelle River winds through a wide and softly undulating valley. When, in the early days, the voyageurs ascended the Assiniboine and turned westward into its largest tributary they found themselves crossing prairies so lovely that for sheer joy their voices were raised in a merry *chanson*. To their surprise a voice came back to them across the valley.

"Qu'appelle?" cried the voyageurs. ("Who calls?")

"*Qu'appelle?*" came the voice; for it was but an echo.

Distinct echoes are heard in several places along the valley; and the river still bears the unusual name of Qu'Appelle. The Indians say that in the long-ago a

monster stalked through this valley, eating Indians as he went; and when he could eat no more he constructed cages of willow, imprisoned the Indians in them, and sank the cages to the bottom of the river, to keep the food cool and fresh till he came back that way. But he never returned, for the displeased Great Spirit changed him into Moose Mountain; and it is the wailing of these caged Indians, up and down the valley, that causes one to ask, "Qu'appelle?"

Regina, the capital of the province, and for long the capital of the vast Northwest Territories before the readjustment of boundaries in 1905 made Saskatchewan a separate province, lies at the edge of the Qu'Appelle Valley, in the very heart of the prairies. This beautiful city, with a lovely if artificial Wascana Lake, with many parks, and imposing buildings, is one of the most important industrial centers in the Middle West. It also is an important railway center and a great wholesale distributing point. Its population is about forty thousand.

For nearly half a century the world-famous Royal North-West Mounted Police had their headquarters at Regina; and their successor, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have now an important station there.

Regina's favorite play-resort is on the shore of Last Mountain Lake, a few miles north of the city. This is an exquisite body of water curving down a twisted valley beyond the "last mountain" of the Touchwood Hills. The lake has outlet in Qu'Appelle River.

North of Last Mountain Lake, and connected with it by stream, is a remarkable mineral lake, said to be richer in curative properties than any other body of water in the world. Little Lake Manitou, so named by the Indians because of the magic powers with which they credited it, is about fourteen miles long and a mile and a half broad, and lies but three miles from the railroad station of Watrous. Bathing in its water is a great tonic to the system, and a delightful experience as well, because of the extreme buoyancy of the water. The Indians brought their sick here, carrying them for miles over the prairies, to cake them with the salt-mineral-mud, let it dry upon them in the sun, and then bathe them in the healing water. Buffalo-trails led to the lake; for bison, too, learned of the value of the mineral properties and came in herds to the salt-licks here.

Big Quill and Little Quill Lakes, not far away, were favorite camping-places of the Crees, because of the innumerable wild-fowl that haunt them. Ducks and geese are here in great numbers; and there are partridge in the wheat, and ruffed grouse and prairie-chickens in the wild grasses. These two prairie lakes are remarkably beautiful. Their wind-ruffled surfaces are a changing deep-blue, with an edging of white foam where the water runs back into the reeds.

West of Regina is Moose Jaw, an important commercial center and a wholly modern city, with wide clean streets and substantial buildings. The flour-mills and towering grain-elevators and the numerous stock-

yards are conspicuous features. The picturesque name of the city, Moose Jaw, is an abbreviated translation of the Indian word meaning "Creek-where-whiteman-mended-cart-with-moose-jawbone." In one word the Indian thus gives an entire and eloquent picture of pioneer days, when ingenuity was as great an asset as fortitude.

The prairie beyond Moose Jaw has many cattle and sheep and horse ranches, and the rolling wheat-land is varied with broad stretches of flax—exquisitely beautiful when it is in flower and the waves of green are speckled with vivid blue.

Still farther west the town of Swift Current spreads itself along a stream that sings down from the Cypress Hills and hastens on to join the South Saskatchewan River. In summer the stream is scarcely more than a swift-running brook, but with the freshets it becomes a turbulent river and shows its importance by racing madly through the city and changing its tinkling song of summer days to a growling roar.

The Cypress Hills, in the southwest corner of the province, have great stretches of woodland which the birds find wholly alluring.

"A thrush is hidden in a maze
Of cedar buds and tamarack bloom,
He throws his rapid flexile phrase
A flash of emerald in the gloom."

In the days when Indians alone wandered here, the Cypress Hills, rising high above the surrounding plains,

were coveted by all the neighboring tribes; for in the forests were food-animals not found on the prairies, the trees supplied firewood, and the many lakes, cupped in the valleys between the hills, gave an abundance of fish. The Blackfeet and the Crees, the Snakes and the Crows were constantly fighting over the region.

In the days before the grandfathers, a legend states, a band of Assiniboines had their tepees pitched about a lake in the Cypress Hills, when the enemy fell suddenly upon them and captured the entire village. Instead of roasting and eating the prisoners, as was usual, they tied them fast to trees, cut out their tongues, and left them. A great howling went up from the Assiniboines; they were calling loudly for aid; but with their tongues gone their cries were but weird wails. The Moon Woman looked down to see what all the noise could be about, and in compassion turned the suffering Assiniboines into loons. But she could change only their bodies; their spirits remained in torment. And now, when one hears a loon crying across the prairies, one may know it is the wail of a tortured Assiniboine.

Wood Mountain, consisting of a number of clay hills, rises in the extreme south of Saskatchewan, and the many lakelets that lie in its hollows find ultimate outlet in the Gulf of Mexico, for they are drained by streams which flow into the Missouri. Moose Mountain, Beaver Hills and Touchwood Hills rise conspicuously above the plains and are notable features in a

land that reaches away in illimitable stretches of rolling prairie.

Through the heart of the wheat-growing country flow the North Saskatchewan and the South Saskatchewan Rivers, and on the banks of the latter is the wonder-city of Saskatoon, known as the "Hub City." Only a few years ago, comparatively, there were but a handful of cabins here, the principal food of the occupants being the saskatoon-berries which grew plentifully along the river-bank and were eaten fresh in summer and dried in winter. From these berries the city took its name. Springing up like magic, Saskatoon is today the second largest city in the province—Regina ranking first. Saskatoon is of much importance as a manufacturing, distributing and railroad center; and it is an educational center as well, the University of Saskatchewan, situated here, being affiliated with Oxford. Also it is an attractive city, with broad streets, five bridges spanning the river, and a pleasant boulevard extending along beside the olive-yellow water.

West of Saskatoon the prairie is varied by occasional clumps of trees, usually with horses or cattle standing gratefully in their shade. In this section stock-raising and dairying are as important as wheat; and timothy, oats and other grains stretch away, often on land that is perfectly flat, mile after mile, to the skyline.

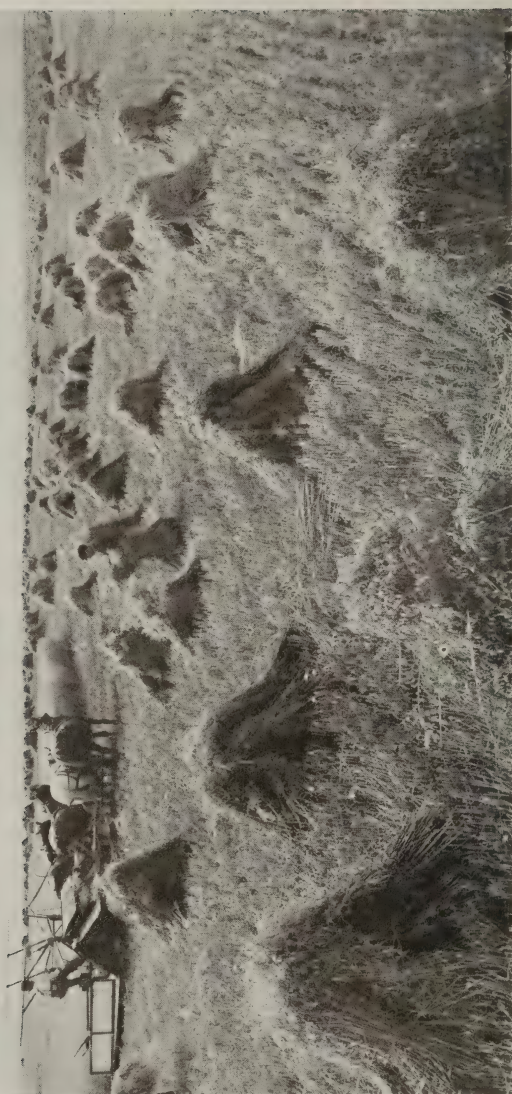
A harvesting scene on the prairie is like a great painting come to life. The men, the horses, the mammoth tractors and reapers, the immensity of the prairie—all are drenched in color. The sky is like blue



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

A SASKATCHEWAN LAKE

Wild-fowl nest in the reeds, and cattle are grateful for the cool,
pleasant water.



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

HARVESTING ON THE PRAIRIE

Golden oats and sun-yellow stubble reach away to the blue of the skyline.

enamel, so clear, so clean; the standing grain is ocher, changing to pale-lemon where the reapers pass and leave only stubble; low wild-roses and dog-daisies, untouched by the reaper, gleam in pink and pale heliotrope. With the fragrance of the freshly cut grain there is often the pungent sweetness of wild peppermint, where a creek has wandered through the prairie or a pond or sloo has given moisture to the water-loving plant. Rabbits, frightened out of the wheat, go loping across the stubble, and disturbed partridges whirr up and as quickly are hidden again.

Big Manitou Lake, covering nearly seventy square miles, lies near the boundary between Saskatchewan and Alberta and is much in demand as a camping-place because of its convenience to the railroad and its delights of boating, bathing and fishing. In the same region is a beautiful little body of water, fairly covered with wild-fowl, which bears the story-suggestive name of Killsquaw Lake.

Beyond Big Manitou Lake, Battle River rushes past on its way to join the North Saskatchewan, and where these two rivers come together is the historic little prairie town of Battleford, at one time the capital of the great Northwest Territories. Battleford figured prominently in the Riel Rebellion of 1885 which ended the career of that picturesque half-breed. A few miles away is North Battleford, built on the banks of the North Saskatchewan, and fast leaping into prominence as one of the prosperous and quick-growing prairie cities.

The most important city on the North Saskatchewan River is Prince Albert, which lies as the gateway between the vast prairie regions of the southland and the vaster forests of the north. Prince Albert, as the outfitting-point and the last link with civilization for traders, prospectors, or adventure-seekers who are bound for the wilds of the north, has a dash of the picturesque and the romantic that is not found in other prairie cities. Here come men who have been for weeks or months or years in the wilderness; and, eagerly listening to their tales, are men, bound for the north, who have not yet gone on the lone trail, men to whom the wilderness means but a fascinating maze of forests and rivers to be compassed; they know nothing of its desolation, nothing of the great loneliness, nothing of the hardships of the trail.

There are three much-traveled canoe-routes leading into the far fur-country from Prince Albert. One of these is down the Saskatchewan River to Cumberland Lake, which lies near the Manitoba border; thence north to the Churchill River by a string of lakes and connecting rivers and ending with Frog Portage.

On Cumberland Lake the Hudson's Bay Company has one of its very old and historic posts, Cumberland House. Alexander Henry was there in the winter of 1775, setting out from Cumberland House early in 1776 on a foolhardy trip over the prairies which still lay deep in snow. He and his men barely escaped starvation. Twenty-two years previously, before the Hudson's Bay Company had established its post, An-

thony Hendrye camped on the shores of the lake; but it was summertime then, and there was an abundance of food everywhere. He was on his way to find the "Horse-riding Indians"—the Blackfeet. He had come from far-off York Factory, on Hudson Bay. All the Indians he had known traveled by canoe or snowshoe; but rumors came of a nation across the plains who hunted on horseback. So Hendrye, from pure love of adventure, set out to find if that be true. From Cumberland Lake he ascended the Saskatchewan, and then, leaving his canoe, set off across the prairies with his Indian guides. He records the herds of bison he saw, the moose, wapiti, and countless fowl, and then adds: "I went with the young men a-buffalo-hunting, all armed with bows and arrows; killed several; fine sport."

The most usual route north from Prince Albert into the wilds is the most direct—through the long and beautiful Montreal Lake, Montreal River, and the great Lac la Ronge, into the Churchill River.

The Crees on the shore of Lac la Ronge have a creation-legend which had its origin sometime after their knowledge of the white race and of negroes. The Great Spirit created the first man, the legend states, by forming him out of mud and placing him in an oven to bake; but he took him out too soon, and this underdone specimen became the grandfather of the Pale Faces. The Great Spirit made another mud man, and this one he cooked too long, until it had burned black; its descendants were negroes. Once more the Great Spirit tried; and this time the man

was richly browned, just as he ought to be; and from this one the Indians descended.

The third route into the north from Prince Albert begins by train to Big River, a truly frontier town. There the canoe is launched in Crooked Lake, and passes through Crooked River, Beaver River and Ile à la Crosse Lake.

When Beaver River receives the outlet from Lac la Plonge—a great inland sea surrounded by spruce and pine forests, edged with reeds and water-lilies—it spreads itself into marshland, with winding channels between the tall reeds and yellow marsh-grass, and many sapphire lakes along its margins.

History and romance center about Ile à la Crosse Lake, a favorite stopping-place for all voyageurs who passed that way. And the lake has wild and spectacular beauty as well. It lies in a valley hemmed in with spruce and pine and tamarack forests; and edging the water are cottonwood-trees, their white trunks and silver-green leaves mingling with the dark foliage of the spruce and pine. Beneath the tall trees, wild-flowers break away from a tangle of underbrush and crowd out to the open spaces; great boulders and pebble-beaches lie in half-hidden coves; birds nest along the shore, and porcupines climb the poplars to feed on the tender bark. At this lonely forest lake there is a wealth of wild animal life; and there is much beauty,

“Under the whispering pines,
Where the dogwood breaks in bloom

And the peaceful sunlight shines,
Where wild birds sing and ferns unfold,
When spring comes back in her green and gold."

On one of the many islands in Ile à la Crosse Lake, Treaty Money is paid, and the Indians gather for an annual powwow, a feast, and a colorful ceremonial dance.

North of this lake one canoe-route leads direct to the great Athabasca River, passing through Peter Pond Lake—an arm of the immense Churchill Lake—across the height-of-land into Clearwater River. Another and more lonely route follows down the Churchill River.

As the Churchill, one of the mighty rivers of Canada, crosses the province of Saskatchewan in a twisting, tortuous course, it consists of lake after lake, connected by swift-running water in which rapids or falls show the descent of the river in its long journey to Hudson Bay. The country through which it travels is true wilderness. Dense forests hem in the lakes, and for more than a hundred miles no habitation is seen unless it be a deserted Indian-shack, the thatched roof as forlorn-looking as the tumbling walls. Bird and animal life here are a joy to one unaccustomed to the wilds. Bears shamble through the forest, pushing aside drooping spruce-boughs to get at the luscious berries and buds below, or they come to the shallows to slap a fish out of the swift-running water. Moose stand in the edges of the lakes and feast on spicy water-lilies. Deer flash out of the forest, bound over the rocky beaches, and are lost again in the spruce-depths.

Where the Churchill receives its greatest tributary from the south—bringing the water of Montreal Lake, Montreal River and the broad and superb Lac la Ronge—there is a little settlement of Cree half-breeds known as Stanley Mission Post. A Protestant mission is here, and a Hudson's Bay post. To the man who has spent weeks paddling through the wilderness, Stanley Mission is a haven looked forward to for many days, not only that supplies may be replenished at the Hudson's Bay store but for the strange and unbelievable joy of hearing again a human voice.

Beyond Stanley Mission, fifty miles or so down the Churchill, is Frog Portage, which begins the trail southward to Cumberland Lake; and still farther down the Churchill, the crystal water of Reindeer River comes down from Reindeer Lake to join the mud-yellow water of the Churchill.

Reindeer Lake, for all its lonely setting in the great wilderness of the north, edging almost upon the Barren Grounds, is worth traveling far to see, for it is superbly lovely. The lake is a hundred and forty miles long and nearly forty miles broad at its greatest width; and the water is so pure—said to be the purest lake water in the world—that it is a clear silver-green in color, changing through all the shades of blue and green as the light varies. Hundreds of rocky islands, close-crowded with spruce and pine, contrast their dark foliage with the sparkling water, as waves, crystal-bright, are thrown up by the wind. The shores, too, are densely wooded, in the southern reaches, and edged

often with rough gray cliffs, or crescent bays that curve back into the dark forest, beaches of sand and shingle gleaming between gay-green water and somber green trees. Extending back from the lake there are rolling hills, the green of their slopes changed to smoke-blue in the distance.

There is a Hudson's Bay post at the southern end of the lake, and a larger post, Fort du Brocher, at the northern end, in Manitoba, where the lake spreads across into that province. The luxuriant forests here have given way to scattered clumps of trees and rolling, grass-grown hills.

Reindeer Lake has long been the winter feeding-ground of the northern caribou, and their trails criss-cross in every direction. The Aurora Borealis, which is so brilliant and so beautiful here, is caused, the Chipewyans believe, by reindeer running across the sky; for they have discovered that electric sparks flash from the skin of a reindeer when it is briskly stroked on a dark night, and so they believe the lights in the sky to be reindeer in quick motion.

Reindeer Lake, Wollaston Lake, Black River and Black Lake formed the great highway of the early traders to Lake Athabasca, which spreads its two-hundred-mile length across from Alberta into Saskatchewan.

When David Thompson came this way in 1796 he called it a "wretched Countrie of Solitude, which is broken only by the large Gulls and the Loons, and Myriads of Musketoos." Where Black River leaves

Black Lake—called by the Indians the “Lake of the Great Spirit”—it falls in two superb cataracts to the level of Lake Athabasca; and these falls were believed to be the home, respectively, of good and bad spirits. To the first, Manito Fall, the Indians made offering, that luck might be with them; to the second, Devil’s Fall, they made offering to the evil spirit that he might leave them and go to their enemies. One of David Thompson’s guides gave a copper ring, and the other a piece of tobacco. Thompson says, “The Chepawyans, who have replaced the Nathaways, make no offerings to anything.” He expressed profound gratitude to an old Chipewyan, however, when this Indian taught him the trick of catching trout through the ice. For three days Thompson and his men had had nothing to eat but “two lean Gulls and three young Eaglets.” While the guides were searching for food, Thompson cut five holes in the ice and fished eagerly, and vainly, for two days. Then along came the Chipewyan. He grunted his disgust, cut a hole in the ice near those Thompson had made, dropped a line, and in no time hauled up “a fine Trout of full thirty Pounds.” Thompson was amazed, until the Indian gave him the secret. He had greased his bait.

“He remarked to me,” adds Thompson, “that I came too soon and staid too late; that the Trout took Bait only for a while after Sunrise to near Sunset, but that about Noon was the best time. It has always appeared strange to me that a Trout in Forty Fathoms of Water, with a covering of full Five Feet thickness

of Ice, on a dark cloudy Day, should know when the Sun rises and sets; but so it is."

Lake Athabasca is nearly two hundred miles long and from twenty to thirty miles broad. Its northern shores are high and rocky, with spectacular cliffs, tinged red from seeping iron. The southern shore is low and sandy, and in many places barren except for marsh-grass and mosses, with a scattering of cranberry and other bushes. Caribou feed here in great numbers; and the forest solitudes are the haunts of big game and fur-bearing animals.

A beautiful and lonely lake lying high in the hills, in northern Saskatchewan, its broad, deep-blue water hemmed in by forests, is Cree Lake, with outlet through Cree River and Black Lake. When the white men came to this region it was the country of the Chipe-wyans; but preceding them the Crees had claimed the hunting in the forests and the fishing in the lakes and rivers; and it is a Cree legend that clings to the lake.

In the beginning of time the Great Spirit created the world and a race of Indians, but the Indians forgot to thank him or make offerings to him, so he was much displeased and plunged the whole world into a deep lake, that everything might be drowned. But Eagle had grasped two Indian children in his talons and carried them up to the sky, and there they grew up among the Star-children. When the Great Spirit lifted the world out of the lake and created a new race of animals and people, he forgot these two; and they

forgot the earth. There was one part of the sky where the Earth-children were forbidden to go, and a Starsquaw was set to guard it. One day she left the sky-corner for a few moments, and the Earth-children ran quickly to the forbidden spot. Alas, once they touched it, the whole sky-piece fell to earth, bringing the children with it. As it reached the pine-forests, the deep-blue sky-piece turned into the deep-blue Cree Lake, and the children into islands. The hole in the sky was mended with clouds; but in the very center of the lake, the Crees say, one can look up and see the Starsquaw still peering down at the Earth-children islands.

Saskatchewan has many Indian Reservations, and these are always interesting and delightful. The men may be away, helping the white man, and the women may be resentful of the too-curious visitor; but there are ever fat-cheeked children to stare with round black eyes, and brown little fingers will never be slow in closing over a penny or a nickel. After one proves quite thoroughly that one has no intention of eating little Indian children, it is not difficult to become acquainted, and perhaps even get the story of the rabbit that has just been chased through the grass, or the partridge that has been flushed where the tall wheat grows, or maybe the sparrow that came and sang on a willow-twigg; and then, as a *great* honor, a little brown hand may be placed in yours and you may be led to the creek and shown the delights of catching minnows. Indian children are shy, wild little

things until they know you; and then they are altogether charming.

Sportsmen are lured to Saskatchewan by the big game in the forests of the north, where moose, elk, deer, caribou and bear abound, and by the great quantities of wild-fowl—which seem too lovely to kill. Especially when sunset is on the plain and the prairie lakes are drenched in color are these great wild birds exquisite.

A prairie sunset is a gorgeous pageant, to be likened only to sunset far out at sea. For a few brief moments the whole sky is aflame; and then flaring colors troop by, as if on parade, changing rapidly from one bright shade to another, and merging at last, slowly, imperceptibly, into the lavender of twilight. And this deepens until the sky is all soft purple, darkening subtly.

“Twilight creeps back, adown the lane
Beyond the sunset’s golden bars,
When night enfolds the sleeping plain
With robe adorned with beads of stars.”

VIII. LOVELY ALBERTA

A CHIPEWYAN LEGEND
THE GREAT PEACE RIVER
FORT McMURRAY
THE LEGEND OF LESSER SLAVE LAKE
IN JASPER NATIONAL PARK
THE ATHABASCA TRAIL
MIETTE HOT SPRINGS
ROMANTIC LAC BEAUVERT
MOUNT EDITH CAVELL
THE ATHABASCA FALLS
THE LEGEND OF MALIGNE CANYON
INDIAN MAGIC AT PYRAMID MOUNTAIN
IN TONQUIN VALLEY
YELLOWHEAD PASS
EDMONTON, THE CAPITAL
CALGARY AND THE SOUTH
OVER CROW'S NEST PASS
WATERTON LAKES NATIONAL PARK
ROCKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK
THE FAMOUS BANFF DISTRICT
LEGENDS OF LAKE MINNEWANKA
AT LAKE LOUISE
THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS

VIII

LOVELY ALBERTA

"High in the paling light
And touched with the sunset's glow,
Soaring and strong and free,
The unswerving phalanx sweeps,
The honking wild-geese go—
Go with a flurry of wing
Home to their norland lakes
And the sedge-fringed tarns of peace
And the pinelands soft with spring."
—*Arthur Stringer*

ALBERTA is peculiarly rich in scenic beauty; for it has the varied loveliness of treeless, undulating prairies, of vast stretches of forests, of rolling foothills, and of majestic mountains perpetually covered with snow. The eastern boundary lies in the prairies; the western boundary, for more than half its distance, extends along the Continental Divide, where the Canadian Rockies are at their highest.

In the northeast corner, Lake Athabasca reaches across into Saskatchewan, with about half of its three thousand square miles in Alberta. This was the land of the Chipewyans; and the forests, the lakes and rivers are steeped in their legends. One of their traditions shows a knowledge of steam-power.

According to this legend, there was a wicked Indian who was hunted for many crimes. On the shore of

Lake Athabasca, back from the water's edge, he dug a pond, stocked it with fish, that he might have both food and water, then built entirely over it an igloo-shaped house of stone and mud, leaving only one opening at the top, where an arrow shot into it would land in the water and do no harm. Here at last he felt safe, even when his enemies were shouting outside. But they heard their arrows splash in water, and changed their tactics. They heated a huge pile of stones and these, instead of arrows, they dropped through the opening, into the pond; until the steam at last blew up the house and they fell upon the Indian and killed him.

Lake Athabasca, in its lonely, far north setting, is a superb inland sea. The steel-blue water reaches out for miles, shading into indigo where granite peaks crop up, melting into purple at the horizon. At sunrise or sunset the lake is especially magnificent, for then there is no horizon—the flame of the sky merges into the flame of the water, forming, above and below, one vast sea of color.

Lake Claire, almost an arm of Lake Athabasca, lies like a great blue bowl, just west of the larger lake, much of its shore marshland where myriads of water-fowl feed.

Athabasca River empties into Lake Athabasca from the south; while on the north the Slave River, soon joined by the Peace, carries the lake-water eventually to the Arctic. The Slave River route was followed by Alexander Mackenzie when he discovered the great

Mackenzie River. He set out from Fort Chipewyan, on the northern shore of Lake Athabasca, a fur-trading post which had been established in 1788 for the North-West Company. Since 1821, when the Nor'-Westers joined the Hudson's Bay, Fort Chipewyan has been an important post of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Slave River cuts through a desolate stretch of northern Alberta—desolate but wonderfully interesting. Caribou feed on the hills and seek out the tender grass in the valleys; wild buffalo still roam over the plains. West of the river there are timbered mountains where grizzly, black and cinnamon bear, moose and deer abound, as well as the much-sought fur-bearing animals. Through the far northwest corner of Alberta, Hay River flows in a direct course to Great Slave Lake, carrying the excess water from its own large and lonely Hay Lake.

The greatest waterway of northern Alberta is the Peace River, which, beginning at the "meeting of the waters" of the Finlay and Parsnip in British Columbia, cuts its way through the Rockies, tumbles down through the foothills and crosses into Alberta through some of the finest grazing land in the world. Wandering then in an erratic course through Alberta's northland, it empties into the Slave as that river leaves Lake Athabasca. One Indian tribe called the Peace "The-river-that-goes-into-the-mountains," for their canoes swept up it to reach the Rockies, the "Shining Mountains." The Beaver tribe, however, named the river *Unchagah*, "Peace," for on its banks was settled a war

that long had waged between the Beavers and the Crees.

The charming little prairie town of Peace River—and the most important town in this northwest region—lies in the midst of the great Peace River District, famed for its agricultural land. The town is pleasantly situated where the Smoky River comes north from Jasper National Park to empty into the Peace.

While Peace River is northern Alberta's greatest stream, the river that is most loved is the Athabasca, which rises in Jasper National Park, winds tortuously across the province, gaining in volume by the water from many lakes and rivers, and rushes on to end in Lake Athabasca.

One of the finest stretches of the Athabasca River is where the Clearwater races down from the hills of the east to join it, singing its way through forested valleys, tumbling over precipitous ledges. Here Fort McMurray is located, at the strategic point where the two rivers meet. This important post lies in the midst of the greatest tar sand deposits in the world; nor is that all, for the region is rich in natural gas and oil, salt, pulpwood and timber, while the forests abound in fur-bearing animals. And the natural wealth of the Fort McMurray region detracts nothing from its natural beauty. The Athabasca River, here broad and swift-flowing, races by in the shadow of softly rounded hills, gray-green where the shaggy trees of the living forests mingle with the ghost-gray trunks of trees that were. A spectacular moment is when the ice breaks



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

PYRAMID MOUNTAIN, JASPER PARK

Because of the riot of colors that ceaselessly come and go, the Indians
believed this to be a magic mountain.

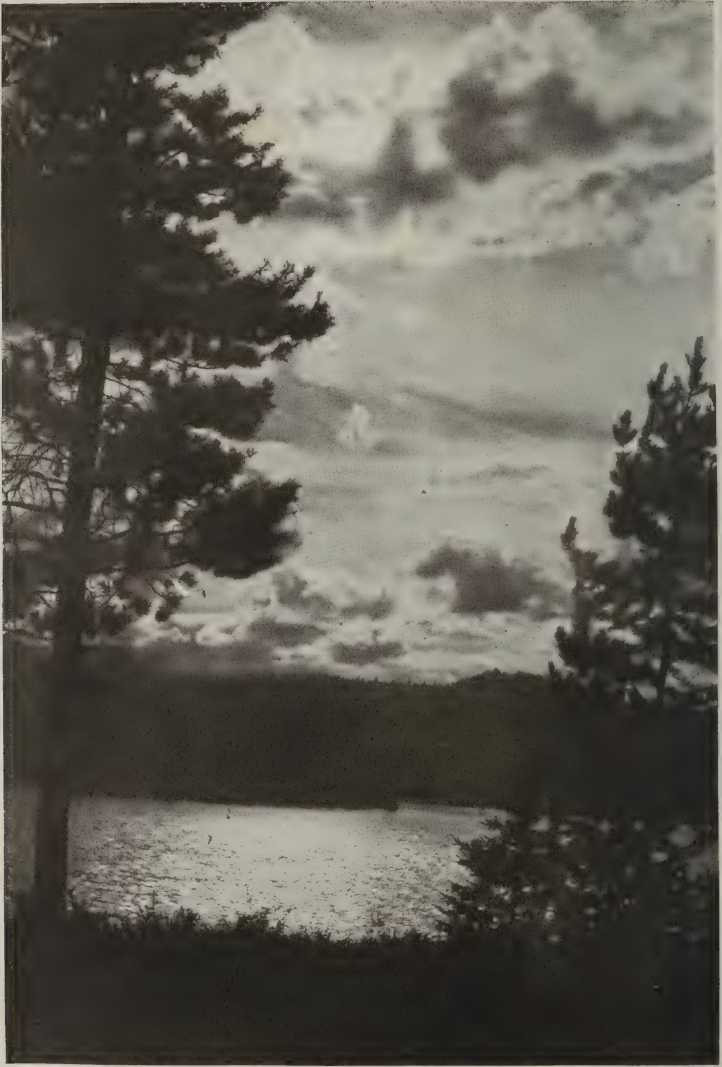


Photo. by the Author

LAC BEAUVERT AT SUNSET

Wild clouds and gorgeous colors flood the sky and linger well into twilight.

up in the spring. All winter the river has been seething below the surface; when the warm spring sun at last reaches through, the unleashed force of the water crushes the ice, pushing it aside in great heaps of translucent green and blue and dazzling white, piling it up only to grab and devour it as the turmoil of the water increases.

Farther south the Athabasca receives the water from Lac la Biche, a broad, wind-blown lake, rimmed round with forest trees. On the west the Athabasca is joined by the water from Lesser Slave Lake, the largest lake wholly in Alberta. The Lesser Slave covers about six hundred square miles, and stretches through a wide valley which curls back from it in rolling hills.

There are many legends regarding this immense lake. One of them has to do with the days before men came into the world and only animal-people lived. No lake was here at that time; and a great drought fell upon the land, and all the grass and trees and then the animals began to die of thirst. At last Eagle volunteered to fly up and peck a hole in the sky to let the rain down; but he pecked such a large hole that before a cloud could mend it the world was flooded. The animals and the trees and the grass began as quickly as they could to drink up the water; and they drank so greedily and so fast that soon the world was all dry again. This was as bad as before. There was not a drop of water anywhere. Eagle once more volunteered, but this time he flew to the Moon Woman. She is always making baskets; when she finishes them

the world will end, but there is a great dog set to watch her, and before she completes the last one he destroys them all and she has to begin at the beginning again. Eagle grabbed two of her baskets and brought them to earth. One of them contained Summer and the other Winter. Eagle opened Winter-basket and scattered snow and ice on the ground, and then opened Summer-basket and let enough heat escape to melt the snow. And so the rivers and lakes were formed. When the baskets were nearly empty Eagle threw them on the ground, and all the snow escaped and spread over a great area, and the heat escaped and melted it; and thus Lesser Slave Lake was formed. The Moon Woman's baskets still lie at the bottom of the lake; and that is why there are such deep snows in that region in winter, and such a luxuriance of wild-flowers in summer.

Lesser Slave River, almost a lake in itself, connects the lake with the Athabasca River, which the Indians called "Great-river-of-the-woods," even as they knew the Saskatchewan as "Great-river-of-the-plains."

"The mighty voice of Canada will ever call to me.
I shall hear the roar of rivers where the rapids foam
and tear,
I shall smell the virgin upland with its balsam-laden
air,
I shall dream that I am riding down the winding,
woody vale,
With the packer and the packhorse on the Athabasca
trail."

No stretch of the Athabasca is more beautiful, no trail more delightful to ride, than where the mighty river cuts through its broad, timbered valley in Jasper National Park. This largest of the Canadian National Parks is a vast mountain wilderness, extending from the foothills that edge the prairies to the highest and mightiest of the Canadian Rockies.

In 1810 David Thompson, a partner of the North-West Company, wintered on Brulé Lake, pushing onward in the spring of 1811 up the glittering Rockies until he stood beside three glowing lakes that lie in the shadow of McGillivray's Mountain on Athabasca Pass. The following year sandy-haired Jasper Hawes, of the North-West Company, was sent to establish a trading-post on the upper Athabasca; and near the shore of Brulé Lake—which is but a broadening of the Athabasca River—the historic Jasper House was built by him in 1812. Not even the ruins of the log house remain; but this pioneer fur-trader, with the *tête jaune*, has his name emblazoned throughout all the region: Yellowhead Pass and Jasper National Park being only two of the prominent places that so honor him.

Above Brulé Lake the Athabasca River, green with islands, sweeps about the foot of Roche Miette, which, with Roche à Perdrix, was one of the landmarks on the long trail from the prairies across the Rockies. The bare, bleak summits of these peaks, reaching high above timberline, are conspicuous features up and down the Athabasca Valley. Roche Miette was named for

an adventuresome voyageur who climbed up through the slippery forest, passed beyond the last of the timber, scaled the bare rocky peak, and on its highest pinnacle sat with his legs dangling over an abyss of two or three thousand feet while he smoked a leisurely pipe. Milton and Cheadle, coming this way in 1863, described Roche Miette as rising perpendicularly like "half a sponge-cake cut vertically."

The Miette Hot Springs, when they become more widely known, will prove a great attraction to Jasper National Park. They lie in a romantic valley, shut deeply into the hills; and the water, rich in radium and other properties, has almost magic curative powers. Not far away are the Sulphur Hot Springs; and tucked into unfrequented and densely wooded valleys are numerous other mineral hot springs as yet unsung by the white man but long known to the Assiniboines.

Almost opposite Roche Miette, across the Athabasca Valley, Snake Indian River rushes down through the mountains, drops over a rock-ledge, forming a spectacular and beautiful fall, and then foams and roars its way through a rugged canyon. In the spring, when the freshets have come, the Snake Indian Falls and the river are magnificent; but even in August, when the stream is at its lowest, there is wild beauty in the madly rushing water, there is music in its rhythmic roar and reverberation against the rock-walled canyon, there is poetry in its white-foamed loveliness, and fascination in its frantic haste.

Among the mountains that rise above Snake Indian

River a conspicuous peak is Roche de Smet, named for the good Father de Smet when he came up from his Blackfeet camps in the Oregon country to minister to his friends the Assiniboines here. He could make only a brief visit; but these Indians adored him, and when he was leaving there were great lamentations and expressions of friendship, and then "each one discharged his musket," De Smet writes, "in the direction of the highest mountain, and with three loud hurrahs gave it my name." As the smoke of the Assiniboine campfires rose thereafter in sight of Roche de Smet, the Indians came to believe that the spirit of the Belgian missionary remained there, on the peak that bore his name.

The transcontinental railroad, running through the heart of Jasper National Park—and thus making accessible to thousands the magnificent mountains, the exquisite lakes, the winding, timbered valleys—skirts the shore of Brulé Lake and the very lovely Jasper Lake, and clings to the Athabasca River until the little village of Jasper is reached. Here the Miette River, making its way importantly down from Yellowhead Pass, flows into the Athabasca.

The Government headquarters for the Park are at Jasper; and a totem-pole with a history as unique as itself; but the attraction of the town for the visitor is that it is the railroad station for Jasper Park Lodge, the gateway to a region of utter fascination.

Jasper Park Lodge itself is the last word in a bungalow camp, and it is becoming deservedly famous the world over. This is largely **because** of its superb

location. Glacier-capped mountains, winding lakes, color-splashed peaks and fragrant forests shut in the Lodge. At its very feet lies Lac Beauvert, so sheltered by close-crowding pine and spruce that the water scarcely ripples and in its lavender-blue depths forests and snow-mountains are brightly reflected.

Lac Beauvert has a strange magic, and few who see it fail to come under its spell, fail to sense its friendly personality and be enchanted by its ravishing beauty. The Assiniboines have a legend that the Rainbow, looking down from the sky, saw a stretch of silver curving like a deep bow through the pinewoods. This, thought he, would be a happy color to add to his own splendor; so he came down to the lake to get the bow of silver. Once on its shore, he found it too entrancing a spot to leave. The Rain and the Sun had to tear him away and carry him back to the sky; and as he wept at leaving, his colors all dripped into the lake, and these the happy lake to this day displays.

The water is ever-changing in its shades of amethyst and blue and green and dull-gold. This is partly due to the changing colors on the reflected mountains as shadows creep across them. At sunrise, when trailing wisps of mist lie against the mountains and are reflected, like floating thistledown, in Lac Beauvert, the lake is so exquisitely lovely it appears unreal. The symmetric Pyramid Mountain, gorgeously colored, is duplicated at one end of the lake; and at the other end the snow-white glory of Mount Edith Cavell, nearly fifteen miles away, is reflected softly.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

MOUNT EDITH CAVELL, JASPER PARK

This beautiful mountain forms a majestic memorial to the martyred nurse.



Photo., F. H. Starz

A SUNLIT STRETCH OF LAC BEAUVERT

Beyond amethyst water and rich green trees, snow lies softly on iron-red rocks.

Mount Edith Cavell, 11,033 feet high, is a majestic memorial to the martyred nurse. The snow-mantle that eternally enfolds the mountain is a soft blue-white, its shadows constantly changing from heliotrope to purple. Ghost Glacier clings to the rock-mass, with wings outspread, like a hovering angel, while at the foot of the peak lies Lake Cavell, its beauty scarcely noticed in the greater glory of the mountain.

One of the many scenic rides from Jasper Park Lodge leads to the foot of Mount Edith Cavell. The road follows up the broad Athabasca Valley, clinging at first to the forested lower reaches of The Whistlers—so named from the whistling marmots that call to one another across the hills; it climbs ever upward, giving a view of Buffalo Prairie, known by the voyageurs as *Prairie des Vaches* because of the number of bison that grazed there. Leaving the Athabasca Valley far below, the road climbs beside the Astoria River, affording a panorama out over timbered valleys with silver streams curling through them; out over the tops of blue-black spruces to a vista of snow and ice and mighty masses of rock.

Across a range of mountains, dwarfed by the towering Edith Cavell and its neighboring peaks, the Whirlpool River races down to the Athabasca, lingering in the most delightful spots to whirl about madly, as if it would give of its giddy beauty to this sedate mountain world before racing on to a valley where all is loveliness.

The upper reaches of the Athabasca have more than

a giddy moment in the spectacular Athabasca Falls. Here, with Mount Kerkeslin looming above, the water dashes eighty feet from a broad precipice into a narrow rock canyon, and in fury at being so confined the river voices its anger in thunderous roars as it goes lashing down the canyon beating against the cliffs.

One of the loveliest lakes in the Canadian Rockies is the misnamed Maligne Lake, lying in a superbly beautiful valley in Jasper Park. Years before the white man came, an Assiniboine, in the long trail over the mountains to the Athabasca Valley, limped up to this lake with one foot badly blistered. He had heard of "medicine water" somewhere here, and believed this to be the lake. His foot pained him sorely, so he sat down upon the shore, took a sharp-edged rock and cut a deep gash in his foot to let the pain escape, and then immersed his foot in the lake. It became much worse, from the bad cut; and ever afterward the Indians called this Sore Foot Lake, and came to believe that there were evil spirits in the water who kept the foot from healing. The French voyageurs, coming into the region, accepted its Indian reputation and called it Maligne.

Maligne Lake is nearly twenty miles long, and lies deep between snowpeaks and glacier-hung masses of rock, which are reflected in all their delicate coloring in the water below. Wooded points run out into the lake; boulders are flung carelessly about; and myriads of wild-flowers crowd down so closely to the water that their reflections nod back at them as they are

stirred by a breeze. The soft beauty of the lake, the rugged grandeur of glaciers and mountain masses, the splashed color of mountain-meadows, give to Maligne Lake an extraordinary and exquisite loveliness.

Maligne River, leaving the lake, races in a tumultuous and tortuous course down to the valley of the Athabasca. On its way it lingers at one delightful place where purple mountains drop down to a lavender lake, and dark-green spruce and pine forests climb up between outcroppings of iron-red rock. This is Medicine Lake, and its waters range through all the shades of heliotrope and lilac.

The river leaves Medicine Lake underground, using a subterranean bed for many miles before it seeps out again as Maligne River. The Indians explained this by saying that Medicine Lake has magic healing powers, and when a man bathes in it the water seizes his pain and sends it by the river down below to the abode of the Seven Devils, to be used there in torturing criminals.

Not yet content with its strange route and its unusual beauty, Maligne River further distinguishes itself by forming a canyon which geologists call one of the most remarkable in the world. It is a solid rock gorge, nearly a mile long, about two hundred feet deep, and so narrow that the rock walls almost meet overhead. The many falls, deep in the gorge, are magnificent as seen from the brink of the canyon, the white foam of the cataracts emphasized by the gloomy depths. Where the river swirls in an eddy, still grind-

ing with broken rock and sand, great deep bowls, known as "potholes," are formed. Some of these are fifty feet in diameter. Ferns and moss cling to the rugged walls of the canyon and are sprayed with mist from the falls; wild-vines droop from the brink; and even flowers creep down the rough cliffs.

The roar of the water as it beats against the rock walls caused the Indians to believe that evil spirits dwell in Maligne Canyon. There was an Indian chief who had many sons, they say. One of these had been chosen by the tribe to succeed him. The brothers were naturally jealous, but fearing their father, they planned to wait till his death and then cast the favored son to the Fish Monster who lived at the bottom of the canyon. But the old chief had the magic eagle's feather and when he wore that he knew all things; and he had the magic crow's feather, which enabled him to command the winds. He called the fierce North Wind and ordered him to carry off the cruel brothers. This the North Wind was happy to do; but as the young men struggled in his grasp, he loosed his hold and let them all fall into the depths of this canyon. The Fish Monster greedily devoured them, and kept their spirits for slaves. Should any one attempt now to climb down into the gorge, the Indians say, mishap in some form will surely befall him; for these wicked spirits, unable to leave, revenge themselves upon mortals who dare come near their gloomy abode.

Where Maligne River rushes out of the canyon, to end its course in the Athabasca, Colm Range towers

above it, and here is Roche Bonhomme, "Old Man Mountain," with the profile of a peaceful old man. The Indians will tell you this is none other than the old chief, keeping eternal watch to see that his sons do not escape from the Fish Monster.

From Medicine Lake a pony-trail climbs the hills and drops down into delightful valleys, winding through forests fragrant with spruce and pine and carpeted with flowers, to Jacques Lake, lying like a great blue bowl in a pocket in the hills. Mountain goats and sheep delight in this lake, and scamper up and down the rocky ledges that rise above the water; black and grizzly and cinnamon bear wander through the forests; and moose and caribou often are seen feeding on the white and yellow water-lilies fringing smaller lakes nearby. A trail back to the Lodge leads through Shovel Pass, where the early fur-traders had to improvise shovels and dig their cold way through sudden snowdrifts. Signal Mountain, conspicuous in the Maligne Range, is reminiscent of Indian signals, sent from its sharp summit and seen far up and down the Athabasca Valley.

One of the most spectacular peaks in Jasper Park is Pyramid Mountain. Seen from the Lodge, across Lac Beauvert and a stretch of timbered hill, the symmetric rock-uplift is a riot of splashed colors. Green, blue, lavender, gold, red, gray, violet—all spread over the rocks, merging from one vivid shade to another even as one watches. The Indians were fascinated by this kaleidoscopic coming and going of colors. They

believed it to be a magic mountain. The white man knows the simple explanation; and while knowledge may destroy some of the glamour, it detracts none from the exquisite beauty of the peak. The slopes of the many bare rock pyramids that form the mountain are deeply crevassed and corrugated: this means ever-changing shadows as the light creeps across them, and so the iron-washed and sulphur-tinted rock is ceaselessly changing from its basic red, green, blue and yellow through all the gamut of shades.

Pyramid Lake, at the foot of its great mountain, is a veritable liquid rainbow, so lovely are its many hues, reflected from the rocky wall above; while surrounding it are mountain-meadows flaming with flowers. One stretch is especially lovely, where bright-yellow lilies cover the hillside, crowded so closely that from a distance the hill appears to be made of beaten gold. Magenta fireweed is here too, and red and pink mountain heather, Indian's paintbrush, and many lupines.

Three striking peaks—Mount Geikie, Turret Mountain and Bastion Peak—were, according to a legend, once three monsters who stalked through this Jasper Park region, devouring all the animals and even the forests, and drinking up the lakes and rivers. Great Hare, summoned from the north, turned them into the mighty wall now known as The Ramparts, flanking the Amethyst Lakes in Tonquin Valley.

This valley, with the lakes winding through it, is surely one of the loveliest places in the world. There

are two lakes, so closely connected that they form but one, curving back into the mountain wall in a three-mile crescent. Towering above them, thousands of feet, are the stupendous peaks of The Rampart, snow massed in their hollows, dazzling glaciers spilling down to the amethyst water of the lakes. On the opposite side a carpet of flowers runs back to the edge of the forest, and climbs on up, even beyond the timberline, to where the rocks lift to the snow-splashed peaks of Clitheroe, Maccarib and Oldhorn. The Amethyst Lakes, set so deeply into their valley, lie unrippled, and the flower-bright meadows on one side and the rock walls and hanging glaciers on the other duplicate their colorful splendor in liquid beauty in the water below.

The Ramparts stretch away from the lakes in a series of turreted peaks, the highest of these being Mount Geikie, reaching upward more than ten thousand feet. Beyond The Ramparts and lying along the Continental Divide there is a vast icefield, where immense glaciers are cradled between peaks of rugged rock. In the midst of this world of ice and snow Mount Erebus, 10,234 feet high, lifts its sheer black walls.

A short distance from the Amethyst Lakes lies Chrome Lake, a bowl of liquid dull-gold cupped in the mountains. Pine forests crowd about it; and flowers, honey-sweet, call to hungry bees. Only the contented buzzing of the wild bees can be heard in the intense quiet, except when a rare zephyr finds its way into the valley and.

"Awakens in the dark memorial pines
A velvet-footed, cedar-scented breeze,
That whispers where the green and knotted vines
Enmesh the cloistered colonnade of trees."

The adventure-loving David Thompson ascended the Athabasca River, came to the Whirlpool River, kept ever up and up, and so discovered the Athabasca Pass across the Continental Divide. This had long been used by the Indians as a hunting-trail. At the very summit lies a small and lovely lake, with the strange name of Committee's Punch Bowl. When this trail became the great highway for fur-traders, none passed without lingering beside the little lake, even though only long enough to delve down into their packs, bring out the bottle of wine they had preserved for this very purpose, and drink a toast. Begun as a sort of thanksgiving that the highest point on the trail had been reached, this toast-drinking beside the Committee's Punch Bowl soon became a tradition. Those who by some ill luck had no wine, stooped and drank from the lake.

While the Athabasca Pass led to the great Columbia River district, the Yellowhead Pass was the highway into the vast fur country of New Caledonia, as upper British Columbia was called. The Yellowhead is one of the famous passes of the Rockies. It is the gateway through which the Canadian National Railway passes in crossing the continent. It was named for yellow-headed Jasper Hawes, whom the half-breed trappers called *Tête Jaune*, although for a long while, because

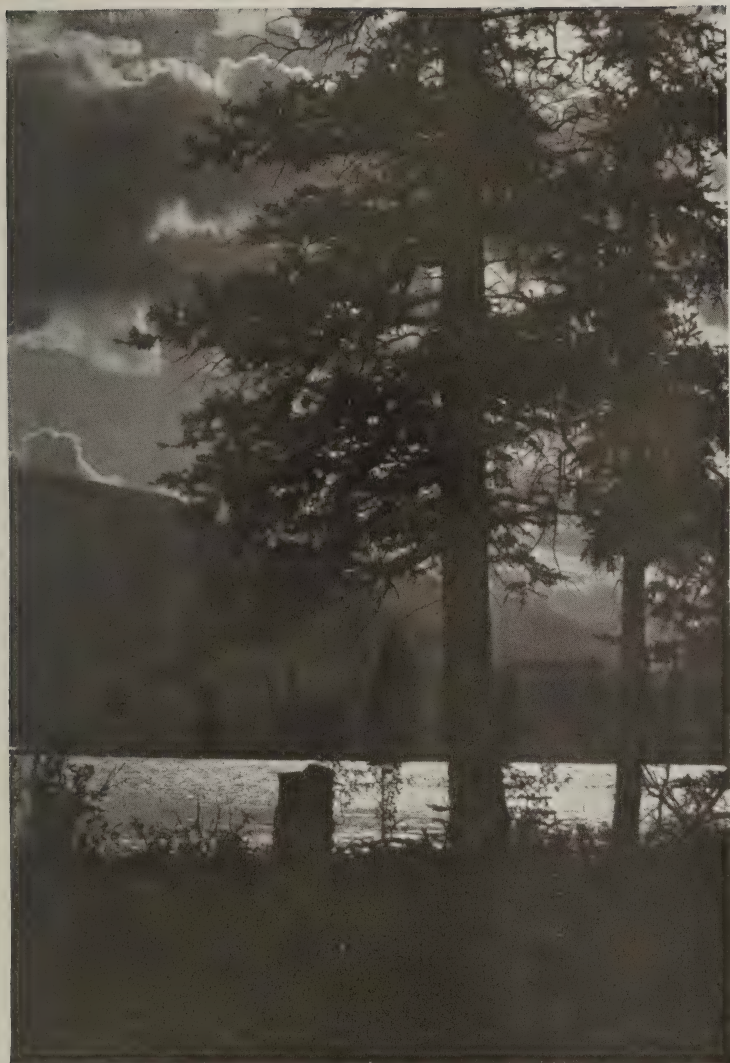


Photo., F. H. Stark

SUNSET ON THE ATHABASCA

In the background are The Whistlers, where whistling marmots call
across the hills.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

SHEEP-RANCHING IN ALBERTA

There are vast stretches of the prairie where thousands of sheep are grazing.

of the immense shipments of dressed leather sent this way, it was known as Leather Pass.

Milton and Cheadle, the delightful travelers, came over this route in 1863, and had the misfortune to start a forest fire. Almost eaten alive by mosquitoes, they first cleared a space and built a smoke-fire for their horses; then they built a similar fire for themselves. Suddenly they discovered that the horses, crowding madly together to get into the smoke, had scattered the fire, and the forest was ablaze. "Cheadle seizing an axe," their journal states, "felled tree after tree to isolate those already fired, while Milton ran to and fro fetching water in a bucket from a little pool. . . . The flames flared and leaped up from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, in the most appalling manner as they greedily licked up, with a crackle and splutter, the congenial resin of the trunks, or devoured with a flash and a fizz the inflammable leaves of the flat widespreading branches."

In a small and lonely lake in the southeastern corner of Jasper National Park the Brazeau River has its source, and tumbling down through the foothills gives its burden of snow-water to the North Saskatchewan, the mighty river which rises on the slopes of Mount Athabasca.

The North Saskatchewan describes a great arc through the province of Alberta; and on its high bank, where the prairies of the east merge into the foothills which run up into the mountains of the west, and where the vast forests of the north come down to meet the

treeless plains of the south, the city of Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, is located.

In 1795 the North-West Company established a trading-post here, and quickly built about it a fort to protect it from the too-eager Hudson's Bay Company. It proved even then to be an important point, the center from which fur-highways radiated—by canoe to the east and west, by dog-sled or pony to the north and south. Today it is a vastly important center—the gateway to the immense wealth of the north, to the timber and oil and mineral and fur region, and to the great Peace River District with its grazing lands and fertile soil.

Visitors know Edmonton as a beautiful city, a city of spacious streets and pretentious buildings. The University of Alberta, the most northerly college in America, is located on the high bank of the river; opposite it are the imposing Parliament Buildings. The Macdonald Hotel is noteworthy because of its majestic proportions and of the splendid view it commands of the valley of the Saskatchewan and a vast panorama of rolling prairies. The population of Edmonton is about sixty thousand; and the city is noted not only as an educational center but as a manufacturing and distributing point and as the greatest railroad center of the Canadian Northwest.

Calgary, with more than seventy-five thousand inhabitants, is the largest city in Alberta, and the most important industrial point between Winnipeg and Vancouver. It is called the Prairie City, but it lies, nearly

thirty-five hundred feet high, at the edge of the foothills, on a picturesque site almost encircled by the Bow and the Elbow Rivers. The buildings are of gray granite quarried nearby, and this gives them a stately, substantial appearance that does much to beautify the city. There are many lovely parks and many fine residences; it is easy to believe that Calgary is a pleasant place to live. Its leading hotel, the Palliser, is ten stories high, and from its roof a glorious view of the Rocky Mountains is to be had.

A refreshing little town lies on the direct railroad between Edmonton and Calgary. This is Didsbury, which, with its population of nine hundred, contains nine hundred boosters. But certainly there is reason for boasting of this enterprising center of a large mixed-farming community. Up-to-date stores, pretentious brick buildings, paved streets and electric lights are its pride; to these it might add the wholehearted cordiality with which it greets the stranger, and an enthusiasm and optimism that make one feel the better for having been there.

A charming city in southern Alberta is Medicine Hat, perched upon the banks of the South Saskatchewan River, in the heart of natural gas-fields. Farther west, Lethbridge, a tree-lovely city of about twenty thousand, on Old Man River, lies in the midst of valuable coal-fields. Still farther west is the historic town of Macleod, founded by the Royal North-West Mounted Police, the oldest town in southern Alberta.

About midway between Macleod and Calgary, at

High River, is the famous ranch belonging to the Prince of Wales. It is in a beautiful part of Alberta, where there are rolling prairies and winding, tree-shaded creeks.

Macleod lies at the beginning of the foothills which gradually reach up to Crow's Nest Pass, 4,449 feet high, on the British Columbia boundary. Crow's Nest Mountain, standing eternal guard over the Pass, its resplendent snow and ice summit more than nine thousand feet above sea-level, is a landmark for many miles. It resembles a giant beehive, its rocky walls striated in purple and green, snow clinging to the ledges, its foot buried in shale and dark forests. Far below it lies Crow's Nest Lake, framed in the hills.

In the extreme southwestern corner of Alberta is Waterton Lakes National Park, adjoining Glacier National Park in the United States.

One of the legends regarding the creation of the Waterton Lakes region says that an Indian brave had fallen into the hands of the Seven Devils, and been carried off to their abode. There he lost his heart to an Indian maiden being held by them; and together these two planned to escape. Before leaving, they stole three magic gifts: a stick, a stone, and a basket of water—Indian cooking-baskets were waterproof. The Seven Devils started in quick pursuit; but the Indian threw the stick upon the ground, and at once there sprang up the luxuriant forests now at Waterton Lakes. The underbrush delayed the Devils, but soon they had broken through and were again upon the fleeing pair.

The Indian threw down the stone, and great mountains sprang up to block the way. Before the Devils could compass these, the Indian emptied the water out of the basket and the Waterton Lakes appeared, filling up the valley; the basket then turned into a canoe and the lovers escaped.

The largest of the Waterton Lakes lies across the international boundary, part of it in Glacier National Park and part in Canada. Waterton River, leaving the Canadian end of the lake, lingers in the mountain valley to form a chain of exquisite lakes before it wanders northward as a river proper. These together form the Waterton Lakes. They wind down through a misty valley, with mountains lifting softly, or garish cliffs edging the water, their vivid coloring ribboned here and there with the white of waterfalls pouring down from the snow-heights above.

A wind that sweeps down the valley keeps the lakes ruffled, and silver ripples run ceaselessly across them, coming from nowhere, going nowhere. Wild-flowers crowd about the shores. Pinkish-purple heather, especially, seems to have claimed this as its particular world and selfishly crowds out other blossoms but tolerates an occasional Scotch thistle, honey-sweet with perfume. The heather and the thistle seem appropriate here, for there are stretches of the Waterton Lakes, with their softly folding hills, that are not unlike the Scottish lakes. Even the mists are here; and in the early morning, while these hover low and the sunrise colors glow above them, the lakes are exquisite. The moun-

tains, on the shadow side, are still a sleepy purple; but where the sun reaches them across the valley, they are bright gold.

Both Waterton Lakes and Jasper National Park extend upward to the Continental Divide; and about midway between these two, and also running up to the Divide, is the first Canadian National Park created. This is Rocky Mountains National Park. It includes the famous Banff and Lake Louise districts, and is sometimes called Banff Park.

In the southeastern corner of Rocky Mountains Park there is a group of lakes as lovely as any in the Rockies, but they are accessible only by pony-trail and so they are little known. These are the Kananaskis Lakes, lying high in the mountains at the headwaters of the Kananaskis River, and shut in on all sides by lofty mountain ranges.

High on the slopes of the mountains, near the Continental Divide, lies a long, winding, silver-green lake which some appreciative soul has named Marvel. Beyond Marvel Lake, it is only fitting that Wonder Pass should lead to the amazingly spectacular Mount Assiniboine, which stands on the boundary-line between Alberta and British Columbia, its snow-covered, pyramidal peak reaching into the soft blue vault overhead. The setting of Mount Assiniboine alone is superb, with lesser peaks—ten thousand or more feet high—themselves snow-draped and exquisite, crowding around to do homage to the mightier god in their midst. Adorning the cuplike valleys are glacial lakelets, lying



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

IN WATERTON LAKES NATIONAL PARK

The Indians fear this cliff because of the many faces weather-sculptured in the rock.



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

MOUNT ASSINIBOINE

This striking peak, 11,870 feet high, is called "the Matterhorn of America."

like bits of crystal indigo, in meadows abloom with red and white lilies.

"I know a lake among the hills
So deeply blue that one would fain surmise
'Twere nothing but a bit of fallen skies,
Or hollow where the summer noonday spills
Its fluent azure as it idly wills."

Rocky Mountains Park means to many but two things: Banff and Lake Louise.

The palatial Banff Springs Hotel, commanding a view of Bow Valley and the towering mountains that shut it in, set in the midst of pine forests high above the confluence of the Bow River and the Spray, has become as much a part of the Banff region as are the mountains, the river-valleys, the waterfalls and the rugged canyons. It is the Mecca of all travelers to Rocky Mountains Park, for it lies in the heart of beauty and interest. Not the least of its attractions are the enticing motor-roads which radiate from it, the luring bridle-paths that climb up through scented forests and dip down into the deep valleys, the beckoning trails that wander away from the motor-roads and the pony-paths and disclose beauty hidden from those who cling to the highways.

At the foot of the hotel, Bow River tumbles over a wide precipice in a fall that, while not very high, lacks nothing in spectacular beauty. The river leaves the foot of the cataract apparently much pleased that by this thunderous and showy fall it attracts the

attention of the visitor from the magnificence of the mountains to its own lowly loveliness. And at this point, while the Bow is still mad with delight, Spray River comes to join it, dashing and whirling and spraying its water as if it, too, would claim some of the admiration bestowed upon purple-gray mountains and foaming falls. The river then goes rollicking down the Bow Valley; and wild-flowers that crowd out of the forests are no more gay than the multicolored rocks, from pebble-size to boulder, that edge the river with a gaudy beach.

Where Bow River runs with more dignity, and the waters are quiet enough to reflect, the symmetrically lovely peaks of Mount Rundle form a pyramid above and a duplicated pyramid below. This mountain was named for a Wesleyan missionary to the Crees and the Assiniboines. He probably was the first white man to reach the Banff region, and the Crees who then were camped there were both amazed and curious. They asked their medicine-man where he came from. The conjurer built a devil-fire, danced about it with weird incantations, then told them that the little man had dropped directly down from Heaven wrapped in a piece of paper. Paper proved as great a curiosity to the Crees as did the white man himself.

Opposite the peaks of Mount Rundle, Tunnel Mountain lifts its forested slopes, beckoning to the visitor to journey up its pleasant road and enjoy the magnificent view from its summit.

Sulphur Mountain, rising above Spray River, claims

first attention in the Banff district; for it was because of the hot sulphur springs on the slopes of this mountain that the region attracted attention and was made a National Park in 1885.

The Banff Springs Hotel has its own sulphur pool, where one may bathe luxuriously; but there is greater delight in bathing at the "Cave and Basin" on the slopes of the mountain. The Cave has been formed from the cone of a quiescent geyser where the hot sulphur-water, rich also in other properties, and radioactive, still bubbles up sufficiently to form a deep pool. The Basin, nearby, is a similar hot sulphur-water pool, with the sky overhead instead of the sulphur-crystal roof of the Cave.

The Upper Hot Springs lie still higher on the slopes of Sulphur Mountain; and there are attractive indoor and outdoor pools. The water here has a higher temperature and is slightly richer in mineral properties than the pools at the Cave and Basin.

The road leaving the Cave curves round the hills to Sundance Canyon, where the silver thread of Sundance Creek drops in a series of cascades, the forested walls rising above it for nearly two hundred feet. On the brink of this canyon the Indians were wont to hold their Sun Dance.

Of the many delightful short trips that may be taken from Banff, the most scenic is to Lake Minnewanka, which retains its Indian name meaning "Devil-water." This long, winding, exquisitely lovely lake lies in a curving valley, deep between the Palliser Range

and the Fairholme. It curls softly about the foot of Mount Inglismaldie, with rugged rock walls sweeping up from the shore on one side, while on the other lies a flower-flaming meadow.

At the eastern end of Lake Minnewanka a group of fantastic rocks, known as the Hoodoos and avoided by the Indians as devils, gave rise to one of the many legends that hover about the lake. These fearsome creatures, the Crees believed, were stone only when a human being looked upon them. In the dead of night they became devils. Two Indians, with curiosity greater than fear, wished to see these evil spirits come to life; so one moonlight night they crawled through the bushes until they could get a glimpse of the demons. The venturesome Indians never were seen again; but the tribe found, instead, two fierce little lakelets, which now lie not far away, the glistening eye of each staring eternally at the stone Hoodoos.

An Assiniboine legend claims that a Fish Monster, a mile or more long, once lived in the depths of the lake; and the mountains on each side were formed from the earth he threw out of his way as he cleared a place below for his lodge. Minnewanka often is called Devil's Lake.

There is a scenic trail that skirts the shore of this lake, leads past the two fierce little lakelets, and winds on to Devil's Gap and Ghost River.

Banff and Lake Louise are connected both by railroad and by a motor-road that is famed for its scenic beauty. From Lake Louise railroad station, the motor-

road winds up through a fragrant forest of lodgepole-pines, the tall straight trunks reminiscent of their use in the days before the white man came. Above the tops of the pines the dome of Mount Temple cuts in opal tints against a sky that is a pale green behind the peak and merges to deep indigo in the great bowl overhead. Should it be early morning, the road climbs through the clouds and emerges high above them.

Across a singing brook; up a hill where wild bees swoop down to flowers that edge the highway; around a bend—and the glory of Lake Louise bursts suddenly into view.

The water is a startling green, a violent, intense green, and so unrippled that glacier and snow-wall, forests and rock-mountains, are reflected as in a mirror. At the far end rises a snow-white wall, triangle-shaped as forested slopes on both sides frame it, its apex a dazzling, lucent-blue glacier reaching into the lake, the upper slopes massed snow. Rising on each side of the lake are precipitous mountains, pine and spruce forests climbing from the water to timberline, bare and magnificent rock and snow and ice beyond. At the near end of the lake, on a sloping meadow, is the Château Lake Louise with its beautiful grounds; this is the only open space. The water reaches back about a mile and a half to the glacier, and is about a half-mile broad.

Only under a bright noonday sun is the lake wholly green; it constantly changes its color as the light varies. With the first slanting of the rays, purple begins to

creep over the surface of the water; and as the shadows intensify, the lake becomes olive, amethyst, violet, magenta, purple-blue which near the shore turns to deep indigo. As if that were not enough, fleecy cloud-masses, puffs of white and smoke-blue, hover above the lake and send their reflections down softly to the water. On a gray day the lake is an exquisite apple-green tinged with magenta near the shore. In the delicate beauty of its coloring and in the haunting loveliness of its setting, no lake can compare with this marvel of the Canadian Rockies, cupped in its mountain walls, glowing at the foot of its radiant glacier.

The ice-mass, hundreds of feet thick, that gives Lake Louise its spectacular beauty is Victoria Glacier, clinging to the base of Mount Victoria. Standing beside this wall of dazzling white and purple-blue is Mount Lefroy, more than eleven thousand feet high, its base buried in the glacier, its summit a dome of ice.

A thousand or more feet almost directly above Lake Louise are two little glacial gems known as the Lakes in the Clouds. From the brink of the higher of these, Lake Agnes, a superb panorama of lakes and mountains, of snowpeaks and glaciers, and the curving Bow Valley, is to be had. A pony-trail, leaving Château Lake Louise, dips at once into the pine-forest and climbs ever up and up, affording at almost every point a magnificent view, framed by the shaggy branches of pine or spruce or hemlock.

Mirror Lake, the lower of the two Lakes in the Clouds, lies in a bowl in the hills, shut in by forests,

so protected that no breath of air ruffles its surface of glassy, peacock-green, and trees and mountain-walls are reflected in exquisite detail.

Still higher, and almost atop the world, is Lake Agnes; yet sheer rock walls rise to stupendous heights even above this lake. Lake Agnes, too, lies green and unrippled, protected from vagrant winds by its horse-shoe walls. One end of the lake has been left open, and here the water spills over a wide rock-ledge, forming a delicate and beautiful fall appropriately named Bridal Veil. The sunrise panorama from the ledge of Bridal Veil Falls, while the sky merges from the haze-lavender of dawn to a sea of color-drenched clouds, is so enthralling that one can leave it only by the knowledge that on the downtrail a far more sublime view awaits. This is of Lake Louise, seen through the clouds that are aglow with sunrise flame. The morning-purple water has an ethereal loveliness, viewed from this height and through floating mist, that lingers only until the clouds lift and the water begins to take on its shades of green.

A delightful trail from Lake Louise leads over the Saddleback, a high ridge between two peaks, to Paradise Valley. This broad stretch of creek-meadow, lying in the shadow of Mount Temple, is so thickly carpeted with flowers that there is scarcely room for the trail to wander through, or for the gay little Paradise Creek to laugh its way down, chuckling aloud at every boulder it sprays, every rocky ledge it dodges or tumbles over. Lake Annette, in this valley, is so

sparkling-green that it might be an emerald, set in the gold of yellow flowers.

Beyond Paradise Valley is the superb Valley of the Ten Peaks, with the grandeur of rugged rock-masses, glaciers and eternal snow. A scenic motor-road connects the Valley of the Ten Peaks with Lake Louise.

These Peaks, all reaching to more than ten thousand feet in height, rise in a spectacular semi-circle, snow draping them, glaciers sprawling in their hollows and spilling down the valleys. At the base of this majestic amphitheater lies Moraine Lake, fed by the glaciers, reflecting in all their colorful detail the peaks that rise to stupendous height above the water. A pine forest runs along one shore of the lake, the trees adding their somber green to the water in ragged reflections. The Tower of Babel, a mighty mass of striated yellow and red and gray rock, occupies a commanding position at the foot of the lake.

Hidden away behind the Tower of Babel, in a little flower-scattered valley of its own, is a bit of lake called Consolation; and beyond that, and almost adjoining it, its replica is known as Desolation. Anglers are enthusiastic about these two small lakes because of their Dolly Varden, rainbow, and cut-throat trout; to lovers of scenic beauty they are exquisite little mountain gems, all the more precious for being tucked away in a hidden valley.

Wherever one may go, ever the return is to Lake Louise.

The Château Lake Louise claims attention, as one



Photo., Leonard Frank

LAKE LOUISE

Snow and glacier, forests and yellow rock, are duplicated softly in the bright-green water.

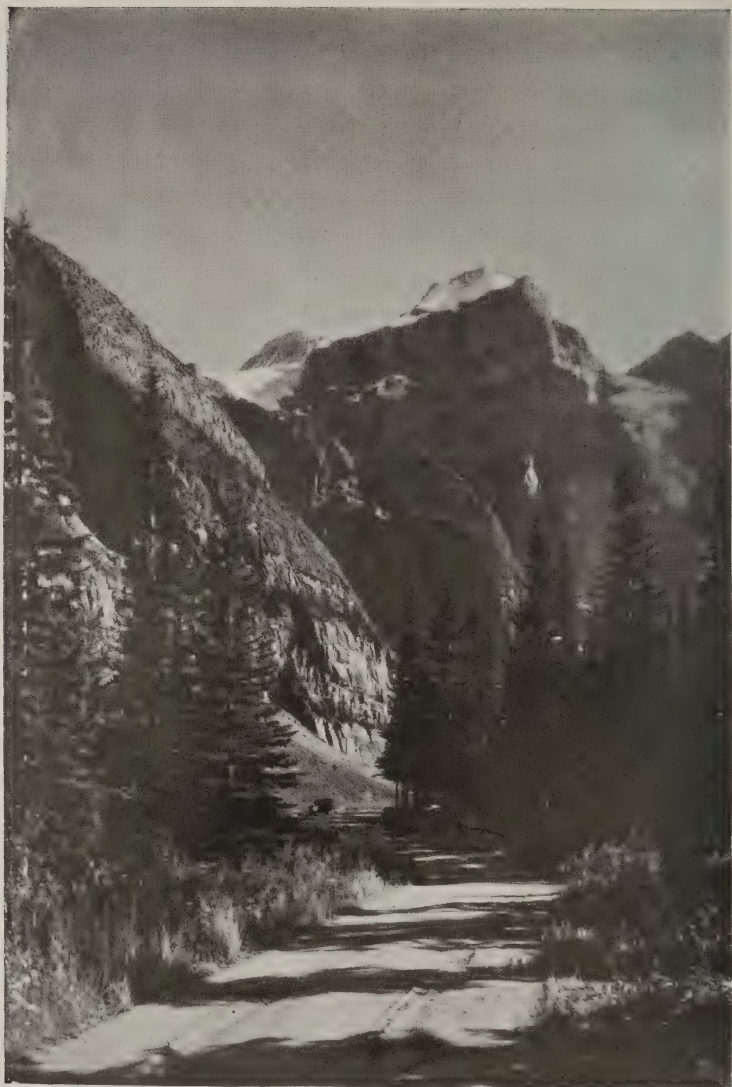


Photo., Paul Thompson

THE MOTOR-ROAD TO MORaine LAKE

The touring car is dwarfed by the stupendous uplift of the mountains.

of the famous hotels of the world. Attractive in architecture, its rooms commanding magnificent views out over the lake and the mountains, its lobby the meeting-place of all nationals, interest as well as beauty is to be found here. Spilling down the terraces between the Château and the lake are masses of poppies, white and yellow, red and deep orange; and scattered along the pine-fragrant roads are poppies. These bright blossoms have become associated with Lake Louise. They are brave little flowers, flaunting their gay petals undiscouraged, yet knowing that never can they equal in vivid beauty, in startling loveliness, the colors that come and go in Lake Louise.

The Stoneys have a legend that the colors in this lake came from a shattered rainbow. When the world was very young, they say, giants peopled the earth. A certain giant-chief who was a famous hunter was never satisfied with the number of animal-monsters killed by his arrows or caught in his snares. One day he saw the rainbow in the sky, and the more he watched it the more he believed it would make him a magic bow. Climbing the tallest tree on earth, he tore the rainbow from its place; but where he grasped it the colors melted, and in anger the giant dashed the rainbow against the nearest rocky peak. And so it fell, shattered, to the bottom of Lake Louise, and gave of its colors to the water. The gods of the elements then made another arch to hold up the sky when it rained.

A few miles west of Lake Louise is the Continental Divide, forming the boundary between Alberta and

British Columbia and at the same time between Rocky Mountains National Park and Yoho National Park. Here the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the Rockies, through the famous Kicking Horse Pass, lingering for a few delightful moments on the very summit, at the "Great Divide."

Alberta is rich in agricultural possibilities, for with widely varied altitude, soil and climatic conditions, almost anything may be grown. Yet field-crops are but one of her wealth-producing industries. Stock-raising and dairying amount to nearly a quarter of a billion dollars annually; manufactures run up to a hundred million; timber, pulpwood, furs, natural gas, oil, minerals, all give of their riches and are in enormous reserve. Coal, alone, is there in such immense deposits that one-seventh of the world's entire supply, geologists estimate, underlies this rich province; in all of southern Alberta coal is being mined extensively.

Alberta's vast areas of grazing lands that are yet unclaimed; the wealth of timber and pulpwood adjoining available water-power; the oil production, which as yet is but in its infancy—these will call to the commercially inclined. But to the visitor passing through, or to the fortunate vacationist who may linger, Alberta has an even greater wealth in scenic beauty.

Some may prefer the gay loveliness of her prairies, flower-scattered and sun-bright; others will like the rich and somber beauty of her forests; all will glory in the grandeur of her glaciers and the majesty of her snow-draped mountains. The wild animals—buffalo, bear,

caribou, elk, down to the tiny chipmunk—add their interest; and especially is the province rich in bird life, from the lordly Canada goose, the great blue heron and the eagle, through a very wide range, to the lowly bobolink and meadowlark that keep the prairies gay with song.

“The busy larke, messenger of daye,
Salueth in hire song the morwe graye;
And fyry Phebus ryseth up so brighte,
That al the orient laugheth of the lighte.”

IX. BRITISH COLUMBIA'S GRANDEUR

YOHO NATIONAL PARK
THE ROAD TO EMERALD LAKE
TAKAKKAW FALLS
THE LEGEND OF TWIN FALLS
KOOTENAY NATIONAL PARK
THE BEAUTIFUL COLUMBIA
A LEGEND OF ARROW LAKES
THE KOOTENAY COUNTRY
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
REVELSTOKE NATIONAL PARK
THE OKANAGAN COUNTRY
THOMPSON RIVER CANYONS
THE MIGHTY FRASER
CARIBOO GOLD
THE LILLIOET COUNTRY
A LEGEND OF MOUNT GARIBALDI
VANCOUVER, THE METROPOLIS
ON VANCOUVER ISLAND
LOVELY VICTORIA
LEGENDS OF THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS
THE SUPERB COAST
THE CITY OF PRINCE RUPERT
ALONG THE SKEENA
TOTEM-POLES AT KITWANGA
THE BULKLEY VALLEY
AT PRINCE GEORGE
MOUNT ROBSON PARK
THE LEGEND OF WHITEHORN
THE GREAT ATLIN DISTRICT

IX

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S GRANDEUR

"Farther than vision ranges,
Farther than eagles fly,
Stretches the land of beauty,
Arches the perfect sky,
Hemmed through the purple mists afar
By peaks that gleam like star on star."

—*Pauline Johnson*

B RITISH COLUMBIA is today proud of the epithet once hurled at her in disdain—"a sea of mountains." And well she might be. For because of those mountains no province in the Dominion can compare with her in richness of scenic beauty, in the grandeur of her high-swung valleys, in the majesty of her snow-peaks and glaciers and deep fjords. The Rocky Mountains on the eastern boundary and the Coast Range on the west would themselves form "a sea of mountains"; and between these two, other great ranges or isolated collections of peaks swing through the broad and high valley from the United States to Yukon.

About three miles west of the Great Divide, where the railroad crosses the Rockies and enters Yoho National Park, the apple-green waters of Lake Wapta attract attention by the loveliness of their unusual

color. A faint breeze that sweeps down the valley keeps the water ruffled, and under bright sunshine the lake is all pale apple-green speckled with silver. Trails wind away from the lake, leading through spruce-fragrant forests and ending always at delightful places. One of these scented paths climbs three miles to Sherbrooke Lake, which lies high in the mountains, in a rock-valley between towering peaks.

Another trail, in the opposite direction, winds upward the full length of Cataract Brook, which tumbles and foams its way down the mountain in one lacy cascade after another. High above, the little brook has its source in Lake O'Hara, and to this enchanting spot the trail leads. Even Lake Louise, with all its charm, cannot compare, in delicate loveliness, with this small body of water which lies nearly seven thousand feet above sea-level. Lodgepole-pines, spruce and other shaggy trees fringe the lake, crowding about the shore, drooping their branches over the water. Boulders and pebbles add touches of yellow and red; and between the rocks and the trees, lilies, lupines, and red and pink heather run in from the meadows to crowd down to the water, spattering the ground with color. Encircling the lake and the forest-fringe, snow-draped mountains rise sheer from two to five thousand feet, folding together, then falling away to reveal the ineffable loveliness of Mount Victoria. And beyond Mount Victoria, where the eye may not reach, Lake Louise lies at the base of Victoria Glacier.

A short distance from Lake O'Hara, along a wind-

ing trail that leads up through the forest, Ice Lake, Lake Oesa, lies frozen for eleven months of the year. Mount Yukness, towering two thousand feet directly above the little lake, shuts off the warm sun from the south, while cold north winds sweep down from Abbot's Pass. Indians avoided Lake Oesa with superstitious dread; for the wind moaning through the trees and the grinding noise of the ice as it breaks up in late July were to them the screams of departed criminals tortured by the Underwater-people.

Even more fearful to them was the crunching noise of the icebergs in Lake McArthur, which lies a few miles south of Lake O'Hara and is one of the largest and most spectacular lakes in Yoho Park. A huge glacier feeds this lake, and as it grinds its way down the rocky slope it constantly throws off cakes of ice which float about in the water. As one of these miniature icebergs strikes another, scraping against it in passing, it produces a weird moaning, almost a wail, which well might be taken for the groaning of tormented spirits. To the white man, however, Lake McArthur is wholly magnificent. Lying high above timberline, its vivid blue water flecked with ragged ice-cakes, its encircling walls of rock rising three thousand feet, splashed with snow-masses and glaciers, the sheer immenseness of the scenery is sublime.

From Lake Oesa a trail leads up, through the rugged grandeur of a world all snow and rock, to Abbot's Pass over the Bow Range. A superb panorama is to be had here—out over vast icefields and snow-covered

peaks, glacier-cut valleys, and mountain lakes lying high in rock-bowls. To the northeast, and two thousand or more feet below, a glistening sheet of emerald and purple is Lake Louise; far off to the northwest a winding ribbon of dull-silver is the Kicking Horse River, making its way through its tortuous valley.

"One of our pack-horses," wrote Sir James Hector, the discoverer of the Kicking Horse Pass, "to escape the falling timber, plunged into a stream. . . . In attempting to reach my own horse, which had strayed off while we were engaged with the one in the water, he kicked me in the chest." And from this incident the Kicking Horse River received its strange name. Curiously enough, on the face of a cliff, high above the olive-yellow water, there is an outline of a spirited horse, with its faintly discernible rider. This, the fanciful claim, is the ghost-picture of Hector and his steed, come back to haunt the pass which they discovered.

The Kicking Horse begins its erratic course in Lake Wapta. It flows along pleasantly enough through the broad valley, dropping ever downward in frothing cascades, until, with one grand leap, it dashes into the Yoho. To this point the Kicking Horse has been crystal-clear; but now it receives the color as well as the water of the glacier-fed Yoho. At times pale olive, in its deeper moments almost ocher, it rushes down through Kicking Horse Canyon, spreading itself out, as it goes, over a wide bed of rocks and mud-flats. Here the river wanders crazily, picking and choosing, and ever changing, its many channels, carv-



Photo., Byron Harmon

TAKAKKAW FALLS, YOHIO VALLEY

In a sheer drop of a thousand feet, the spray-white water is superb.



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

A ROCKY GIANT IN YOHO PARK

Under the towering bulk of Mt. Stephen, Field lies like a toy village,
with the Kicking Horse River flowing crazily by.

ing out many miniature canyons and a curious natural bridge. After it receives the water of the Ottertail it becomes less erratic but no less impetuous, as it rushes on, eventually to join the Columbia.

Clinging to the bank of the Kicking Horse River is the tourist-important town of Field; and towering high above it the immense bulk of Mount Stephen rises almost sheer for nearly a mile and a quarter, its summit far up in the clouds. High on the face of this giant peak, so high and so steep that one might believe only an eagle could compass it, are silver and lead and zinc mines in active operation. On the other side of Mount Stephen a fascinating area of fossil beds attracts many visitors, especially as it lies on a scenic mountain trail which leads from Field to Lake O'Hara by way of Dennis Pass and Duchesnay Pass.

Field is the starting-point to many snow-steeped mountains, many glacier-hung valleys, many lovely lakes, in Yoho National Park. An exquisitely scenic motor-road crosses the Kicking Horse and, clinging to the base of Mount Burgess, follows along the turbulent river almost to its natural bridge, and then turns and climbs upward through dense spruce and pine and balsam forests to Emerald Lake. Much of this forest road, extending on and on between tall straight trees, is like a green and fragrant canyon. Above and beyond the trees on both sides a rugged silhouette of ice and snow and bare gray rock lifts against the sky; while far ahead one snow-whitened peak, symmetric and lovely, adds its touch of grandeur.

"I know a mountain thrilling to the stars,
Peerless and pure, and pinnaced with snow;
Glimpsing the golden dawn o'er coral bars,
Flaunting the vanisht sunset's garnet glow."

Even in the name of Emerald Lake there is beauty. Irregular in shape and a startling green in color, this lovely mountain jewel lies in a hanging valley at the base of Mount Wapta and is all but shut in by huge masses of rock and spraddling glaciers. Dense, dark-green forests crowd down to the edge of the lake, reflecting in the cool depths shadow-forests, upside down, and extend backward up the steep mountain walls to timberline. Snow-fed streams, falling from great heights, rush down through the forests, to end in a bit of white foam that scarcely flecks the green of the lake. The changing shades of this green—ranging from a pale pearl-green, through brilliant emerald, to a dark hemlock—is one of Emerald Lake's greatest charms.

This jewel lake lies in the heart of forests. One of the trails radiating from it climbs steeply up a mountain wall to Summit Lake; then drops abruptly, ever through fragrant pine and spruce, crossing bits of frothy streams, lingering irresistibly beside the Singing Water Falls, where a mountain brook leaps down a broad rock stairway, singing cheerily as it zigzags its course from step to step. Then on and down the trail drops; until suddenly there is an opening in the forest, and far off across the Yoho Valley an im-

ment of snowfields and glaciers, and the unbelievable loveliness of Takakkaw Falls, leap into view. The trail hastens down, then, to reach the alpine meadow and the bit of wooded river-bank that lie at the foot of this stupendous fall.

Somewhere in the almost illimitable snowfields that lie between Mount Niles and Mount Balfour the little stream that ends in the glory of Takakkaw Falls has its source. Gaining in volume as it rushes on, its sheer force grinding a canyon through the massed snow and ice and rock, it comes suddenly out upon a precipice and dashes over, falling into a rock-bowl one hundred and fifty feet below. That is merely the beginning. Hesitating a moment, it then takes its tremendous leap of a thousand feet down the sheer face of the cliff. Clouds of spray and mist whirl up; the wind-blown water above is white with spray. Out of the churning foam at the foot of the great fall the water once more gathers its forces and drops five hundred feet, but more gradually, to the waiting Yoho.

The delicate loveliness of Takakkaw, as the wind tosses the falling water, changing it to dancing spray, rainbow-tinted and exquisite, seems far removed from the thunderous noise which reverberates down the valley, roaring the might of this rushing, thousand-foot fall. The contrast makes it all the more fascinating. It is superbly beautiful, lacy white against the rugged cliff; and a wholly unique feature is a broad rainbow which slants across the water, each color nearly a hundred feet high. Countless rainbows come and go

in the whirling spray, and add to the glowing beauty of the cataract which the poetic Indians could only call *Takakkaw*, "Wonderful!" Some, however, say that its name means "The-place-where-the-old-man-caught-the-big-fish."

A trail of great scenic grandeur, beginning at Takakkaw Falls, leads up beside the Yoho River to Yoho Glacier, which spreads in a cascade of milk-green ice across the head of the valley. Beyond lies the Waputik Icefield, thirty square miles of dazzling resplendence—eternal ice and snow. This trail through the upper Yoho Valley passes Laughing Falls, whose tinkling water echoes gaily down the valley; and, still higher, the spectacular Twin Falls. Here the river, dashing against a rock-slab, separates for its tumble over the precipice and meets again in the mist and spray nearly five hundred feet below.

The Shuswap name for this twin cataract was "Where-goose-feathers-fall." Long ago, the legend states, a chief and his beautiful daughter were camped in the valley nearby, and from far and near braves came to woo the maiden. This pleased the chief, for above all else he wanted a grandson. But the maiden would have none of her suitors; and when the chief raged she at last consented to wed the brave who would bring her enough white-goose feathers to make her a robe. On the plateau high above the valley, myriads of white geese had their nesting, and a dozen young braves climbed up the rock and straightway fell upon the geese, plucking them rapidly and placing the feath-

ers beside them. But the heartless maiden had secretly sought the aid of the Water Demon; and the feathers piled at the edge of the cliff went flying over the precipice, not as white-goose feathers but as feathery foam and spray which fell to the bottom and raced off down the valley in a gurgling stream. Two of the braves, still hoping for the maiden, sit there to this day, plucking the geese as fast as they can, feeding the feathery columns that are now known as the Twin Falls. In the winter, when the water columns dwindle, the white man thinks it is because there is ice above; but the Shuswap knows it is only that the fingers of the two men grow cold and so the feathers are plucked more slowly.

The Yoho Valley is reached from the town of Field by a motor-road which clings to the bank of the Kicking Horse, the river and the road shut into a deep canyon by the towering masses of Mount Burgess and Mount Field on one side and Mount Stephen on the other. Curving about the foot of Mount Field, the scenic road climbs up the Yoho Valley, following closely, for much of its course, the picturesque Yoho River. On one side is the water, lemon-yellow, racing madly; across the water, rising sheer above a narrow fringe of pines, are the red and yellow cliffs of Yoho Canyon. On the other side of the road, dense pine-forests run straight upward to timberline.

One of the most fascinating sights in the Rockies lies on this road up the Yoho Valley. It is the Yoho Rapids. The river, having cut a canyon for itself through all the many miles, here apparently goes mad

with delight that it so soon is to join the Kicking Horse. It boils and seethes and roars, it dashes frantically at upcropping boulders, it leaps back and churns and froths, all the while whirling on in a tremendous rush downward. The Yoho River at this point is magnificent.

For one with steady nerves, the Burgess Pass route between Yoho and Field will leave memories of scenes of utter grandeur and sublimity. There is only a narrow trail, and at times it leads along breath-suspending ledges, with a sheer drop of from one to three thousand feet; but it affords a panorama that is wholly unforgettable. A billowing sea of mountain ranges is spread out, extending to the far-off lavender horizon—miles of creeping glaciers, of purple-shadowed snow and scintillant ice, of hanging valleys, of emerald lakes, of forests so far below that they are but splotches of black topped by the purple and blue and amethyst of the upper world of snow and ice and rock. And when the sun touches the mountain-peaks, gilding them, the majestic grandeur of these far heights stirs one to the very depths of emotion.

The trail is a thousand feet or more above timberline, and the silence is intense; so gripping, so all-enveloping, that it becomes almost tangible. There can be no murmuring of tree-tops, no flight of small birds; only occasionally an eagle will swoop up, disturbed in its bath in a pool of melted snow, and wing its way to some aerie in a far-off rock-mass.

Before Sir James Hector discovered the Kicking



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

IN KOOTENAY NATIONAL PARK

The Vermilion River has many fine stretches which lure motorists to linger.



Courtesy, Kelowna Board of Trade

WHERE THE PORTAGE BEGINS

Bear Creek, near Kelowna, is in the heart of the Okanagan Country.

Horse Pass he crossed from Bow Valley, in 1858, through "a wide notch in the mountains" which he named Vermilion Pass. Already this route was known to the Indians, for they used it in crossing to the "paint-pots" to collect the ocher and vermilion mud from which they made war-paint much in demand by the Blackfeet and other tribes to the south, and exchangeable for tobacco. Hector dropped down the western slope and pitched his "little leather wigwam" in a flower-starred meadow near the confluence of the Vermilion and the Kootenay Rivers; and there he recorded in his diary that this route through the Rockies was "the most favorable and inexpensive to render available for wheeled conveyances."

More than a half-century passed before his suggestion was adopted; and in 1923 the Banff-Windermere Highway was opened, and almost at once leaped into fame as one of the great scenic motor-roads through the Rockies. On each side of the highway, Kootenay National Park has been created. It adjoins Rocky Mountains Park, where the highway has its beginning at Banff. Sweeping up Bow Valley to the rock-mass of Castle Mountain, the road turns and climbs to Vermilion Pass, then drops down the Vermilion River valley, dips through the spectacular Sinclair Canyon and joins the Columbia River Highway—often called the Golden Highway—to Lake Windermere.

This lake and its twin, Columbia Lake, are delightfully situated in a deep and winding valley, with the Rockies rising on one side and the Selkirks on the

other. Because of the charm of their location and their many attractions, these lakes are becoming increasingly popular as summering-places. David Thompson discovered them and named them both Kootenai. While in this neighborhood he had much trouble with thieving Indians. "We perceived a small Kettle and one of our best Horses had been stolen by a young Man," he recorded one day. "In the evening we camped, and two Indians came to us and staid all Night. Early in the Morning I sent two Men with the two Indians who guided the Men to the Tent (of the thief) but did nothing more. The Men made him give up the Horse and the Kettle—and gave him a few Kicks to disgrace him."

A trail along the east shore of Columbia Lake leads to a group of rocks containing prehistoric picture-writing. On one of these an Indian battle is shown; and Indians of today avoid the place with the utmost dread, for the spirits of those killed in the battle are still there, they say, fighting ceaselessly. Sometimes these ghost-warriors assume their human form, but usually they are mere wraiths of white floating through the tree-tops—like wisps of mist lifted from off the lake.

Columbia Lake is the beginning of the great Columbia River, which covers nearly a thousand miles, wholly erratic in its course, and always beautiful, ending at last in the Pacific, between Oregon and Washington. From its source the river travels leisurely northward through a wide and lovely valley, journeying

the full length of the Selkirks before it curves round the northernmost limit of this range and turns directly south again, skirting the western spurs of the range. When it reaches a pleasant valley it broadens into the Arrow Lakes, which wind down, between far-off mountains, for about a hundred miles.

In the long ago, when the Shuswaps camped beside the Arrow Lakes, the shores were densely timbered, and many animals roamed through the forests. And long before "the days of people," a Shuswap legend states, these two lakes were but one. Black Bear lived at the south end. At the north end Grizzly built his lodge. The one long lake was filled with fish; berries grew on the banks; and wild bees gave an abundance of honey. But the Black Bear-people and the Grizzly-people were always quarreling about the choicest fish or the ripest berries or the sweetest honey, and at last Grizzly asked North Wind to blow away Black Bear's tepees, so he might have the lake to himself; but that same day Black Bear asked Chinook to blow Grizzly's lodges away. North Wind came howling down the valley, and Chinook came roaring up, and they met in the middle, just above the water. Their breath began to blow the lake away, and when they grew tired of their battle and flew off, the middle of the lake was gone, there was only a stretch of dry land there. And to this very day the Arrow Lakes would be unconnected had not the Beaver-people come and dug the great waterpath between them so they could float

down logs from Grizzly's lake to build their lodges on Black Bear's lake.

Where formerly there were forests and wigwams and campfires, today there are beautiful orchards, homesteads and well-cultivated gardens; for the Columbia Valley has been transformed from primeval forests into pleasant ranches. Much of the wild beauty must ever remain, however. The lakes are still as broad and as blue and as lovely; the waterfalls that pour into the lakes over cliffs of rugged rock are as white and as musical; the dark-green trees fringing the shores are the same shaggy conifers the Indians knew; and, across the valley, the same mountains lift their snow-covered summits in eternal glory.

From Lower Arrow Lake the Columbia River follows a tortuous route to the international boundary, much of it shut in by mountains and wild gorges; and after it crosses into Washington it cuts its way through the Cascade Range in stupendous canyons, with walls from two to five thousand feet high, dropping down then to flow more sedately onward to the sea.

Back where the upper waters of this great river flow northward, in its valley between the Selkirks and the Rockies, the Kootenay parallels it running southward. At Columbia Lake the two rivers almost come together; but the Kootenay has yet a long journey to go. It hurries away, down through the famous Kootenay country, across into Montana and Idaho, and then it rushes back again into Canada, to broaden out into the great Kootenay Lake; and there, after all

its wearisome travelings, it sends an arm across to join the Columbia.

Charming landscapes are here, where water and woods, hills and spreading fruit-ranches delightfully mingle. In the very heart of this beauty is the city of Nelson, the metropolis of a rich mining district, an important railroad town, and a great motoring center.

A few miles from Nelson, there is an interesting settlement of Doukhobors. These are charming people. They cling to their Russian customs and Russian tongue and their Quaker beliefs, and live here in a little world all to themselves, busy with their ranching, deeply religious, and wholly contented.

The Kootenay country is rich in Indian history. No such tobacco grew as on the Kootenay plains, no such willow-bark as along their streams, and there were no such horses as the Kootenays bred. The Iroquois to the north made frequent raids. The Assiniboines to the east were on a continual scalp-hunt; for when an Assiniboine died he would have for slaves in the next world only those whose scalps he had taken in this life, and no Assiniboine wished to wander through the Hereafter without at least one slave to do his bidding. As great an annoyance to the Kootenays were the Blackfeet and Piegans to the south; for the braves of these tribes believed that the test of a young man's mettle lay in his ability as a horse-thief. Horse-stealing required courage, caution, agility, great cunning; and the Piegan or the Blackfoot who returned with the largest

number of Kootenay horses to his credit held the honors of the tribe.

The East Kootenay district, running upward to Crow's Nest Pass, is noted for its immense coal deposits—as well as for its magnificent scenery. West Kootenay, extending back to Arrow Lakes, has all the beauty of high mountains, timbered river valleys, soft blue lakes and cultivated farms and orchards.

Kootenay Lake is one of many long, winding, superbly lovely lakes that lie in southern British Columbia. Orchards and ranches and forests alternate here; and always the scenery is dominated by the silver-blue of the water.

Glacier National Park lies north of Kootenay Lake, within the "peninsula" formed by the bend of the Columbia River. This park, one of the earliest created, comprises the most magnificent stretch of the Selkirks, a wilderness of ice and snow and rugged rock, the valleys in between almost subtropical in their vegetation. The outstanding features in Glacier National Park are Mount Sir Donald and the Illecillewaet Glacier.

The violet-gray summit of Mount Sir Donald cuts sharply against the sky at 10,808 feet. Other peaks—Mount Wheeler, Mount Selwyn, Hasler—are higher; but the isolated position of Mount Sir Donald, its massive pyramidal summit, and the magnificent glaciers that cling to its cliffs and flow down toward the valleys, give it a majesty that makes it conspicuous even in this world of mighty grandeur.

South of Sir Donald lies an immense area of ice and snow known as the Illecillewaet Névé. But even the ten square miles is not enough room for this great névé, and it overflows into the valleys below. One of these overflows, a stupendous cascade of ice, 3,600 feet high, is the Illecillewaet Glacier. It reaches down from the heights in a great corrugated mass, deeply crevassed, forming an almost perpendicular wall of ice. Dark-green trees crowd against it on both sides; and at the skyline the dazzling white and blue-green of the glacier cuts sharply against clear blue.

The railway station at Glacier affords an excellent view of the great ice-mass, and even as seen from the train it is sublime; but the real majesty of the glacier can be known only by watching its changing colors throughout the day.

Illecillewaet is Indian for "swift water" and the name originated with the river which, born of the glacier, hurries westward through the Illecillewaet Valley, gathering as it goes many pearl-green streams from other glaciers, to pour the combined waters into the Columbia.

Scarcely less notable, in Glacier Park, is the Asulkan Valley. Hemmed in by towering snowpeaks and gleaming fields of ice, watered by the tempestuous brook which cataracts down from the Asulkan Glacier, this valley is a place of sheer delight. Countless waterfalls dash down from the heights, with wild and tumultuous music; forests of hemlock and fir, stately and fragrant, run up the slopes; and wherever there is a bit of soil

an alpine flower flashes vivid petals. The Asulkan Névé, high above the valley, is made weirdly spectacular by splotches of blood-red snow. When cloud-shadows pass, spreading a blanket of blue, the red snow changes to bright purple.

Asulkan is Indian for "wild goat," and these picturesque creatures still frequent the inaccessible cliffs and crags of the high reaches.

Another interesting valley in Glacier Park is that through which Cougar Creek cuts its way, forming, as it rushes underground, the unique Nakimu Caves. The little creek, racing down from Mount Cougar in one wild cascade after another, suddenly disappears, and when it emerges it has formed the Gopher Bridge series of caves. Rushing in great haste down a short rock-cut, it again disappears, this time beneath Mill Bridge—where the sound of the underground cataract is like the roar of a giant mill. Again the creek dashes madly out, races through a deep rock-gorge, sweeping beneath two natural bridges, and suddenly disappears, to form the third and largest of the series of caves.

The Nakimu Caves, formerly known as the Caves of Cheops from being partly beneath Mount Cheops, are not like other caves. There are no stalactites or stalagmites, but strange passages cut by the rushing creek, great "potholes" made by the fury of a whirlpool, weird openings, pitch-black, that lead to unknown depths where the mad rush of the water can be heard in a muffled roar. These "spirit noises" gave the caves their Indian name, *Nakimu*. Many of the



Photo., Leonard Frank

RAINBOW FALLS

Few falls are so exquisite as this lovely cataract in the forest near Harrison Lake.



Courtesy, Dept. of the Interior, Canada

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

Where the Illecillewaet and the Asulkan come together, in Glacier
National Park.

chambers are exquisitely beautiful from the calcium "flowers" which encrust their walls and ceilings. The fragile loveliness of these flowers and their delicate coloring give a fairy beauty that is in strange contrast to the demon-roar of the mad creek.

Revelstoke National Park lies west of Glacier Park, and covers about two thousand acres. This park was created to preserve the beauty of Mount Revelstoke, which stands guard over "the meeting of the waters" of the Illecillewaet and the Columbia. Forests of spruce and pine and hemlock cover the slopes of the mountain; alpine meadows are gay with wild-flowers; and quiet blue lakes lie tucked away in the woods or sparkle like sheets of glass in the open flower-meadows.

West of Revelstoke a great area of forests and ranches, wild mountain creeks and broad and lovely lakes, spreads out through the undulating valley that extends westward to the Coast Range. Shuswap Lake sprawls irregular arms up and down many minor valleys here. To the north, Lake Adams, wind-rippled and forest-fringed, lies between low mountain ridges; and far away to the south is the Okanagan country, far-famed for the beauty of its landscapes, its winding lakes, and its unsurpassed fruit.

Okanagan Lake is seventy miles long, and many neighbor-lakes lie scattered about the wide valley. Trees or very high cliffs fringe the shores, wild-flowers spill down the cliffs and run back from the water; while fruit-orchards, tier upon tier, rise in terraces from the lake, the trees clouds of pink in the spring-

time, sprinkled with red and gold and lush-purple in the fall.

While this is a great ranching country, there are many delightful summer-resorts along the lakes. Lilt-ing sails are seen on Okanagan Lake all summer long, canoes go dipping by; motor-boats chug in the shadow of the big steamers that run from end to end of the valley-lake, from the important port of Okanagan Landing on the north to the great fruit center of Penticton on the south. This steamer-ride through the winding, flower-scented valley is one that is full of delight.

In the very heart of the Okanagan country, clinging to the lake, is Kelowna, a town as lovely as its name. This is a charming spot to linger, whether because of the fishing and boating and bathing the lake affords or because of the luring motor-roads and the woodsy trails that radiate from this important and hospitable little town.

Beyond the Okanagan country the Fraser River, having been joined by the spectacular Thompson River, turns westward to the sea.

High up where the Gold Range rounds off its final peaks, the Thompson River begins serpentine windings down through a valley of canyons. From its mountain-source to its juncture with the Fraser there is a continuous panorama of waterfalls, rapids, rushing torrents and deep and rugged gorges. At the Devil's Boiling-Pot, known also as Little Hell's Gate, the waters of the impetuous Thompson appear to be in the

utmost torment, boiling and seething and raging, as if indeed, as the Indians believe, the Evil Spirit were cooking criminals down below and their agonized writhing ceaselessly disturbs the water. The grandeur of this wild river may be seen from the railroad which follows it throughout its entire mad course, this Canyon Route forming part of the famous Triangle Route.

In a lonely spot north of the Devil's Boiling-Pot the mysterious "Headless Indian" was found by Milton and Cheadle and quaintly described in their book published nearly seventy-five years ago. Starvation had almost gripped these travelers, and while they brewed their tea of moss scraped from the rocks, their guide, "the Assiniboine," searched the forest for game or fish. After a long absence he returned and, producing a marten, threw it down, saying dryly, "*J'ai trouvé rien que cela et un homme—un mort.*" Milton and Cheadle hastened at once "to look at the ominous spectacle," which at last they found at the foot of a large pine. "The corpse was in a sitting posture, with the legs crossed, and the arms clasped over the knees, bending forward over the ashes of a miserable fire of small sticks. The ghastly figure was headless. . . . Near the body were a small axe, fire-bag, large tin kettle, and two baskets made of birchbark. . . . We walked back to the camp silent and full of thought."

The headless Indian, beset by starvation, had eaten his horse. Milton and Cheadle were brought to that strait the following day when their faithful and loved companion, "Blackie," was led away where they could

not see him and shot by the Assiniboine. The journal adds quaintly that although "Milton declared it tasted of the stable, none showed any deficiency of appetite."

The Fraser, the mightiest of the British Columbia rivers, named for Simon Fraser, has its source in two remote spots in the snow region surrounding Mount Robson, at the edge of Jasper National Park. Fed by many glacial streams and by creeks of melted snow, the Fraser curves about the northernmost limit of the Cariboo Range, and races through five hundred miles of some of the wildest and most rugged scenery in the West. Deep, narrow canyons are broken by superb waterfalls or by rushing creeks that cut through in transverse canyons. Furious rapids give way to cascades or to angry water crowded between high walls.

In 1856 some one stumbled upon gold in the Cariboo Range—an immense region of mountains lying between the Thompson and the Fraser Rivers. Once the news was out, a stampede began, and the Fraser, being the most direct route, became the scene of countless tragedies. Canoes, caught in the eddies, were dashed to pieces against the cliffs; and the impenetrable forests and undergrowth above proved as unfriendly as the swirling river below.

These wild mountains of the Cariboo Range are especially beautiful. Many lonely lakes are shut in the forests. Quesnal Lake, an immense body of water spread out like a giant letter Y, sends Quesnal River dropping down a series of rock-ledges, hemmed in by forests, to the Fraser River. Farther south, the Fraser

receives the Chilcotin, with a rushing supply of water from the Coast Range on the west. Other creeks and rivers come racing down, and when the Fraser has received its greatest tributary, the Thompson, it becomes a river indeed. But even now it loses little of its wild tempestuousness. Whirling down the Fraser Canyon, it passes through the curious rock formation known as Hell's Gate, where, as an early explorer expressed it, "the Fraser goes utterly mad, and foams and rages down the narrow and falling channel."

Harrison Lake, giving its water to the Fraser, is but a broadening of the river which flows down through the lovely Lillioet country——

"Where the mountain pass is narrow; and the torrent
white and strong
Down its rocky-throated canyon sings its golden-
throated song."

West of the winding Lillioet Lake, the Coast Range rises in serrated, snow-covered peaks, and drops precipitously to the fjords on the British Columbia coast. Mount Garibaldi Provincial Park lies here, a region of snowfields and glaciers, alpine meadows and sparkling lakes. Garibaldi Lake is an exquisite stretch of sea-blue water, with conifers edging the shore and little points of trees and rocks and ferns extending into the lake. Directly above it looms Mount Garibaldi, 8,700 feet high, its upper reaches white with snow and mantled in clouds. This majestic peak was at one

time an active volcano, and a Salish legend explains how the volcano became extinct.

Sea-mother came once a year, in the moon when the geese fly south, to the Strait of Georgia; and on one of these visits Gull told her of a fiery monster who held his head up in the heavens, breathed smoke and flame, and reached long black arms (molten lava) down to snatch up the animals of the forest to devour them. When Sea-mother went herself to see this strange creature, a flock of wild geese, flying overhead, were suddenly dazed in the smoke and the fire-glow and fell into the monster's jaws. Sea-mother called Whale to drown the demon, but Whale could not throw water so high. Sea-mother told Gull and his brothers to fly overhead with their beaks full of water; but they only had their feathers smoked, and to this day many of them are gray or their wing-tips are black. Then Sea-mother called upon the Underwater-people to kill this monster who was destroying the birds and the animals. And Underwater-people tunneled through from the ocean and drowned the demon. Today only his body remains, as the great Mount Garibaldi.

The coast of British Columbia, world-famed for the magnificence of its fjords and stupendous cliffs, is utterly unique. Geographically, it is a submerged valley intersected by innumerable transverse submerged valleys. The result is a network of straits, of deep inlets, of channels and ragged bays, shut in by precipitous mountain walls. And scattered everywhere are islands—exquisite bits of rock and trees, or entire mountain-

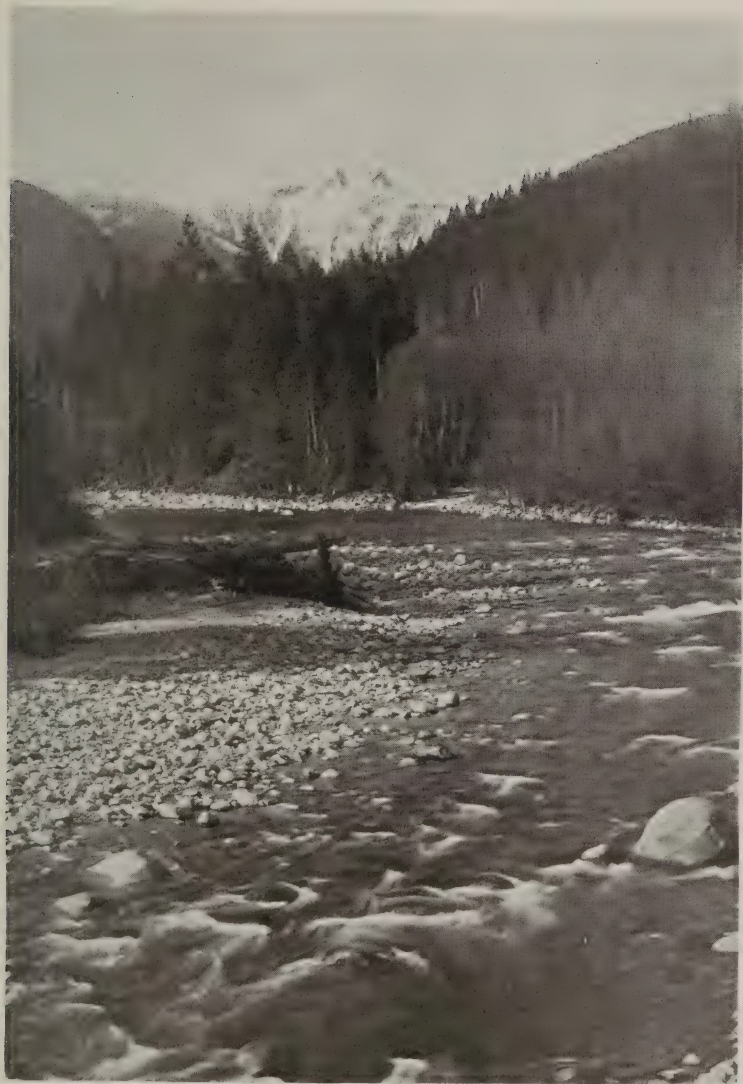


Photo., Leonard Frank

CAPILANO CANYON AND THE LIONS

In the very heart of such beauty as this lies the important city of
Vancouver.



Photo., Leonard Frank

SIWASH ROCK, VANCOUVER

Not the least of its charm is the sturdy little tree which defies both
wind and salt-sea spray.

peaks, from one to seven thousand feet high, with dense spruce and hemlock forests clothing their slopes.

Between the fringe of islands and the high, forest-green mainland, and often weaving in and out among the islands, is the famous Inside Passage, used by passenger-boats from Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver to Skagway, Alaska. Besides the grandeur of high mountains looming above immensely deep fjords, and the loveliness of wooded mountain-islands, there is a fascination in the constantly changing color of the water. There is here none of the forbidding, gloomy grandeur of the Norwegian fjords, but rather a friendliness, a richness of beauty that makes one wish to explore as well as to admire.

The southern end of the Inside Passage is the Strait of Georgia, a great arm of the Pacific that stretches between Vancouver Island and the British Columbia mainland. This strait itself has many ragged arms that run up into the coast; and curving about one of these, Burrard Inlet, is the city of Vancouver. As a great railroad terminus, a great seaport, and the metropolis of western Canada, Vancouver is a progressive and vastly important city. Lying at the edge of the sea and climbing up the hill to the foot of the mountains, it is a beautiful city.

In the very heart of Vancouver, almost, is Stanley Park, its primeval wildness unspoiled by attempts at landscape gardening. The cool depths of its great trees and jungled undergrowth carry one back to the long centuries ago when perhaps not even Indians had come

to wander through this lovely old forest. Giant tree-trunks are fallen; earth and leaf-mold have gathered above them through the centuries; and rising out of this, with the ancient tree-trunks still showing, are close-crowded monarchs of another age, spruce and fir, lifting their feathery heads high up toward the bits of blue that scarcely can be seen. Lakes lie gleaming in the midst of the forest. Fern-brakes, breast-high, crowd in beside bright-leaved maples, which flaunt their glory wherever they can catch a few flecks of sunshine.

Where the giant conifers of Stanley Park run down to meet the water of Burrard Inlet or the adjacent English Bay, there are rocky beaches, wooded points and little coves, and boulders against which the incoming tide breaks in fountains of spray. Siwash Rock is a curious formation left after the constant beat of the waves has worn through the cliff till, at high tide, this rock stands alone in the water. A small tree grows bravely from its top, undaunted by winds and waves and salt-sea air.

Siwash Rock is much loved by those who live on the British Columbia coast, because of its close association with Pauline Johnson, Canada's Indian poet. She sat here hour after hour, even many nights, it is claimed, drinking in the beauty of earth and sky and water, finding inspiration in the murmur of the wind through the spruce-boughs, communing with the rhythmic sound of the sea. She now lies buried nearby.

The strange formation of this rock was explained

by the Indians in many legends. One refers to a war brought on when a Nootka chief, from Vancouver Island, directly opposite, attempted to carry off the daughter of a Salish chief on the mainland. The Nootkas had chosen a wild, dark night for an attack by sea. But spies carried word to the Salish, and the chief and his warriors, waiting till dark, spread a barrier of fishnets across the channel where Siwash Rock now stands; then, being sure of ensnaring the Nootka canoes, they went home to their lodges. But the Salish maiden loved the young Nootka, so she hurried to the coast, and, leaning far out over the rocks, held a spruce-torch on high, that her lover and his braves might see the nets and be saved. The Nootkas never came, for the chief's canoe had been lost in the storm and he was drowned, and the others went back to their lodges. But the maiden still stands there, turned to stone through the ages and ever holding on high her spruce-torch, which has now grown branches and become a lovely tree.

There are many wildly picturesque places within a short distance of Vancouver. The most noted of these is Capilano Canyon, where the river hastens down from the nearby mountain; where

“The Dream Hills lift their summits in a sweeping,
hazy crescent,
With the Capilano Canyon at their feet.”

The walls of the gorge, steep and narrow, are densely wooded with spruce and pine; and in the far depths the

river gurgles over a boulder bed or lingers to form pools beneath beetling cliffs. Many salmon leap the rapids here.

Far up and beyond the canyon the two Lions, silhouetted against the sky, keep eternal guard over the mountains and valleys below. These strange mountain crags, shaped like crouching lions, figure in countless Indian legends. The Squamish say that, a great many hundred snows ago, two mountain lions were disputing over a rabbit which both claimed; North Wind came by and agreed to settle the dispute for them. He would cross to another peak and blow, and the first lion to be blown over must give up the rabbit. That seemed fair; so the lions crouched down face to face and the North Wind began to blow. One lion was turned almost at right-angles to the other; but still he was not blown over. And to this very day, on those far heights, nearly seven thousand feet, North Wind is still blowing and the lions are still crouching, for neither is willing to fall over, and so lose the rabbit.

Grouse Mountain, rising four thousand feet above Vancouver, has a delightful trail leading up to the summit through fragrant forests and overlooking English Bay. Other notably lovely places near Vancouver are Lynn Canyon, where falls and turbulent rapids roar through a narrow gorge; and Indian River Park, which has the varied beauty of quiet lagoons, of tumultuous mountain streams, and of water tumbling over fern-fringed precipices.

The Chinese claim that the British Columbia coast

was well known to their fishermen as early as the fifth century. They called the country Fusang. In 1580 Francis Drake sailed his *Golden Hynde* into a bay north of present San Francisco; but already his ship was freighted with treasure sacked from Peru and Mexico, and instead of continuing northward he decided to go home.

"The Golden Hynde

Undocked, her white wings hoisted; and away
Westward they swiftly glided from the shore
Where, with a wild lament, their Indian friends,
Knee-deep i' the creaming foam, all stood at gaze,
Like men that for one moment in their lives
Have seen a mighty drama cross their path."

So to Juan de Fuca, sailing under the Spanish flag, fell the honor of the discovery of this coast when, in 1592, he sailed through the strait which bears his name and touched at Vancouver Island. Other Spanish explorers followed—many of their names, Quadra, Alberni, Cordova, remain with Vancouver Island to this day; but not until two centuries after its discovery did the island come into real prominence when George Vancouver sailed entirely round it, claimed it for England, and so began the long dispute with Spain over its possession.

Stretching for nearly three hundred miles along the British Columbia coast, Vancouver Island is at once the largest, the most important and the most interesting of the archipelago that reaches from Juan de Fuca

Strait northward into Alaska. At the south end of the island is the spacious harbor where Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, curves about the inlet and climbs backward toward the hills.

With its beautiful setting and its fine garden-homes, Victoria is considered one of the loveliest cities in Canada. And there is a charm there that one finds nowhere else. It may come from the restful beauty of the sea, glimpsed always beyond a fringe of flowers or through boughs of evergreen-trees. It may be the soothing air that drifts down from the hills, sweet with wild thistle, laden with incense from pine and cedar and other conifers that climb up into the mountains. "Follow the birds to Victoria" if you would visit a beautiful, a friendly, and a wholly delightful city.

Motor-roads radiate from it in every direction, following the rugged coast or running back into the hills, affording an ever-changing and greatly varied panorama. From landscaped rose-gardens, or fruit-orchards in bloom, one is suddenly swept out onto a wide moor, pink with heather, starred here and there with the deeper magenta of fragrant Scotch thistle. A cool bit of woods is entered—English oaks growing proudly among the ever-lovely Canadian maples. And everywhere, it seems, there is a glimpse of the sea. Bays and inlets reach in, leaving delightful woodsy points; rocky bluffs crop up from the water, edged above with dark-green conifers and below with a curl of white sea-foam. Each turn of the road discloses some new



Photo., Leonard Frank

AN ISLAND LAKE

Vancouver Island has many lovely lakes cupped in its wild hills.



Courtesy, Canadian National Kys.

PYRAMID FALLS

Framed in dark forest, the bright-white water is exquisite.

view, some different loveliness. Up in the hills, the waterfalls begin; and hidden away in cool green forests there are exquisite lakes, covered with white and yellow water-lilies, the banks crowded round with ferns.

Still higher are the mountains, their snow-summits cutting sharply against a sea-blue sky, glaciers clinging in their hollows. The highest of the mountains is Victoria Peak, 7,484 feet; and one that is much loved is Mount Arrowsmith. Strathcona Park will preserve much of Vancouver Island's great scenic beauty; and even outside of the park area there are immense forests, holding in their fastnesses streams and lakes that especially lure the angler. Cowichan and Nimkish are two of the important rivers noted for their fine trout.

A motor-ride on scenic Malahat Drive discloses an unfolding panorama of sea and mountains; but only the hiker who dips into the forests, the canoeist who paddles down the streams, or the angler who camps beside the lakes, can experience the greatest charm of this lovely island.

The west coast of Vancouver Island is deeply indented with bays and inlets. Alberni Canal, Nootka Sound, and Quatsino Sound are the largest. A little wooded isle off the northeast coast is known to those who take the Inside Passage route because of the picturesque Indian village of Alert Bay. The cemetery here, still in a lonely spot between forest and sea, has many interesting totem-poles, dating back untold years when the island was all a wilderness.

Most of the totem-poles, at Alert Bay and elsewhere,

show the Great Thunderbird, common to all coast Indians. The Thunderbird is a supernatural creature who lives beyond the clouds and wears his feather-coat only when he comes to earth. Whenever he is hungry he pecks a hole in the sky and one can see the Black Beyond (storm-clouds). The flapping of his great wings as he descends produces thunder; and the flashing of his greedy eye as he sees a whale causes lightning.

Much farther north, off the British Columbia coast, are the Queen Charlotte Islands, a group of about one hundred and fifty, ranging in size from the large Graham and Moresby Islands to mere peaks of rock extending out of the water. Most of these islands are mountainous and covered with deep forests of spruce, cedar and hemlock. Waterfalls of tremendous height drop down from the mountains, a source of power already being utilized. The natural resources here are enormous. Gold, silver, copper, platinum, iron, coal, oil shale, and slate are but a few of the immense riches that lie hidden away, awaiting development; while separating the islands from the mainland is the very broad and always choppy Hecate Strait, famous for its salmon, cod, herring and halibut.

For centuries the Queen Charlotte Islands have been the home of the Haida tribe; and in strange and out-of-the-way places, deep in the forests, the ruins of a long-forgotten village will be stumbled upon, its totem-poles crumbling, its community-lodges falling to pieces. The totem-poles are genealogical tables, with occasionally a record of some heroic deed. Each clan had

its protecting spirit—a bird or an animal. The Wolf, the Raven, and the Black Bear, who is little brother to the Marten, are most often used; although even the Eagles, who are witch-people, are seen, and the Sea-Otter and the Land-Otter, who are wild-people. The Raven, like the Great Thunderbird, is common to every tribe that used totem-poles. In almost all the legends of the Haidas the Raven figures in some way.

In the long-ago, the Haidas say, Raven was snow-white. In those days the animal-people had to drink sea-water, for the only fresh water on earth was closely guarded by Raven's uncle. One day Raven flew to his uncle's lodge to steal this great gift and spread it throughout the land in rivers and lakes. By a ruse he lured his uncle out of the lodge, then quickly drank all the fresh water. But when he would escape, his uncle blocked the doorway, and Raven had to fly to the smoke-hole in the top of the lodge. There he was caught in the opening, and not until all his feathers had been smoked jet-black from the fire below could he free himself and fly off with his precious burden of water.

Raven's bill was curved during the great flood that covered all the earth, the Haidas say. He grabbed up his grandmother and flew with her to the sky. There he hung firmly by sticking his bill into the roof of the sky; but the weight of his grandmother was great, and by the time Gull flew up and told him the waters had subsided, his beak was badly curved. Still another Haida legend says Raven's crooked beak was caused

when he turned himself into a cod and was caught by a fisherman who pulled his nose off in unhooking him. Raven flopped about until he found where his nose was hidden; then he slapped it on so quickly that he got it crooked.

Boats through the Inside Passage often stop at Bella Bella, on Campbell Island, a little Indian fishing village with a group of curious totem-poles standing guard over the graves of the dead. "Bella Bella" is the name of the Indian tribe and not, as some think, a Spanish name given by the early explorers and meaning "Beautiful Beautiful"—although that is indeed descriptive of the island.

In 1833 Fort McLoughlin, a Hudson's Bay post, was opened at Bella Bella; and shortly afterward the Company's paddle-wheel steamer, the *Beaver*, the first steam-vessel on the coast, made its appearance. The natives were astounded. Canoes they well knew. Sloops, with great white sails bellowing in the wind, they could understand. But here was a ship plowing through the water with neither oars nor sails! Their first amazement turned to fear when they consulted their medicine-men, who knew all magic, and were assured that the Devil was running the boat—could they not see for themselves the smoke and sparks of fire which belched forth from the bowels of the ship, the Devil blowing his breath to make the boat go? It took days for the white men to convince them there was nothing supernatural about the *Beaver*; and then, to cover their chagrin, the Indians boasted loudly that

they could build a steamboat themselves! The Hudson's Bay men, looking for sport, laid a wager. But it was the turn of the white men to be amazed when the Indian "steamer" was launched in the inlet and went plowing through the waves at about three miles an hour.

The strange craft was built of a section of Douglas fir, a huge tree-trunk, hollowed out and painted over, with portholes painted on the sides, a smoke-stack set in, and paddle-wheels painted bright red. Indians hidden inside the log turned the paddles so they revolved rhythmically; another Indian, crouching beneath the smoke-stack, held a pan of burning leaves so that dense smoke poured forth. To outward appearances it was certainly a steamboat. The natives were jubilant; and the Hudson's Bay men sportingly paid the wager.

Almost opposite Bella Bella, a long arm of the sea runs into the mainland, past King's Island with its ragged coast, and connects with Burke Channel which extends up to the Bella Coola River. Here it was that Alexander Mackenzie, in 1793, reached the *Mer de l'Ouest* for which he so diligently had searched. He named the stream the Salmon River because of the great number of salmon he found there—a welcome treat after the many days with very little food.

Mackenzie had left Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, late in 1792, wintered at the foot of the Rockies and set off in the early spring to cross the "Shining Mountains" and find a river which would lead him to the Pacific. Indians he met could give him no informa-

tion except that somewhere to the west there was a "lake with water unfit to drink" where white men came in vessels as large as islands. Cutting his way through the Rockies, following up the Peace and then the Parsnip River, Mackenzie came to the upper waters of the Fraser, which he thus discovered.

On the turbulent Fraser Mackenzie's little party almost met its end. "We came across a cascade which broke several large holes in the bottom of the canoe, and started all the bars," the explorer wrote. "We all jumped out, and held fast to the wreck; to which fortunate resolution we owed our safety." At last they were thrown against boulders in shallow water, and "the Indians, when they saw our deplorable situation, instead of making the least effort to help us, sat down and gave vent to their tears."

Mackenzie cheered his party by a ration of rum, mended the canoe with spruce-bark, and set off down the tempestuous river. Atna Indians told him the most direct route to the coast; and so he crossed the height-of-land, descended the Salmon River, now the Bella Coola, and reached the Pacific Ocean, being the first white man to cross the continent north of Mexico.

The natives about Bella Coola were so superstitious regarding salmon that they would eat no other meat for fear the spirit of the salmon might be offended. When some articles were stolen from Mackenzie's camp, he told the Indians that the salmon came from the sea, the sea belonged to the white men, and he, being a white man, would tell the Sea-god to stop the

salmon from coming into their rivers unless the stolen articles were speedily returned. They were brought at once, and Mackenzie was "appeased" by a feast of their greatest delicacy, the inner bark of the hemlock-pine seeped in salmon-oil.

From Bella Coola a scenic trail climbs up into the hills to the east, through cedar and hemlock forests, crosses the height-of-land, and follows beside Tatla Lake, drops down the broad valley of the Chilkotin, and turns east to the Fraser. From this trail a branch leads north through an almost untraveled region of mountains and lakes, and many streams where beaver are busily at work. The trail ends at Ootsa Lake, a long, winding, irregular body of water which, like François Lake north of it, is no more than a wide, peaceful river. The country watered by Ootsa Lake was a great summer hunting and fishing ground for the Kwakiutl Indians, who lived beyond the watershed, where Gardner Canal runs deeply in from the coast.

This canal is one of the loveliest of all the great arms of the sea that lie, valleys of water, between the rugged heights of the Coast Range. It reaches out to the Inside Passage. Its entire length is cut up with creeks and coves and inlets, wooded points, rocky headlands, sprawling islands, waterfalls and rapids. Streams of clear-green water drop down from the hills, ending in the canal in a churned bit of foam. Boulders crop out, and the water swirls against them, then turns and changes its course. And there is a never-ending struggle for supremacy between the tide which comes up from

the sea and the water which rushes down from the hills. A noted writer calls Gardner Canal "one of the grandest and gloomiest fjords on this coast." He might have added that it is one of the loveliest and most interesting.

A very beautiful stretch of the Inside Passage is Grenville Channel, a narrow path of water lying between rugged Pitt Island and the mainland. On both sides the mountains rise abruptly from one to three thousand feet, forming a canyon whose walls are blue-black with evergreen forests, with here and there a wide swath of lush-green where an avalanche has cleared a path and young tree-growth has sprung up quickly in its wake; or streaks of white, like ribbon streamers, show waterfalls leaping down from tremendous heights, the foam of the water snow-white against the rich green of the trees.

Porcher Island, at the head of Grenville Channel, is immensely rich in gold, silver, copper and marble. Also it is rich in beauty, with a rim of rock where the waves wash, and deep forests running up the irregular slopes.

Almost opposite Porcher Island, to the east, the broad and picturesque mouth of the Skeena River, island-dotted and lovely, gives promise of the rich beauty for which this river is famed throughout its entire course. Immediately north of the mouth of the Skeena, the city of Prince Rupert stands on a rocky mountain-islands of its own. Prince Rupert is the largest Pacific port north of Vancouver; it is the "Gateway to Alaska"; it is an important railway terminus, where



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

WHERE WHITEHORN LIFTS ABOVE KINNEY LAKE

Few peaks in Mount Robson Park have so many Indian legends to explain them.



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

TOTEM-POLES AT KITWANGA

Having stood guard over the village for three centuries, what
enthralling tales they might tell!

train and boat meet; and it is a vastly picturesque and interesting city, running from the sea up into the hills.

A pleasant boat trip from Prince Rupert ascends the Portland Canal, with rugged, mountainous Alaska on the west bank and equally rugged British Columbia on the east. At the head of the Canal, the little towns of Stewart, in British Columbia, and Hyder, in Alaska, lie with only the river between them.

A similar boat trip ascends Portland Inlet to the picturesque mining town of Anyox, where in the early days the natives caught great quantities of candle-fish, not only for food but for the oil which, with pith for a wick, made an excellent candle. Their method of catching the fish was to drive nails through the end of a pole, sweep the pole through the water and thus impale the fish.

A railroad cuts through British Columbia about midway from east to west, from Jasper National Park to Prince Rupert. North of this railroad there is an immense area, covering nearly half of the province, that is little frequented except by the prospector and the trapper. Toward the east are the Rocky Mountains, on the west the Coast Range, and in the great high valley between these two, and paralleling them, the Cassiar Range extends northwest into Yukon. This region, long known as New Caledonia, is heavily forested with spruce, hemlock and alpine fir; and being rarely visited, it is a refuge for big game and fur-bearing animals. But the region is rich, too, in mineral deposits, and man already is finding his way in. Coal

is being mined extensively. Gold, silver, platinum, lead and other ores abound. A gold strike near Dease Lake, high in the Cassiar Mountains, brought a stampede in the spring of 1925. Much richer gold regions are undoubtedly yet to be found, somewhere in this wilderness.

High in the Cassiar Mountains four important rivers have their source. The Stikine winds in a great arc about the bluffs of this range, and turns and cuts through Alaska. The Nass, beginning farther south, drops about six thousand feet in its turbulent descent to Portland Canal. The Finlay starts northward but turns and runs south to form one of the two great branches of the Peace River. And the Skeena—there is no other river in the world just like the Skeena.

It rises in a jade lakelet and, gaining in size and impetus as it goes, dashes down from the mountains, racing through wild canyons or deep gorges. Many rivers join it, bringing always a burden of lake-water. The long, irregular, hundred-mile stretch of Babine Lake, which is the delight of fisherman, camper and canoeist, has outlet to the Skeena through Babine River. And a few miles below the Babine the broad, turbulent, pale-green Bulkley gives of its all to the Skeena.

To this point, near the town of Hazelton, the Skeena has flowed south between the mountain ridges. Now it turns westward; but to reach the sea it must cut through the entire Coast Range. This it does by winding in and out among the mountain-spurs, accepting and widening natural gorges rather than cutting through

rock and forming canyons. The result is some of the most exquisitely beautiful scenery in America, perhaps in the world. Each turn of the river, each unfolding of the hills, is like a delicate etching. There is none of the wild ruggedness, the tumultuous grandeur, of the Rockies to be found here. But long after the magnificence of icefields and glaciers is but a blurred memory, the haunting beauty of the Skeena remains, poignantly.

The hills, amethyst and lavender-gray, fold upon one another softly, running up from the water, reaching their points out so that the river, as smooth as a lake, must turn and wander round. Here and there, in the midst of the broad water, there are islands, covered with spruce and feathery willow, the shingle beaches strewn with driftwood. Where the river is more shallow, boulders lie in its bed and are showered as the water dashes against them. Smoothed by this constant beat of the river, and wet with spray, they glisten like lacquered stones, in red and yellow and bright heliotrope.

Another turn and the river is narrow and deep, swift-flowing but smooth, its glassy surface mirroring the cliffs and the leaning trees. Above moss-green rocks a fringe of poplars, wind-blown till their leaves show white, gleam like flecks of silver where they reflect in the opal-blue water. The next turn shows pinkish-gray cliffs, completely framed in dark cedars and duplicated in the water-mirror of the river.

Hills, misty, unreal, smoke-blue and green and amethyst, rise steeply from the edge of the water; and

beyond them mountains, snow-splashed, hazy, exquisitely colored, stand softly against the sky.

The railroad from Jasper National Park to Prince Rupert follows the Skeena closely in all its wanderings from Hazelton to the sea; so the extraordinary loveliness of this river may be viewed in comfort from an observation-car.

In addition to the remarkable scenery there is much of interest along the Skeena. The old Indian village of Kitwanga, with its totem-poles and curious grave-houses, may be inspected while the train waits for that purpose. These totem-poles, could one know their history from the moment of their carving and on down through the years, would be intensely interesting. One of the oldest poles, now fallen, and dating back two or three centuries, is the totem of Nehrt, a warrior whose lawlessness was matched by his cunning. His father had been a Haida chief who stole the daughter of a Tsimsian chief of the mainland and forcibly carried her off to the Queen Charlotte Islands. When Nehrt was born the Tsimsian maiden decapitated his father with a sharp seashell and fled with the child back to the mainland. But again she was carried off, and the small Indian boy was left to shift for himself. He wandered through the forests, learning his cunning from the animals, and as he grew to manhood he was looked upon as an outlaw. Finally he came to Kitwanga and built himself a stronghold on top of a cone-shaped hill—its ruins are still to be seen. He surrounded his houses on top of the mound with a double

row of tree-trunks bound together with cords of sinew and so arranged that the cutting of one cord would release the entire palisade, crushing the foe simultaneously in every direction. At the foot of the hill, to warn him of the approach of the enemy, he hid in the bushes a cordon of sinews, having tied to it at intervals dried deer-hoofs and puffin-beaks that would rattle when the taut cord was touched. The totem-pole of Nehrt shows, neatly laid side by side, the enemies he crushed with this ingenious tree-bombardment.

Farther down the Skeena River, past Kitsalas Canyon, with towering green cliffs, Indian fishing-huts perch at the edge of the water; and, if the salmon are leaping, the owner of the hut very likely will be seen casting his net. Occasionally groups of totem-poles will be glimpsed, almost hidden among the trees on a wooded point, or standing alone on a bit of beach, where the Indians of the long-ago brought their dead to be buried deep in the wilderness.

In the broad mouth of the Skeena a rarely beautiful sight is a salmon fleet, its odd-shaped boats and its flapping sails as colorful and as picturesque as a fishing fleet of Chioggia.

From Hazelton eastward the railway follows up the valley of the Bulkley River. Here the scenery becomes wilder; one gorge after another is revealed, with the mountains pressing close on both sides, occasionally opening to disclose a wild ravine with the white foam of rushing water. Bulkley Gates stand in a spectacular gorge where the river swirls between two perpendicular

sheets of rock left like buttresses against the cliffs when the water, during the centuries, beat its way through the solid rock wall that opposed its progress.

The upper Bulkley flows through a wide and undulating valley. Indigo lakes, white with cloud-reflections and water-fowl, are scattered everywhere. In places the valley spreads out to flats massed with coral-weed. Again forests will creep down to the river—spruce and pine checkered with the lighter foliage of poplar and willow; in the early fall sumac splashes the landscape with bright scarlet which

"No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms."

Unfortunately this landscape also has its tragedy; for there are immense areas where once-proud forests are now but scattered, charred trunks, the pathos of these skeleton-trees being made more poignant by the glowing vitality of fireweed, which seems to delight especially in burned-over ground.

East of Bulkley River, across a ridge of rolling hills, Babine Lake spreads through a wide, hundred-mile-long valley. A missionary visiting a Hudson's Bay post here in the early days, found an Indian sitting in front of the fort, wailing loudly. For a day and a night he had wailed without ceasing; and by the use of much tact and a present or two the missionary learned the cause of his grief. He was a good Catholic, this

Indian, the priest having worked with him faithfully, and now his sorrow was that he had died, two days before, and gone to heaven; but, alas, the gates were locked and St. Peter was away at the salmon-fishing, so the poor Indian could not get in and had to come back to life again.

East of the valley of Babine Lake is yet another long, and wholly wild valley of water, where Stuart River, flowing southeastward, broadens into Tacla Lake for about sixty miles of its course, and again into the even larger Stuart Lake. The river ends in the Nechako, one of the important tributaries of the upper Fraser.

At the bend of the Fraser, where it forms a waterway east and south, where the Nechako comes from the west, and the Parsnip almost reaches down from the north, the North-West Company established Fort George as a fur-trading post more than a hundred years ago. Today, as Prince George, its interest still centers about trappers, and prospectors, who make this thriving little town their outfitting-point for the Peace River country to the north, reaching it through long and beautiful McLeod Lake, and the Parsnip River. This northern region, watered by the Finlay River, densely timbered with spruce, fir and pine, is rich in gold and platinum, and abounds in moose, black bear and other big-game and fur-bearing animals.

East of the town of Prince George, the picturesque valley of the upper Fraser, with a restless river and wild gorges, leads to the very foot of the highest peak

in the Canadian Rockies—snow-white Mount Robson.

To preserve the grandeur of this monarch, the British Columbia Government has created Mount Robson Park, adjoining Jasper National Park in Alberta, and including not only this great Mount Robson, 12,972 feet high, but the surrounding region of mountains and snowpeaks and glaciers.

Mount Robson is truly sublime. The beautiful symmetry of its peak, and its massive sides eternally white, give it a grandeur that is at once inspiring, uplifting, and strangely depressing. But greater than the awe one feels at its stupendous bulk is the fascination, the glory of it. Clouds float about the summit, at rare intervals rolling downward to disclose the glistening mass of ice that is its ultimate peak. Glaciers cling to the white shoulders between rock-pinnacles swept bare of snow.

Tumbling Glacier flows down in an immense cascade of frosted, lucent-blue ice, two miles broad and criss-crossed with deep crevasses, its foot reaching into the waters of Berg Lake. Huge cakes of ice fall off the glacier, with a resounding boom heard far down the valley, and float about, miniature icebergs, frost-white and green and blue, in the indigo lake. With a background of rock and glacier and superb snow-mountain, and a foreground of trees and flowers and lush-green grass, few lakes are more lovely than Berg Lake, flanking Mount Robson. A small creek, tumbling out of the lake, finds its way eventually to the Fraser River.

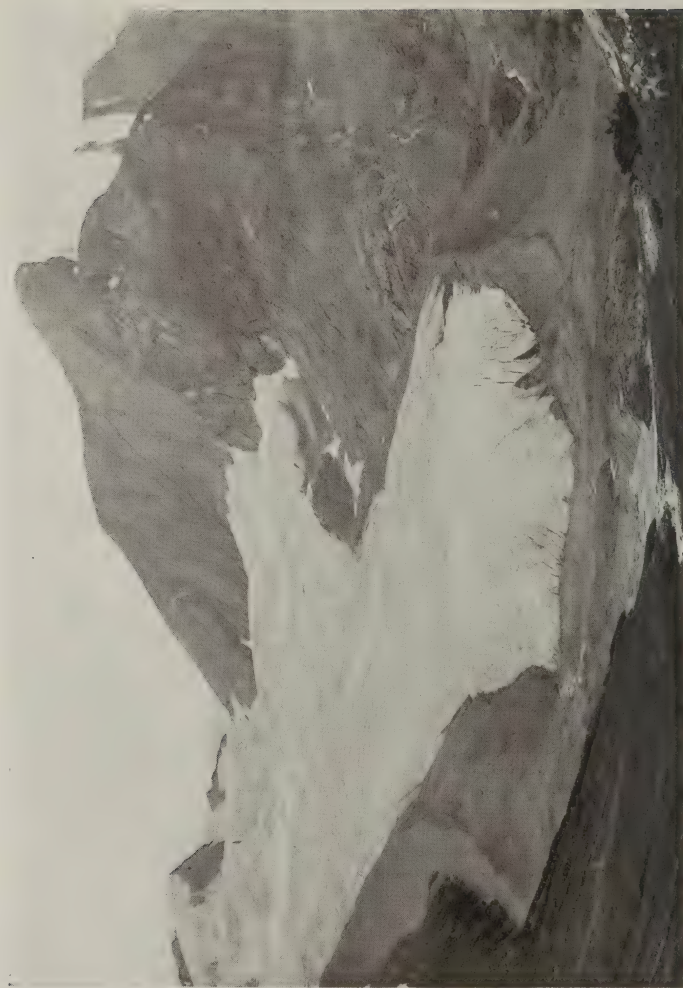
A trail leads up to this world of grandeur, passing



Courtesy, Canadian National Rys.

MAJESTIC MOUNT ROBSON

The snow-white mountain, shadowed in purple and gold and blue,
rises in eternal loveliness.



Courtesy, Edmonton Board of Trade

ATOP O' THE WORLD

Pipestone Creek has its source in this glacier in Mount Robson Park.

through the Valley of a Thousand Falls, where the water from the snowy heights comes pouring down over every possible ridge and nook and precipice, falling in beautiful and often stupendous cataracts. Emperor Falls is one of the loveliest, with a drop of nearly one hundred and fifty feet into a basin of amethyst rock.

A strangely beautiful peak in Mount Robson Park has the appropriate name of Whitehorn; for, unlike its sharp-pointed twin peak, it is perpetually white with snow and resplendent with hanging glaciers. Kinney Lake, lying at the foot of Whitehorn and shut in among the peaks like a glassy sea, shows superb reflections in its dark-blue water.

In the long-ago Whitehorn and its twin peak were not there, an Indian legend states. The land was all level forest, and in its midst lived a Witch-woman who was always hungry, for she herself had been bewitched so that she could never kill an animal. An Indian girl who wished to be the most beautiful maiden in the world made a bargain with the Witch-woman that, in exchange for unearthly beauty, she would keep the Witch supplied with food. The maiden became ravishingly beautiful and suitors hastened from far and wide to woo her. Each was told that to win her he must be a mighty hunter, he must kill many animals, and leave them at a certain place in the forest. And when a brave had killed piles of deer and bear and other food-creatures, the maiden would say it was not enough, he must kill more, and yet more—for the

Witch-woman's appetite was tremendous. At last there were only two suitors left, and each was trying to outdo the other in the number of animals he slaughtered.

But the Great Spirit had been watching, and he was much displeased that his creatures were being killed for a foolish girl. He turned the braves into Whitehorn and its twin peak, that they might eternally watch the animals roaming through the forests. The vain maiden was then changed to Kinney Lake, to lie humbly at the feet of her suitors and to see them always, whether she looked upward, or downward at their reflection. The Witch-woman died of starvation.

The snow-draped Mount Resplendent, 11,173 feet high, in Mount Robson Park, adds the grandeur of opalescent colorings, dazzling in the sunshine, to a region filled with splendor. To the south there is a vast area of snow and ice, as yet little known, lying cradled between peaks of bare red rock, with one glacier after another flowing down from immense névés.

Some of the grandest scenery in British Columbia lies in the far northwest corner of the province, in the Atlin District, where the glaciers are so enormous that they spill over into Alaska. The mountains of the Coast Range rise here to superb heights, outreaching the Canadian Rockies by two to three thousand feet. Glaciers sprawl over their summits, curl in their hollows, and reach down to the indigo-blue lakes that wind through the valleys. Icebergs, constantly breaking off the glaciers in masses weighing many tons, float about

the lakes, almost submerged, their shades of green and violent-blue exquisite against the blue of the water.

Atlin Lake, ninety miles long, is but one of the magnificent deep-blue lakes in this region of grandeur on a large scale, where the water is shut in between rugged mountains eternally covered with snow and ice. At the head of Atlin Lake, past Goat Island and the smaller Copper Island, Llewellyn Glacier falls sublimely down from the heights, its upper reaches extending on and on until their blue shadows merge with the blue of the sky. The glacier ends on the Alaska side, spilling down there to fall into the sea, sending off icebergs with great resounding booms.

"Such snow-light, such sea-light confounded
With thunders that smite like a doom!
Such grandeur! Such glory! Such gloom!
Hear that boom! Hear that deep distant boom
Of an avalanche hurled
Down this unfinished world!"

X. GOLDEN YUKON

THE KLONDIKE STAMPEDE
THE ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE
BEAUTIFUL LAKE BENNETT
MILES CANYON AND WHITEHORSE RAPIDS
AT WHITEHORSE
KLUANE LAKE AND THE ST. ELIAS RANGE
THE TESLIN LAKE DISTRICT
THE CHARM OF QUIET LAKE
FIVE FINGER RAPIDS
FORT SELKIRK AND THE PELLY RIVER
A LEGEND OF WHITE RIVER
VALLEYS OF GOLD
DAWSON, THE CAPITAL
AT FORTYMILE
THE GREAT NORTH
AN ESKIMO LEGEND
"THE SPELL OF THE YUKON"

X

GOLDEN YUKON

"Now lucent splendors, amethyst and gold
And clearest emerald, flood the western sky,
Though all day long dark clouds were heaped on high
And angry winds went racing, icy-cold;
But, calm has come with sunset, and behold
Where late the pageantry of storm went by,
What dream-bright majesties of color lie
Across the solemn depths of space unrolled."

—*Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald*

FOR all time the word *Yukon* will be inseparably connected with gold. It is a word to stir the blood, to conjure up tales of romance and adventure, of high courage, of tragedy, of unparalleled heroism, and of the rainbow of hopes and the pot of gold that to many thousands proved more than a fairy fancy.

In shape Yukon is not unlike the body of a wing-chair in profile; the back adjoins Alaska in a long, straight line, the bottom rests upon British Columbia. The Rocky Mountains, becoming gradually lower until they are mere hills, form its irregular eastern boundary and, at the same time, the watershed between the great Mackenzie Basin leading to the Arctic Ocean and the Yukon Valley reaching through Alaska to Bering Sea. The narrow strip forming the top of the chair edges

upon the Arctic, the "Frozen Sea." The mighty Yukon River, rising in British Columbia, cuts diagonally through the heart of Yukon and crosses into Alaska midway of the chair-back. And about this river, and its important tributaries, the interest in Yukon centers.

As far back as 1840 trappers from the Hudson's Bay Company had pushed across from the Mackenzie Basin and discovered the headwaters of the Yukon River. It proved such excellent trapping-grounds that little news of the region leaked through to the outside world; and not until about 1875 did the first prospectors begin to come in. They were followed by others, and the town of Fortymile sprang up where the Fortymile Creek empties into the Yukon—about forty miles, by river, from the Alaskan boundary. Gold had been found in this creek and in many creeks nearby; and the little town of Fortymile became the mining center where treasure-seekers coming into the Yukon territory exchanged their money—provided it was still with them—for prospecting outfits; and coming again later, with their gold-dust and nuggets, exchanged these for a hilarious night or two in the gambling-houses and the dance-halls.

Sixty miles or so southeast of Fortymile, the Klondike River empties into the Yukon; a few miles higher, the Indian River; and between these two, which run roughly parallel, there is a ridge of hills.

The call of adventure had sounded across the continent, and Robert Henderson had heard it in Nova Scotia, and answered. He was prospecting on Indian

River, in August, 1896, and finding just enough gold to make him believe that somewhere in that ridge would be a creek containing a bonanza. He climbed to the top of the ridge and prospected down the other side. Gold Bottom Creek, so named by him, was even more promising than Indian River, but he felt that not yet had the greatest treasure been found. The nearest white man was George M'Carmack, a "squaw-man" with a brood of little brown children. Henderson hunted him up; told him of his find; and proposed that Carmack prospect some of the creeks while he searched the others. Whichever should find the bonanza was at once to notify the other one, so that they might stake the richest claims before the mob came in.

Carmack left his salmon-fishing and set out to prospect for gold; and on a tributary of the Klondike River, later named Bonanza Creek, he found the treasure that was to turn thousands of men and women gold-mad for two exciting, adventure-crowded years. The squaw-man immediately staked his claim and rushed with all haste the sixty miles northward to Fortymile to record it. That let out the news, and from all of the Fortymile region and the Alaska fields beyond, prospectors, storekeepers and whatnot raced to Bonanza to stake claims; and back, running neck and neck, to Fortymile to record them. Thus all the richest part of the find was taken up, and thousands were feverishly disputing over the claims, while Henderson, still patiently prospecting the creeks beyond, knew nothing of the bonanza; for the squaw-man had not kept faith.

From all over Alaska miners swarmed to the Klondike region; and one astute New York farmer, who happened to be on hand, saw where money could come pouring in to him with very little effort. This was Joseph Ladue. He secured from the Government a large tract of river-bottom land, edging upon the Yukon at the mouth of the Klondike, laid out the city of Dawson, and sold lots for as much as five thousand dollars each. As if by magic, saloons and dance-halls sprang up, log and moss cabins stretched up and down the straight streets. Dawson was ready to become one of the wildest and most lawless frontier stampede towns on record, when an incredible thing happened. Criminals hastened down the river to American territory; gambling-houses changed their tactics and became orderly and peaceable; dance-halls were respectable; the citizens found themselves in a quiet, law-abiding town—a town growing by strides and bounds, as new adventurers poured in, but ever obeying the law. This seeming miracle in a stampede town, where crime is considered inevitable, was wrought by the arrival of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. Only a few police were needed, for one or two men of that world-famous organization could control an entire mob of the roughest element—because of the thing their uniform stood for.

The outside world did not begin the stampede into the Klondike until nearly a year after the squaw-man made his discovery and failed to keep faith with the one who had shown him the way to the gold. The

clerks who threw down their pens, the plowmen who left their fields, the teachers who deserted their classes, the shopkeepers who barred their doors, all gold-mad, if they survived the trip from Seattle or Vancouver in the impossible craft that were hauled from the scrap-heap and pressed into service, found their first pause in Skagway, where "Soapy" Smith and his cut-throat band terrorized the land. If they escaped the clutches of this Arizona outlaw and made their difficult way to White Pass where, on reaching British territory, they were under the protection of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, they found ahead of them a wilderness impassable except for the most hardy; for winter had set in, and winter in that desolate land, with the thermometer hovering around sixty below zero, with snow falling as much as six feet a day, with blizzards constantly raging, proved to those "Cheechakos" a grueling case of the survival of only the very fittest.

"Never was seen such an army, pitiful, futile, unfit;
Never was seen such a spirit, manifold courage and
grit;
Never has been such a cohort under one banner enrolled,
As surged to the ragged-edged Arctic, urged by
the arch-temptress Gold."

The high courage and the heroism of the Royal North-West Mounted Police in those bitter days never sufficiently has been sung. Much of it is unknown; for

to the police themselves the most heroic deeds were regarded as merely part of the routine—passing incidents in their daily duties. A detachment of the police was stationed on both Chilkoot Pass and White Pass, the main gateways through which the gold-mad adventurers attempted, in the dead of winter, to reach the Klondike's Eldorado; and hundreds of those who survived owed their lives directly to the Royal North-West Mounted Police.

There were countless heroic and self-sacrificing deeds among the gold-seekers, as well, as they halted in their own eager haste to help the fallen stranger but comrade-of-the-trail, or to share their scanty provisions with those whose all had been lost in the merciless rapids. Today one cannot pass over the Trail of '98 without sensing something of the tragedies, something of the high courage, the optimism, the faith, that led the treasure-seekers on, and of their heroism that glittered far more brightly than did the gold for which they sought.

A railroad now climbs from Skagway up to White Pass, cuts through a narrow stretch of British Columbia, enters Yukon, and winds northward to Whitehorse, connecting there with the steamer on the Yukon River. This trip, made so comfortable today, is famous for the magnificence of its scenery, for its superb panorama of glaciers and snowcapped mountains, of broad valleys with rushing rivers, and of long, violet-blue lakes.

Lake Bennett, which the railway closely skirts, lies

across the boundary, partly in British Columbia and partly in Yukon. For all its tragic history of '97-'98, Lake Bennett is strikingly lovely. The water, so blue it is almost violet, winds through a valley shut in by purple mountains. These softly rounded hills sweep up from the lake in timbered slopes or rose-purple cliffs; and the water, sparkling and smiling, gives no evidence of the tragic relics it is holding in the lava-ash of its floor; for here many adventurers lost their all, including who can say what hopes and dreams. But no one could suspect the lake of cruelty; for it is all beauty, set in the rose and pink and purple of its mountains.

At the lower end of Lake Bennett—named for James Gordon Bennett when the lake was believed to be in American territory—the town of Carcross marks the old Caribou Crossing. Here the steamer-route through Taku Arm begins, passing through some of the most magnificent scenery in the world, a region of utter grandeur, where the landscape is a changing panorama of glaciers, ice-lakes, stupendous mountains and hanging snow-valleys.

The water which leaves Lake Bennett, while it is called by various names locally, is in reality one of the two great forks of the Yukon River. Here the river takes the form of a chain of winding lakes. Marsh Lake and the creeks flowing into it are a favorite breeding-ground for water-fowl, and countless numbers of them may be seen. Beaver, too, are partial to the streams that run into Marsh Lake, for the creeks are fringed with young poplars that are easy to store below-

water and make delectable food for frozen winter days.

The stretch of the Yukon leaving Marsh Lake, and known locally as the Fiftymile River, races through Miles Canyon over rapids that knew many tragedies during the gold rush, rapids that took more than their toll of human life and human hopes. Emerging from Miles Canyon Rapids the river enters upon Squaw Rapids, which are scarcely less turbulent. And leaving these it dashes madly over the famous Whitehorse Rapids, where a motley collection of craft went to destruction in the daring days of '98. Then, its emotion spent, it settles into a stretch of calm water; and from this point to the Bering Sea, two thousand miles or so, the Yukon is navigable by large steamers.

A short distance below the Whitehorse Rapids, on the banks of the Yukon—or the Fiftymile River—is the pleasant little town of Whitehorse, situated in the midst of rich copper-fields. Whitehorse is important as the terminus of the railroad from Skagway, and the beginning of the steamship route down the great Yukon, the next stopping-point of importance being Dawson, the capital of Yukon, about four hundred and sixty miles from Whitehorse. When the river is frozen over and boats are stored away till spring breaks up the ice, horse-drawn sleighs—elsewhere there are dog-sleds and reindeer-sleighs—skim over a famous Winter Trail which takes a short-cut, making a beeline between Whitehorse and Dawson.

An interesting wagon-road from Whitehorse runs westward to Kluane Lake, the largest lake wholly in

Yukon and one of the most magnificently beautiful in the great Northwest. For nearly a hundred miles it stretches through a valley, mountains edging it closely on both sides, roaring waterfalls tumbling down from the heights. Green and blue and red cliffs, deeply corrugated, rise from the water; spruce forests grow thickly above and spread down the cliffs; valleys open out and run back; islands, timbered and lofty, lift above the lake. Beyond Kluane's western shore, and adding to the grandeur of the lake's setting, are the snow and ice summits of the St. Elias Range, containing the highest peaks in Canada. Mount Logan, 19,850 feet, is the highest in North America, except Mount McKinley, in Alaska.

In this St. Elias Range, in the southwest corner of Yukon, there are many majestic peaks, eternally white with snow and glaciers. An immense icefield reaches back across the Alaska boundary. The lower slopes of these mountains, however, are densely timbered, and this is the favorite region of all for big game.

Below Whitehorse the Yukon River winds tortuously down to Lake Lebarge, which extends for about thirty miles in the river's course. Rising on one side of the lake are wooded hills and huge and rugged iron-red cliffs, with wild-flowers spilling up and down the cliffs and crowding through the forests of spruce, poplar and birch. On the other shore, edging the blue of the lake, there are mountains of limestone, bare and weirdly white.

The lower end of this lake, where the valley again

narrows to river-width, is famed as the site of the cremation of the shivering man from Tennessee:

"The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee."

As the river leaves Lake Lebarge and goes racing in a tortuous and tumultuous course down through a valley shut in by mountains, fragrant with flowers, it is known locally as the Thirtymile River. At the mouth of the Teslin, or Hootalinqua, River the Yukon gains enormously in volume from this great stream draining the lakes and rivulets that feed Teslin Lake.

This long, winding, beautiful Teslin Lake lies in a wild country reaching across the border between Yukon and British Columbia. It is about a hundred miles long, and was one of the highways, but a bitter one, into the Klondike. It lies in a vast wilderness of grass-grown hills, rocky precipices, and heavily timbered valleys, the haunt of big-game and fur-bearing animals. Grizzly and brown bear, mountain sheep, occasional mountain goats, moose, caribou and lynx, wander here almost undisturbed. Beaver, muskrats and otter, mink, ermine, marten, foxes, and many other creatures are plentiful in these unfrequented wilds.

Below the mouth of the Teslin the Yukon receives the water of Big Salmon River coming down from Quiet Lake. Gold was discovered on this stream by the first prospectors who came into the Yukon coun-

try; but the "diggings" here did not become so famous as those at Cassiar Bar, just below the mouth of the Teslin.

Quiet Lake was described by an old-timer as "the prettiest piece of water that I have seen in the Yukon district." It is about twenty miles long. Sheltered by mountains that rise steeply from the lake, the water reflects in clearest detail the birch and poplar and spruce forests that crowd up its mountain walls; and in the early autumn, when the massed birch and poplar are vivid yellow, the reflection reaches down into the water like molten gold.

Animals add a wild beauty to this quiet lake. Moose, especially, haunt the lake and the valleys that open away from it. A bear comes to the river that leaves the lake, slaps a quick paw in where the water ripples over rocks, pounces upon a salmon, and feasts greedily. Muskrats, when they feel the tang of autumn in the air, feverishly collect the falling poplar leaves and carry them out upon the first thin layer of ice that spreads over the lake. This forms a blanket to keep the ice beneath from freezing too thickly. Over this blanket the muskrats then build an igloo of leaves cemented with mud, sealing themselves inside. Their winter house thus completed, they gnaw a hole through the leaf-blanket and thin ice, so that through the long cold season they may swim in the lake at pleasure or crawl out and rest on the leafy ledge that surrounds the hole. Beaver, too, are busy at work here. In the summer months countless birds linger in the quiet valley, water-

fowl screaming across the lake, songsters enlivening the forests, while circling above them all, or resting on a high rocky crag, there often will be one lone eagle.

“He clasps the crags with crooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands
Ring’d with the azure world he stands.”

Quiet Lake formed part of the Teslin Lake highway to the Klondike, the treasure-seekers reaching the Yukon through Big Salmon River. Beyond this great salmon stream, Little Salmon River rushes down to the Yukon from lakes lying high in the Glenlyon Mountains.

A trading-post will be found at the mouth of all the important tributaries from the interior; and to these posts trappers come to bring their pelts and get supplies. At the town of Carmack—named for the man who discovered gold on Bonanza Creek—the Winter Trail, taking a shortcut from Whitehorse, touches the Yukon and follows it to Fort Selkirk, crossing the river, on an ice-trail, at Yukon Crossing, and continuing in a direct line to Dawson.

The stretch of the Yukon between Carmack and Fort Selkirk is wild and rugged. The Dawson Range crops up on one side, the Glenlyon Mountains on the other, both crowding closely to the banks, the trees which cling to their steep slopes giving place, here and there, to richly colored cliffs. At Five Finger Rapids, giant masses of rock, topped with trees, rise in mid-

stream, dividing the river into channels so narrow that the steamer scarcely can pass through. The river itself wages a ceaseless battle against these rocks, and in fury at being so confined it churns and rages madly over a series of ledges, forming rapids that only a skilled pilot can safely compass. Rink Rapids are a few miles below Five Finger, but the intervening stretch is so turbulent that it is difficult to say where one ends and the other begins.

The Yukon's greatest tributary outside of Alaska is the Pelly River; and opposite the mouth of this stream the town of Fort Selkirk is located. To this point the Yukon is commonly known as the Lewes River, taking the name of Yukon only after its confluence with the Pelly.

Fort Selkirk dates back to 1843 when Robert Campbell, of the Hudson's Bay Company, crossed from the Mackenzie Basin and reached the confluence of the Pelly and the Yukon. He saw at once the advantages of this site, with its many water-routes; but red-tape unwound slowly in those days, and four years passed before Campbell was permitted to establish a trading-post there and build a fort. His fort proved to be a frail affair; and in 1852 Chilkat and Chilkoot Indians from the coast descended upon it, determined to drive white men away from their own trading-ground with the Tagish, or "Stick," Indians who lived in the woods. They so wrecked and looted the post that the Hudson's Bay Company deserted it.

Fort Selkirk today is an important trading center;

for not only is it on the Yukon highway, but it has wagon-road connection with all the great southwest corner, rich in furs, gold, copper, coal, and other minerals; and river connection, through the Pelly and the Macmillan, with a vast stretch of eastern Yukon reaching up to the Rocky Mountains watershed.

The Pelly River rises at the eastern edge of Yukon on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, in two widely separated branches, one of these being the Macmillan River, which joins the Pelly about seventy-five miles east of the Yukon. Both the Pelly and the Macmillan flow through a wild region that is almost unknown except to trappers; and there are many parts that even trappers have not penetrated. The mountain peaks, in this stretch of the Rockies, are perpetually snow-white, and resemble gigantic sand-dunes—sharp ridges, with drifted sides, or tops softly rounded, as if wind-blown. Most of these peaks tower directly above a lake fed by melted snow; and the lakes, deep indigo from the snow-water, are so sheltered that they reflect, as in a mirror, the corrugated and richly colored rock wall of the mountain above them and the snow-mantle that spreads over its summit and reaches down to cling to the ledges.

One of the loveliest of these lakes, hidden away in the high Rockies, is Lake Sheldon, which lies near the head of Ross River—a tributary of the upper Pelly. Mount Sheldon rises more than three thousand feet directly above the lake, in a mass of rose-colored rock draped in lavender-blue snow. But a wind blows across

Lake Sheldon, and wide ripples run ceaselessly from shore to shore. The mountain reflection is thus rendered in futuristic curves, which are never still; and the Indians say a Water Demon lives below, and the shadow-mountain is ceaselessly endeavoring to escape from his clutches.

Much of the country through which the Pelly River flows is made more rugged by the uplift of the Pelly Mountains and, lower in its course, the Glenlyon Mountains, with flat, mesa-like tops and neatly rounded domes. These mountains are largely of multicolored granite, their lower slopes densely timbered, the upper reaches often white with snow.

The Macmillan River flows for long stretches through a valley so deep and narrow it is no more than a mountain-gorge; again the river winds through a wide, swampy valley, tying itself almost into bowknots as it forms circle after circle in weaving from side to side. The marshes here attract the migrating birds. Myriads of water-fowl are seen about the swamps or upon the lakelets that lie where the marsh gives way to meadows. After the Macmillan joins the Pelly, the broadened river flows tortuously down to the Yukon, its banks rising in wooded terraces which in the far distance reach up to the dignity of mountains. The Macmillan Mountains reach back in an imposing range, dropping down, beyond, to the valley of the Stewart River.

From Fort Selkirk the Winter Trail overland goes

in a straight line to Dawson, while the Yukon describes a great arc before it reaches the capital. The north bank of the river, after it leaves the mouth of the Pelly, is for many miles a spectacular wall of lava; the south bank rises in terraced mountains.

White River, coming up from the south, is an important tributary of the Yukon. Copper and gold mines and immense coal deposits are scattered about its headwaters, both in Yukon and in Alaska.

The Tagish Indians say that the milky color of this river was caused long ago when Raven had a quarrel with his grandmother. Raven in those days was snow-white. When he and his grandmother came to this stream she told him to carry her across on his strong wings. This he had done at other rivers, but here he saw his reflection and thought himself much too beautiful to carry an old woman on his back. In fury his grandmother grabbed him and dashed him into the water, and there she held him till all the pretty white had washed off his feathers, leaving him jet-black. The river was so much pleased with this white that it has kept it ever since.

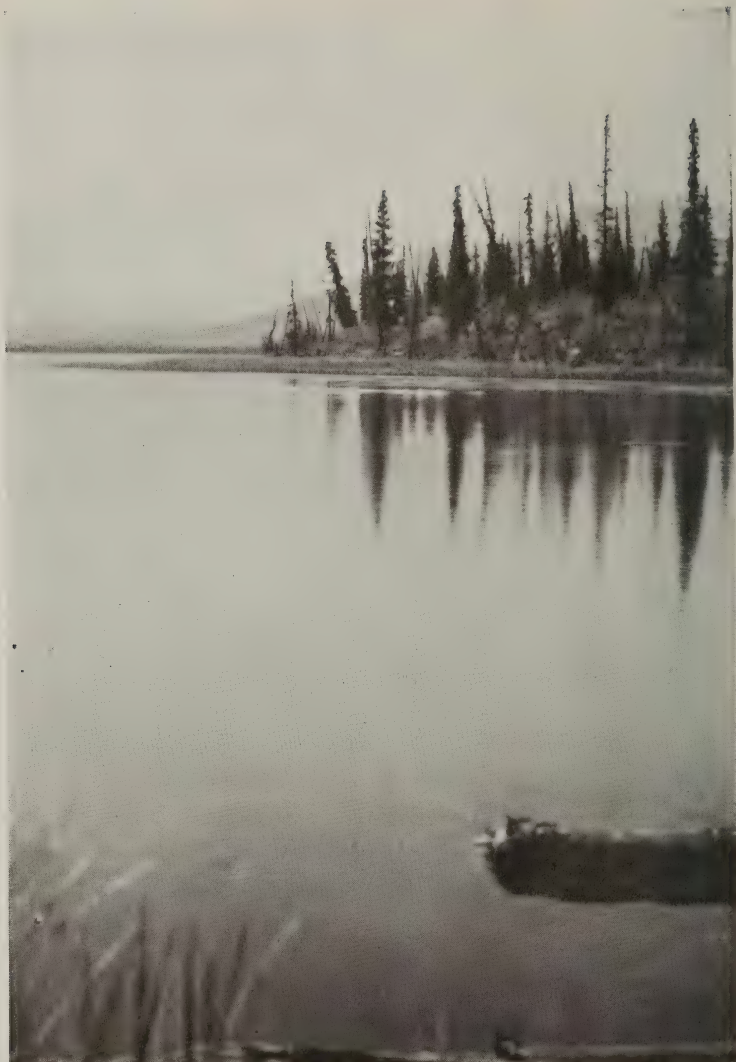
The Stewart, joining the Yukon on the east just below the White River on the west, is one of the great gold rivers, the creeks of this region having been giving of their riches for nearly fifty years. As far back as 1885, it is claimed, men were averaging a hundred dollars a day in the gold output here during the summer months, with only the crudest methods of operation. The famous Mayo Mining District, with a



Courtesy, Dept. of the Interior, Canada

THE FAMOUS WHITEHORSE RAPIDS

Where many outfits and many hopes were lost during the Klondike rush.



Courtesy, Dept. of the Interior, Canada

A YUKON LAKE

Many quiet lakes lie in the sheltered valleys of the White River district.

fabulous production of silver-lead, is located near the headwaters of the Stewart's chief tributary, the McQuesten.

The little town of Ogilvie is perched upon the bank of the Yukon opposite the mouth of the Sixtymile River, a stream noted for its gold-lined creeks shut in by wild hills. A few miles farther down the Yukon, the Indian River flows in from the east through a region vastly rich in gold; and north of it, across a ridge of hills, is the famous Klondike River, with its many treasure-creeks, the greatest of which, during the stampede, was the Bonanza; and even richer than the Bonanza was the Eldorado, which flows into it. One of the Klondike's tributaries carries the luring name of Too-much-gold Creek. Shortly after the find on Bonanza, a stolid Indian, watching the feverish activities of gold-crazed white men, remarked indifferently, "Bonanza much gold; Hunker Creek more gold; in long creek higher up, too much gold." Needless to say, a stampede followed to Too-much-gold Creek. That at least was more promising than the stream which flows from Ethel Lake, for a disappointed prospector felt impelled to name it Nogold Creek.

The Indians knew the Klondike as a great salmon stream. They hammered stakes across it to guide the fish into their nets, and so they began to call it "Hammer-creek"—*Tron-diuck*. And from this word, spelled variously, the white man fashioned the more euphonious word *Klondike*.

Dawson, the capital of Yukon and the most impor-

tant city on the river's entire course, has a delightful location on a stretch of level land at the confluence of the Klondike and the Yukon. Mountains rising directly behind it form a picturesque background and at the same time shelter the city from the high winds. During the early days, when the Klondike rush was at its height, Dawson had a population of more than thirty thousand. Men came pouring in from every quarter of the globe, and were glad to live in shelters ranging through all varieties of log huts to a motley collection of canvas tents, and mere shacks made of spruce-branches hastily gathered in the adjacent forest.

But those were the old days of '98. Today Dawson has fine residences, imposing business buildings, a Carnegie library, and excellent schools and churches. It is a wide-awake and progressive little city, with about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and it is the gateway to a vastly interesting region crisscrossed with gold-mines. Motor-roads lead to the most important of the mines, which now are worked on a large scale and in a scientific way.

No visitor to present-day Dawson leaves the city without climbing to the summit of the Dome to get the superb view up and down the Yukon Valley, along the winding Klondike, and to the far-off snowy ridge of the Rockies, haze-blue in the distance yet distinct against the skyline.

And no visitor fails to see the cabin, smothered in flowers, which is treasured as one of Dawson's "his-

toric" show-places, for here Robert W. Service lived for a time.

It is a far cry from Vera Cruz to Dawson; yet for street-cleaning purposes both have adopted the same unique plan. In Vera Cruz refuse is poured into the streets, and flocks of buzzards, kept for the purpose, quickly make way with it. In Dawson ravens are the scavengers, and there is a heavy fine for killing one of these efficient street-cleaners.

About six miles down the Yukon from Dawson a few weed-grown ruins show where Fort Reliance once stood. A quarter-century before Dawson came into being, this was a thriving trading-post. Jack McQuesten had established it; and in its early days, when he and his partners had to leave for a short trip, they cached their supplies, including some rat-poison. Indians searched out the cache and robbed it; and believing the poison to be some choice delicacy they spread it generously over a salmon they were cooking. Soon two old women and a girl lay dead. When McQuesten returned, there was a heated powwow; and the Indians finally agreed to pay, in pelts, for all the goods they had stolen if he, in turn, would pay for the two old women and the girl who were poisoned. To this he could only agree, for these were his traders and he depended on their goodwill. To protect himself, however, he put an unusually high price on all the stolen goods; and then asked, with many misgivings, what he owed for the poisoned ones. Another powwow ensued. Then he was told that the girl was strong, able

to do much work, so she was worth ten pelts—about six dollars—while as to the two old women, they were valued at nothing, for they were nuisances.

The town of Fortymile is about sixty miles below Dawson. The Yukon here receives the water of Fortymile Creek, which well might have been named the Creek of the Golden Sands. The river is very swift, running in places through narrow, high-walled canyons, at other places shut in between towering mountains. Most of its course lies in Alaska. Gold was discovered on Fortymile and its tributary creeks in 1885, and through all the years this region has produced constantly. After the spring freshets gold is found lodged in the bars that cross many of the canyons, where the swift water has washed it down.

“Liars’ Island,” in the Yukon near Fortymile, is reminiscent of the early days when a group of old-timers met here weekly and took turns in exercising their imaginations. They called themselves the Forty Liars; for even though there were only a half-dozen or so of them, they considered that their lies were big enough to have been told by forty men.

Were a raven to fly from Fortymile to the Alaska border, he could cover the distance in twenty miles or less. But the Yukon is in no hurry to reach American territory; it wanders in and out, twisting and turning, for a good forty miles before it leaves Canada and becomes Alaska’s great river. The mountains rising abruptly on both sides are a series of ridges, their points out-thrust into the river, low wild valleys in

between. This part of the Yukon's course, as it bids farewell to Canada, is superbly picturesque.

Beyond the boundary, in Alaska, the first town is Eagle, a trading and out-fitting post, with scarcely a hundred inhabitants.

The northern part of Yukon is a vast and almost unknown stretch of forests and barren grounds, much of it mountainous, some of it rolling tundra. About midway the Arctic Circle swings through it.

The Peel River, with its headwaters not far from the Alaska border, sweeps eastward across this desolate stretch in tortuous windings to avoid the hills that crop up, then turns north and ends eventually in the delta of the Mackenzie. The Peel has innumerable tributaries, both large and small, which have not yet been explored, much less prospected. It is not impossible that one of these may some day startle the world afresh, and open up a new area of gold-lined Yukon.

The Porcupine River, rising in a chain of lakes near the headwaters of the Peel, rushes northward in a wild course of rapids and waterfalls, canyons and narrow mountain-gorges; then describes an immense horseshoe and comes back sedately to cross into Alaska and join the Yukon above the Arctic Circle, where Fort Yukon looks out upon both rivers. The entire region within this horseshoe is mountainous, and there are countless creeks as yet unexplored; but it would take a hardy adventurer to prospect here, for more than half of the area lies north of the Arctic Circle; and

even as far south as the Klondike the ground is perpetually frozen a few feet below the surface.

Old Crow River starts hopefully toward the Arctic Ocean, but it gets frightened when it meets a range of hills, and turns and rushes with all haste southward to the Porcupine. At least, that is what the Eskimos will tell you; for they have a legend about this stream, which they called the Running Hare River. A little snow-lake lay in a mountain bowl; and in the high grasses on its rim lived an Arctic hare. A raven flying that way had swooped down to the lake and while he lingered he told Hare tales of the outside world, told him of the whales in the Frozen Sea and the Polar bears that climbed over the ice. Hare had not believed that any fish could be greater than the trout in his lake nor any animal larger than himself, so he set out to see these monsters; and all along the way his feet made a track in the soft snow. Soon he came to a range of hills and sat down to rest. Now, back at the lake the Northern Lights were playing in the sky and they dropped a ball of fire. It fell in the track Hare had made and started rolling after him; but all along it melted the snow as it went and a river began to appear. When Hare saw the fire and a river rushing at him, he turned and ran southward as fast as he could go; but the fire followed him, because it was easier to roll in his tracks and the fire was now running away from the river, which was just behind it and would quench it. When Hare reached the Porcupine River he jumped on a log, but the fire fell into the water and was drowned, and the melted

snow in Hare's tracks remained ever after as the Running Hare River.

The Arctic coast is a desolate region. The Beaufort Sea lies here, with Mackenzie Bay curving back into the coast where Yukon ends at the edge of the Mackenzie delta. Isolated mountains and low hills edge the sea; and lying offshore are a few lonely islands. Herschel Island was at one time an important trading-post, and a haven for ships sailing the Frozen Sea. Eskimos, engaged mostly in whale-fishing, live on the island, and roam about the mainland, a contented and happy people, for all their frigid world.

Yukon winters have cold days and colder nights, but summer, especially in the Yukon Valley, is delightful. The summers are short, and in that brief space nature utilizes every moment and clothes the land in a luxuriance of wild-flowers and flowering shrubs. Dense forests timber all the valleys and the lower reaches of the mountains; and mingled with the somber blue-green of the spruce are poplar and birch with a varied, gay green; and along the streams are fluffy willows, their delicate foliage drooping over masses of jewelweeds. Yukon more than atones, in her brief summer, for the snow and ice of the winter. But even the winters have their delights. When the ice jams in the river and becomes a solid mass from bank to bank, it is time to get out the dog-sleds and polish up the sleighbells, to look to the snowshoes and adjust the keel on the ice-boats.

Whether summer or winter, there is a fascination

in the Yukon; there is a lure that beckons from afar,
a magnet that grips and doesn't let go.

"The snows that are older than history,
The woods where the weird shadows slant;
The Stillness, the moonlight, the mystery—
I've bade 'em good-bye—but I can't!"

XI. THE LURE OF THE NORTH

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
WHERE ESKIMOS MEET
THE PROVISIONAL DISTRICT OF KEEWATIN
AT BAKER LAKE
A LEGEND OF BUBAWNT LAKE
THE GREAT FISH RIVER
"RUPERT'S LAND"
THE PROVISIONAL DISTRICT OF MACKENZIE
A LEGEND OF GREAT SLAVE LAKE
THE COPPERMINE RIVER
A MOSQUITO LEGEND
THE MACKENZIE RIVER
A LEGEND OF GREAT BEAR LAKE
THE RAMPARTS OF THE MACKENZIE
THE HARE INDIANS
THE PROVISIONAL DISTRICT OF FRANKLIN
THE FRANKLIN TRAGEDY
THE GREAT NORTH

XI

THE LURE OF THE NORTH

"Down in the west the shadows rest,
Little gray wave, sing low, sing low!
With a rhythmic sweep o'er the gloomy deep
Into the dusk of the night we go,
And the paddles dip and lift and slip,
And the drops fall back with a pattering drip;
Little gray wave, sing low, sing low!"

—*Laura E. McCully*

THE Northwest Territories hold the fascination of the unknown, for there are vast areas on which no white man has set foot. Eskimos live about Hudson Bay and the Arctic coast. Caribou-eaters, Yellowknives, Dogribs, and other Indians roam through the interior, which is covered with a network of streams and lakes. In the south there are forests, and in the river-valleys trees extend even to the Arctic. The "barren grounds" teem with wild-animal life; and even the edge of the Frozen Sea has its Polar bears, herds of muskoxen, reindeer, Arctic foxes, and many smaller creatures.

There are three Provisional Districts in this immense region: *Keewatin*, including Hudson Bay and the country north of Manitoba; *Mackenzie*, extending from Keewatin to Yukon, from Saskatchewan and

Alberta to the Polar Sea; and *Franklin*, which covers the islands and peninsulas of the Far North.

In 1497 John Cabot landed on Cape Breton Island, and Henry VII was so vastly pleased by his discoveries that early in 1498 Cabot was authorized to "take at his pleasure VI. englisshe shippes and theym convey and lede to the londe and iles of late founde by the seid John." And on this second voyage he reached what is now Baffin Land, just west of Greenland and part of the Provisional District of Franklin. Believing it to be Asia, Cabot sailed southward to find Japan.

From that time the search for the North-West Passage to China occupied navigators, and little by little islands and straits and bays in this Arctic world were discovered and mapped. In 1576 Martin Frobisher, one of the greatest navigators of Queen Elizabeth's day, reached Baffin Land and, entering Frobisher Bay, sailed up it to see "whether hee mighte carrie himself through the same into some open sea on the backe syde." Both Cartier and Champlain were searching for this passage when they sailed up the St. Lawrence River. John Davis discovered Hudson Strait and named it the Furious Overfall, but did not attempt to see where it led; and in 1610 Hendrik Hudson, in the *Discovery*, sailed into the Furious Overfall and picked his way through the icefloes till he came to the great bay which now bears his name. Still believing he might find the North-West Passage, he crossed the bay and cruised along its western coast. There winter found him, with a mutinous crew; and when spring came and

the ice broke up, Hudson and seven sick men were set adrift in a small boat and deserted. Whether they succeeded in landing and were lost in the forests, or killed by Indians or beasts, or whether icecakes crushed their little boat and they perished in the great bay will never be known; but mariners claim that Hudson's small craft, filled with the sick men, still may be seen, on nights in late June, drifting helplessly about James Bay.

James Bay, the great southern arm of Hudson Bay, is scattered with islands. Two chains of islands, like mountain-peaks lifting above the water, stretch along the eastern coast of Hudson Bay, and there are shoals on the west coast. The heart of the bay, for about three hundred thousand square miles, is an islandless sea, subject to great storms and heavy fogs, but a magnificent stretch of water. Mansfield, Coates and Southampton Islands reach across the northern end of the bay; and a few small islands lie off the Keewatin mainland. The most picturesque of these is Marble Island, a huge mass of white granite, so dazzling under sunshine that it is mistaken for an iceberg when drifting fog half veils it.

On the mainland opposite Marble Island the Eskimos have one of their great gathering-grounds; for hundreds of miles they come to be here for the mid-summer festivity—men, women, children, and especially dogs. A great business in bartering is done at this time. Eskimos from the Arctic coast offer knives and spears fashioned in ivory; those from Baker Lake

bring berries and willow-baskets; others have implements of beaten copper.

The mainland of Keewatin—the district directly north of Manitoba—is largely “barren ground,” with mosses and lichens covering the hills of the north, and willows edging the streams; tall grasses and sedges, scattered cranberry-bushes and dwarfed trees farther south; and stretches of forest alternating with prairie hills at the Manitoba border. Wild mustard spreads over vast areas, coloring the gray-green hills with glowing yellow. Saxifrage also grows in great masses, its flowers strangely beautiful in this lonely world. From the countless lakes that lie scattered about Keewatin, streams find their way down to Hudson Bay, forming swift rapids and low waterfalls in their descent.

Chesterfield Inlet reaches back from Hudson Bay to Baker Lake, where there is an oasis of vegetation that is all the more lovely for the bleak landscape that surrounds it. Grass-grown banks, scattered with flowers, edge the lake; sedges crowd in here and there; and willows and poplars, cottonwoods and occasional pines, defy the cold winds of the north. During the summer months the lake is lively with the screams of waterfowl and with the quarreling of countless Eskimo dogs as their owners camp beside the lake.

Through Chesterfield Inlet and Baker Lake there is an almost continuous water-route either westward to Great Slave Lake, or southwest to Lake Athabasca. The latter route passes through Bubawnt Lake, lying on the boundary between Keewatin and Mackenzie.

Bubawnt is even larger than Baker Lake, and far more lonely. The Copperknives say that where this lake now is, Great Hare once lived in the midst of a pine forest. The Copperknives, as most tribes, believed that the sky was merely a great dome, and in the world beyond it all the Above-people lived. In the days before there were Indians, one of the Above-people tore a hole in the sky, and before the Cloud-people could mend it so much water poured down that Great Hare's lodge was floating in the midst of a broad sea which covered the tops of the pine-trees. Great Hare turned the pine-needles into fishes—and Bubawnt Lake is to-day filled with them—gave his lodge to the Beaver-people, and went elsewhere.

The northern reaches of Keewatin lie beyond the Arctic Circle, and except for their Eskimo inhabitants they are rarely visited. Vast herds of muskoxen roam here, feeding on the moss and lichens and on the herbs that grow along sheltered creeks. Even at the edge of the Arctic there are willows and occasional dwarfed pines.

Back's Great Fish River flows through this lonely northern land after a winding and spectacular course from a little lake in Mackenzie. Leaving this lakelet, the river almost at once broadens into a tormented lake with twisted shores; it narrows again to a river; and two hundred miles or so farther changes to a chain of lakes, the largest of which is Lake Garry, broad and very irregular, the gray-blue water dotted with yellow islands. After a few more lakes, the Great Fish River

is content to wind on through low hills to the Arctic coast.

Keewatin is the Cree word for "North Wind," and it was given to the district when it reached down into the Cree country, about midway of Lake Winnipeg and almost to Lake Superior, thus including all the western coast of Hudson Bay.

It was this region that Charles II. intended to cover in his grant, in 1670, to Prince Rupert and seventeen others—"the Governour and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay"—giving them the fur-trading rights west of the bay as far as the watershed; but his wording was vague, and the Hudson's Bay Company, as the "Gentlemen Adventurers" became known, chose to claim for "Rupert's Land" all the territory they cared to invade. Furs were so plentiful, and were shipped to London in such quantities, that only a year after the charter was granted a great public sale had to be held, for lack of storage-room. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and many other distinguished persons were present at the sale. Dryden, the poet, scribbled on the margin of a letter, while he stood among the crowd:

"Friend, once 'twas Fame that led thee forth
To brave the Tropic Heat, the Frozen North,
Late it was Gold, then Beauty was the Spur;
But now our Gallants venture but for Fur."

A hundred years later many independent traders went into the northwest, and soon combined as the

North-West Trading Company of Montreal. They absorbed an upstart "X. Y. Company"; and after constant quarreling and bloodshed between the Nor'-Westers and the Hudson's Bay these two were amalgamated in 1821 as the Hudson's Bay Company. To-day throughout all the Northwest Territories there are lonely Hudson's Bay posts where Indian and Eskimo trappers still bring in their pelts.

In the Provisional District of Mackenzie, the Great Slave Lake holds first interest. It covers nearly ten thousand square miles, and its shores are so irregular that bays and inlets extend into the coast from ten to fifty miles. The Slave River brings the water north from Lake Athabasca, rushing over a series of rapids, some of which are too violent for a canoe. Those at Portage des Noyes form an unusually lovely stretch of the river. The foaming water, remarkably clear, is edged with birch and alders and occasional clumps of spruce. Wild buffalo roam over the plains beyond the tree-fringe, and smaller animals scurry through the bush-patches found on the hillslopes or drink at lonely lakes lying in the valleys.

The western shore of Great Slave Lake is well timbered, largely with spruce and willows. Many beaver-swamps reach back from the lake, and wild-fowl in great numbers summer here.

The Slave Indians—so called because they fled north rather than be slaves of the Crees—brought with them many legends in which Great Hare figures. One of these has to do with the spruce-trees about Great Slave

Lake. All spruce-trees, they say, originally were only poles, with neither branches nor leaves. When Great Hare was traveling through this country, in the form of an Indian youth, he came to the lodge of an old woman and asked for something to eat. She gave him a fish she had caught in the lake; and when he had eaten it she laid the bones in a pile on the ground and, marching round them three times, crooned a low song. The bones turned into a green ribbon-like substance which the old squaw ate with great relish. The Indian then asked for another fish, and this time he laid the bones on the ground himself and sang over them as she had done. The green ribbon appeared, but when he attempted to eat it, it turned into wood, and in anger he threw it into the forest of poles. There it broke into splinters and clung to the trees, and ever since the spruce has had boughs and leaves.

The Dogrib Indians and the Yellowknives also live in the Great Slave Lake region and northward.

The lake was discovered in 1771 by Samuel Hearne, a Hudson's Bay Company trader who was sent north from Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill River, to find copper mines which the Indians from the north reported. Twice he had to turn back; but on his third attempt he reached the Coppermine River and followed it to its mouth in the Arctic Ocean, thus being the first white man to reach the "Sea of Ice" overland. The Copper Indians showed great curiosity when Hearne came among them, for they had never even heard of a white man. "They expressed as much

desire to examine me from top to toe as a naturalist would a nondescript animal," Hearne wrote. "They, however, pronounced me a perfect human being, except in the color of my hair and eyes; the former, they said, was like the stained hair of a buffalo's tail, and the latter, being light, were like those of a gull."

The Coppermine River is one of the large and important rivers of Mackenzie. It rises in a network of lakes and cuts its way northward through ridges of hills, to empty into Coronation Gulf. Willows and dwarfed pines edge the stream, and the rounded hills are covered with the low shrub which the Indians called *Wishakapakka*, "Broth," but the Hudson's Bay men named Labrador tea. From its leaves a palatable and nourishing tea is brewed. Cranberries grow about the lakes and marshes, and bear as well as muskoxen and many caribou come here to feed. Vast stretches of the plains resemble plowed ground, where bear have clawed it up to dig out squirrels and mice.

There are parts of this north country, however, that for some reason are shunned by animals. David Thompson traveled hungrily through such a region, and then commented caustically upon a book he had read about this country. "The author says the interior has Myriads of Wild Animals. The Natives will thank him to show them where they are. When he wrote those words he must have been thinking of Musketoos, and in this respect he was right."

The troublesome mosquitoes, the Dogribs say, were caused when a young brave killed a giant by shooting

him in the ankle. "Even though you kill me," said the giant, "yet will I bite you." A huge funeral pyre was made, to burn the giant so dead that he could do no harm; but the ashes all turned to mosquitoes and flew away to bite men.

On Hearne's return from Coppermine River to Fort Prince of Wales he discovered the Great Slave Lake, and crossed it on the ice.

Nearly twenty years later Alexander Mackenzie crossed it, searching for the "Big River" which the Dogribs told him left Great Slave Lake and went off into the mountains. They themselves had never followed it, for it was guarded by great monsters who were the servants of a Fire Demon. Mackenzie set out in 1789 to follow the Big River—now the Mackenzie—to its mouth, hoping thus to reach the Pacific Ocean. Instead he came to the Arctic, and named the great river he had discovered, the Disappointment.

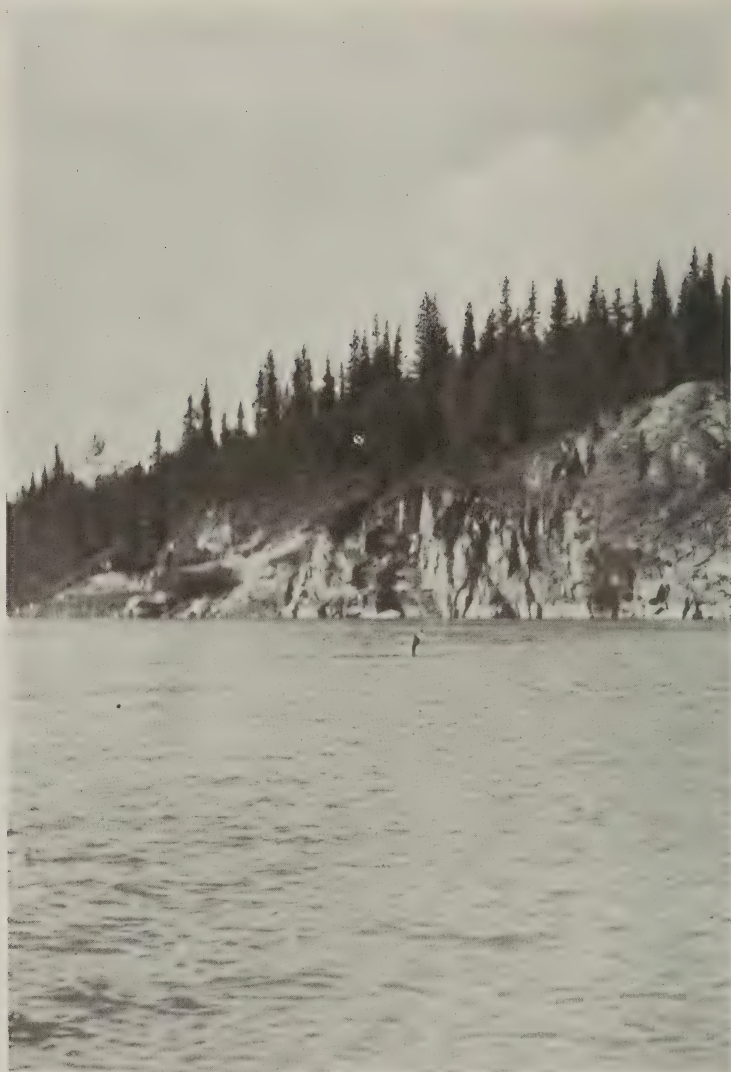
The Mackenzie River, including the Slave, the Peace, and the Finlay, which form one great waterway, is more than two thousand miles long. The Mackenzie proper extends from Great Slave Lake northward to the Arctic, roughly paralleling the Rocky Mountains on Yukon's eastern boundary. Its greatest tributary from the south is the Liard River, which rises in Yukon, sweeps through British Columbia in a great horseshoe loop, and then cuts its way through the Rockies and runs in an erratic course northward to join the Mackenzie. Fort Simpson is located where these



Courtesy, Dept. of the Interior, Canada

THE RAMPARTS OF THE MACKENZIE

Spectacular palisades of white, fantastically eroded, edge the great river for miles.



Courtesy, Dept. of the Interior, Canada

CARIBOU ISLAND

The islands of Slave River are crowded with evergreen trees.

two great rivers, the Mackenzie and the Liard, come together.

Much of the Mackenzie River's course lies through the mountains, the eastern spurs of the Rockies; and at moments the river becomes extraordinarily spectacular. The water is rapid, and islands of tree-covered rock crop up in midstream. Spruce and birch and poplars grow thickly along the banks; and crowded beneath and between them there is a luxuriant tangle of berry-bushes—gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, currants, and large huckleberries, called by the voyageurs *poires*, all grow together in great profusion.

Dogrib and Hare Indians are seen along the way, and stories of the Fire Demon become more frequent. The legends of a demon who breathes fire were no doubt founded upon the burning lignite along the Great Bear River. This stream connects Great Bear Lake with the Mackenzie River, and immense deposits of coal and lignite lie not far from its banks. In 1789, when Mackenzie was there, the lignite was burning, and through all the years it never wholly has been extinguished.

Great Bear Lake, spreading irregularly over nearly twelve thousand square miles of the heart of Mackenzie District, is surrounded by spruce forests, although on the northern shore the trees are somewhat dwarfed and scattered. The lake is so well stocked with fish that the Dogribs have a legend to explain their origin. In the days before the grandfathers, Wolverine, walking beside the lake, saw a great flock of ducks and

geese and loons on the water. "Come out and dance with me, brothers," he called, "and I will sing you a song." They flew out and stood in a circle round Wolverine. "Now shut your eyes while you dance, and my song will sound sweeter," he said. This, too, they did, and at the end of every few words Wolverine bit off the head of a duck; but none saw him because their eyes were all shut. They danced on and on, while he sang; until Loon got curious and opened one eye. There he saw the great pile of headless ducks, and screamed the alarm. The dancers quickly flew away; and Wolverine then sat down and picked all his ducks, throwing the feathers into the lake beside him. As they reached the water they turned into fishes and swam away, and the ducks, as fast as he picked them, became boulders. So Wolverine went away hungry; but he left the lake stocked with fishes for the Dogribs to eat when they came by.

The forested hills and valleys about Great Bear Lake abound in game, especially in bears; one huge, chocolate-colored species is nearly as large as the Kodiak bear of Alaska, the largest in the world. Hearne reported great numbers of black bears here. "In the summer," he wrote, "they swim up and down the northern rivers with their mouths open, swallowing the immense numbers of water insects which have come into being at that season." Herds of reindeer roam over the plains beyond the forests, feeding on the abundant lichens.

Fort Norman stands upon the high bank of the

Mackenzie where Great Bear River comes down from the east, from the vast territory covered by Great Bear Lake and its tributary rivers and lakes. Below this fort the Mackenzie becomes a majestic river indeed. Far off to the left the snowy ridge of the Rockies rises in ragged outline, white against a blue sky.

"This dew-drenched Range,
This infinite great width of open space,
This cool keen wind that blows like God's own breath
On life's once drowsy coal, and thrills the blood,
This brooding sea of sun-washed solitude,
This virginal vast dome of opal air—
These, these endure."

The broad river with its many islands and its high rock-banks makes a sharp curve and for a long stretch flows over the turbulent Sans Sault Rapids. A short distance below this, the Ramparts of the Mackenzie rise in spectacular palisades of white limestone. With these ghostly walls flanking the river for about seven miles, and the stream gradually widening until it is more than a mile broad, the Mackenzie is stately and magnificent, sweeping on, unheeding of the loneliness, to its Far North sea.

Hare River comes down from the hills to the east, from a region scattered with lakes, and where it enters the Mackenzie, at the end of the Ramparts, Fort Good Hope stands. This picturesque little post is proud of its fine crops and vegetable gardens, grown only a few

miles south of the Arctic Circle. It might also be proud of the profusion and beauty of its flowers. In their brief summer they grow voluptuously, blooming in mad haste to reach the consummation of seeds before the first frost.

This far northwest region is the country of the Hare Indians—the Eskimos keep to a strip along the Arctic coast. The Hares have many quaint beliefs. One of these is that all wolves are their grandfathers. They will never kill a wolf; and they even seek out the baby cubs and paint their faces with vermilion clay, so they will be great hunters when they grow big. One legend says that the very first Hare Indians had so many children they could not feed them, and they became lean and always hungry. The Great One then turned them into wolves. And since then Hares have respected wolves, as their relatives.

The Lower Ramparts of the Mackenzie are almost as spectacular as the Upper Ramparts. These reach down the river to the beginning of its delta, where the great Mackenzie separates into four main channels to reach the Arctic Ocean. There are innumerable smaller channels, the number of streams ever varying and ever changing their course. A few large islands and many smaller ones lie in the delta. These all are heavily wooded, for the Arctic coast here is wholly unlike the bleak and barren coast on the east. Aspen, birch, poplar and balm-of-Gilead grow among masses of berry-bushes and tall grass.

Fort McPherson, the most northern Hudson's Bay

post, stands on a wooded point where the Peel River, crossing Yukon, joins the Mackenzie at the beginning of the great delta. The Hudson's Bay Company runs a steamer from its fort on Slave River to Fort McPherson, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles, through the wild and lonely but very beautiful Mackenzie Valley.

The Mackenzie River ends its picturesque course in Mackenzie Bay, an arm of Beaufort Sea.

The Provisional District of Franklin reaches across the Dominion from Davis Strait and Baffin Bay, on the east, to Alaskan waters on the west; and from the mainland as far north as Canadian possessions lie. Canada claims all land, discovered or undiscovered, between the Dominion mainland and the North Pole; but other nations dispute her claim to certain discovered and all undiscovered territory.

In the western end of the district Banks Island and Victoria Island, side by side, are lonely lands, icebound much of the year, inhabited only by a few Eskimos engaged in seal and whale fishing. Prince of Wales, North Somerset, King William, all are similar islands in this Frozen Sea.

Boothia Peninsula, extending northward from Keewatin mainland, is notable because of the North Magnetic Pole, located in its southwest corner. Across the Gulf of Boothia, to the east, is Melville Peninsula, also reaching out from Keewatin, and lying directly north of Hudson Bay. The broad Fox Channel, never free of ice-floes, lies east of this peninsula; and curving

about it, all but enclosing it, is the bleak Baffin Island, its eastern coast rising into mountains almost solidly coated with ice. Two vast lakes lie in the interior of the island, while Cumberland Sound and Frobisher Bay reach raggedly far into the eastern shore.

Herds of muskoxen feed in the sheltered valleys of Baffin Island, and form a welcome food supply for the whalers in Davis Strait and Baffin Bay—which separate Baffin Island from Greenland. As cold and bleak as the land is, Eskimos are at home here. The muskox provides them with many of their needs, including mosquito masks which they make from its long hair. Mosquitoes, they believe, are spirits of the departed who are being punished for some crime before they are allowed to enter Ghost Land.

The district was named in honor of Sir John Franklin, the discoverer of the North-West Passage, for which so many had sought for more than three centuries.

Already Franklin had explored much of this north-west coast, when he set out from England in 1845, in command of the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, to search again for the elusive channel. Fourteen years later the tragic fate of the two ships and Franklin's party became known, when in 1859 the fragments of the tale finally were gathered together. Franklin actually had discovered the long-sought passage—through Fury and Hecla Strait; and his party had wintered on King William Island. There ice-floes destroyed the two ships;

sickness and famine came; and on that lonely island Sir John died. With Franklin dead and their boats destroyed, the remnant of the party could only start over the ice for Back's River, which would carry them to a Hudson's Bay post; but cold and famine and fatigue took them one by one, and their route, found so many years later, was tragically marked by their skeletons.

Even this frozen, remote world of the north has its glowing, heroic history. The Northwest Territories—Keewatin, Mackenzie, Franklin—lie not as a vast stretch of desolate, forbidding land, swept by icy winds and buried in eternal snow; but as a land rich in beauty, steeped in the history and romance of the past, and full of promise for the future.

The territories are rich in minerals, silver, gold, copper, iron, coal. Their fur supply is almost unlimited; great and quick fortunes could be made in animal-farming on the scientific basis now used in fox-farming. Oil already is adding much wealth to the territories. The forests offer pulpwood. And the rivers and lakes have an endless supply of fish.

The adventure-seeker will find no dull moments; and the nature-lover will delight in the wild-animal and bird life and in the myriad of flowers that bloom even on the "barren grounds," enlivening the short summer with a glory of bright color.

There is much of beauty here, in this land of the sweeping open spaces, this land of the primeval forests

and prairies and moss-covered hills where nature's handiwork has been unmarred, almost unseen, by man.

"Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck
betide us,

Let us journey to a lonely land I know.

There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a star
agleam to guide us,

And the wild is calling, calling. . . Let us go."

XII. CANADIAN NATIONAL PARKS

FORT ANNE, *Nova Scotia*
FORT HOWE, *New Brunswick*
POINT PELEE, *Ontario*
MENISSAWOK, *Saskatchewan*
WAWASKESEY, *Alberta*
NEMISKAM, *Alberta*
BUFFALO, *Alberta*
ELK ISLAND, *Alberta*
JASPER, *Alberta*
ROCKY MOUNTAINS, *Alberta*
WATERTON LAKES, *Alberta*
YOHO, *British Columbia*
KOOTENAY, *British Columbia*
GLACIER, *British Columbia*
REVELSTOKE, *British Columbia*

XII

CANADIAN NATIONAL PARKS

"Here is the perfume of the leaves, the incense
of the pines—

The magic scent that hath been pent

Within the tangled vines:

No censer filled with spices rare

E'er swung such sweetness on the air."

—*Virna Sheard*

THE most magnificent of Canada's scenery has been set aside "for the benefit and enjoyment of the people"; and Americans, as well as Canadians, are deriving health and joy and outdoor recreation in the midst of the great scenic beauty of the Canadian National Parks. The Rocky Mountains Park, including the Banff and Lake Louise districts, Jasper Park, Waterton Lakes, Yoho, Kootenay, Glacier, Revelstoke, are visited by increasing thousands each year. Not only are they made accessible by fast and comfortable trains, running through a country that itself is full of interest, but some of the most scenic roads in the world beckon motorists on and on, to Canada's great vacation-land, her National Parks.

In addition to those vast areas which are preserved because of the grandeur of their scenery, that future generations may know and enjoy the sublimity of the Rockies and the Selkirks, the Canadian National Parks

include also certain areas set aside solely as animal reserves; and other areas which are historic sites of national interest.

Of the great historic sites, there are now two that are National Parks: Fort Anne, at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia; and Fort Howe, at St. John, New Brunswick. There are more than sixty other sites of especial historic interest which later may be created National Parks.

Fort Anne* is steeped in the history—tragic, romantic, always heroic—of the very earliest days of New France, and of the later French and English struggles for supremacy in Acadia. Here was constructed the first vessel built north of Mexico, and the first grist-mill in America. The ruins now preserved are of the fort which replaced the brave little buildings erected by Champlain, De Monts and Poutrincourt in 1605.

Fort Anne National Park, comprising thirty-one acres, was created in 1917, and lies in a delightful situation between the apple-orchards of Annapolis Valley and the sparkling blue water of Annapolis Basin.

Fort Howe,* commanding the harbor of St. John, was built during the American Revolution; while nearby is the site of Fort La Tour, so closely connected with Canada's early history. *Fort Howe National Park*, created in 1914, and covering nineteen acres, marks also the site of the landing of several thousand colonists, who hastened there from the United States

*For a fuller description of Fort Anne, see page 24. For Fort Howe, see page 47.

at the close of the American Revolution. Known in the United States as "Tories," they are proudly called in Canada "United Empire Loyalists."

Of an entirely different nature is *St. Lawrence Islands National Park*,* in Ontario, created in 1904 as a recreational center in the midst of the exquisite beauty of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. There are twelve islands and one mainland reservation, comprising one hundred and sixty-five acres, some of the islands having been secured directly from the Mississagua Band of Indians. That the greatest amount of enjoyment may be had, in this recreational park for summer campers and visitors, the Government has erected pavilions, wharves, bathhouses, picnicking-grounds, and other conveniences for the summer holiday-seeker. Many thousands visit these islands each year, and delight in their beauty or enjoy their various sports.

Point Pelee National Park,* covering four square miles where Ontario extends a point into the western end of Lake Erie, is a bird sanctuary—as well as the most southerly point in Canada. Although this park was created only in 1918, thousands of migratory birds already have learned that in their northern flight they need go no farther; for here they have a veritable bird's paradise. Many unusual trees and plants also thrive on this point; and these as well as the birds attract visitors by the thousands each year. Point

*For a fuller description of St. Lawrence Islands, see page 131. For Point Pelee, see page 138.

Pelee Park is a favorite recreational center, with excellent motor-roads, camping-sites, bathing-beaches, and lake and forest scenery that is exquisite. But it is the birds that hold first interest. Pheasants and quail strut importantly and unafraid through the pleasant meadows; bird-houses, attracting tenants, are chattered about; songsters of many kinds keep the air throbbing with music.

“Joy on the branch and joy in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high;
And naught so glad on the breezes heard
As the gay, gay note of the indigo-bird.”

In 1922 three large areas were set aside for antelope reserves. One of these, *Menissawok National Park*, covers seventeen square miles in the extreme southwestern corner of Saskatchewan. This park has not yet been fenced, but small herds of wild antelope even now are seeking refuge there.

A similar antelope reserve, *Wawaskesey National Park*, covering fifty-four square miles, lies in southeastern Alberta, north of Medicine Hat. This is a delightful stretch of prairie-land, scattered with lakelets, where wild-fowl come, and marsh-flowers and shiny-leaved water-plants crowd between tall, feathery reeds.

In *Nemiskam National Park*, covering eight and a half square miles in southern Alberta, near Foremost, there are about two hundred and fifty antelope, the largest herd in captivity. They are beautiful creatures;



Photo., Leonard Frank

TUMBLING GLACIER AND BERG LAKE

Mount Robson, just beyond the boundary of Jasper National Park, is one of the attractions to the Jasper Park region.



Courtesy, Dept. of the Interior, Canada

THE ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER

Mount Sir Donald and its brilliant glacier stand guard over upper
Cougar Valley, Glacier National Park.

and a rarely lovely sight is a group of them, feeding unconcernedly on the sloping prairie where in the long-ago their ancestors had to keep a wary eye for the Indian's arrow or for the gun of the pioneer.

The most interesting animal reserve in Canada is at Wainwright, in eastern Alberta. This is *Buffalo National Park*, created in 1908, covering one hundred and sixty-one and a half square miles, and containing Canada's National Buffalo Herd. In addition to the eight thousand or more buffalo, there are moose, elk, mule deer, antelope, cattalo and yak. The prairie-land alone is interesting, rolling away to the horizon, with hills here and there, with lanes of willows where creeks flow through, and occasional clumps of birch and cottonwood.

An interesting experiment was tried at this park of feeding the buffalo sunflower fodder; they ate it greedily and thrived upon it as winter food. Another experiment was shearing the buffalo and converting the wool into cloth. About a thousand buffalo are born in the park each year; and so, before the winter sets in and the herd must be fed, many of the oldest are killed, their heads and robes sold and their meat used for pemmican, following an old Indian recipe. Pemmican is much in demand in the Far North, and by those on a long trail through the wilds.

In 1911 *Elk Island National Park* was created as an additional buffalo reserve. This park covers fifty-one square miles in northern Alberta, near Lamont; and as part of the Cooking Lake Forest Reserve, it is a

place of great scenic beauty. Spruce forests, tangled with undergrowth, shut in wild little reed-grown lakes. Broad meadows reach back, splashes of color from the myriads of flowers. There are more than three hundred buffalo here, besides elk, moose and mule deer, and countless birds that come to the park for protection. Water-fowl, especially, have learned that they are safe here, and flock in from the outside the moment they hear the first gunshot of open season.

Elk Island Park also is a favorite recreational center, with picnicking-grounds, a bathing-beach on the lake, rustic benches and tables, and other camping conveniences.

Of the seven National Parks created solely because of their great scenic beauty, three are in Alberta.

*Jasper National Park** covers a vast mountain wilderness, 4,400 square miles of wild grandeur—snow-steeped mountains, glacier-hung valleys, roaring torrents and deep rock-gorges. Emphasizing this ruggedness by contrast are the timbered and flower-strewn valleys and the exquisitely colored lakes. The beauty of these lakes is one of the most interesting features of Jasper Park. Lakes with water of clear amethyst lie beside those that are indigo-blue. Nearby are lakes of a startling green; others are of vivid ocher or dull chrome. Many are rose-purple; some are jade; and occasionally one will be seen so pale a green it is almost silver.

The wild-animal life is another great attraction in

*For a fuller description of Jasper National Park, see pages 211-223.

Jasper Park. Herds of wapiti, Virginia deer, wander about Patricia and Pyramid Lakes and over the Buffalo Prairie as if their ancestors always had lived there. Black and cinnamon bear are plentiful near the Whirlpool River, and often wander far afield to the bungalow camp on Lac Beauvert to see what choice titbits might be thrown out of the kitchen, or fed to them by some delighted tourist. Grizzlies prefer the Snake Indian Valley. They wander through the dense forests there, and winter in snug caves at the foot of beetling cliffs. Rocky Mountain sheep and goats, caribou and moose, are everywhere. Beaver, especially, labor happily, finding the beautifully colored lakes and the succulent young poplars entirely to their liking.

Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, snow-white and majestic, rising just beyond the park boundary, is one of the many attractions to this region of glacier-hung mountains, colorful peaks and exquisite lakes. The main features within the park are the Athabasca Valley, Maligne Canyon, Miette Hot Springs, Pyramid Mountain, Mount Edith Cavell, Tonquin Valley, and Lac Beauvert.

Jasper National Park was created in 1907. Directly southeast of it lies *Rocky Mountains National Park*,* created in 1885, and now covering 2,751 square miles. While the interest here centers about Banff and Lake Louise, the entire region is one of great scenic grandeur, with stupendous uplifts of bare rock, mighty snow-

*For a fuller description of *Rocky Mountains Park*, see pages 228-237.

ranges, and flowing glaciers. Lakes lie cupped deep in mountain walls, with sheer rock or snow reaching from one to three thousand feet directly above them. Some of the most sublime scenery in the world is to be found in Rocky Mountains Park and the adjoining Yoho Park.

Among the many delights of Rocky Mountains Park one of the most important is the network of pony-trails that lead to far-off and out-of-the-way corners. There are more than seven hundred miles of these trails, many of them radiating from Banff.

Anglers choose the trail from Banff to Spray Lakes, where trout are plentiful and large. The scenery along this trail is exceptionally grand, with the Three Sisters, triple rock-peaks, reaching upward on one side and Goat Range cutting irregularly against the sky on the west. Another scenic trail is beyond Lake Minnewanka, passing Aylmer Canyon and Devil's Gap to Ghost River, the strange mountain torrent which disappears underground for about twelve miles. Years ago a wild white horse used to be seen drinking in the river, the Assiniboines say, and whenever they gave chase, the horse would run with miraculous speed to a certain point where both he and the river would disappear. The Indians came to believe, then, that both the horse and the river were ghosts; and so Ghost River received its name.

Trails lead also to the least-known parts of Rocky Mountains Park, which lie north of Banff, in the Red Deer and Panther River regions, and in the Pipestone

and upper Bow River Valleys. The upper Bow is marvelously picturesque, flowing through a high mountain valley, with glaciers and snowfields flanking it on the west, and the great peaks of Dolomite and Mount Hector rising spectacularly on the east. Bow Lake and Hector Lake, in the upper Bow Valley, have a setting as wild and beautiful as any in the Rockies.

Among the almost limitless scenic features in this oldest and second largest of the Canadian National Parks, the best-known are the Banff Hot Springs, the Johnston and Sundance Canyons, Mount Rundle and Mount Inglismaldie, Lake Minnewanka, Spray Lakes, the Bow Valley and the Hoodoos along Bow River, Lake Louise, Moraine Lake, and the Valley of the Ten Peaks.

"Far from the haunts of man, and the weary clamor
Of folk that forever toil without content,
There let us rest and rejoice in the fragrant shadow
Under the fir-tree's tent."

Waterton Lakes National Park,* created in 1895 for the preservation of its extraordinary scenery, and containing 220 square miles, is an international playground: not only because it adjoins United States Glacier National Park and shares with it the largest of its lakes, but because thousands of Americans already have discovered the charm of this park as a

*For a fuller description of Waterton Lakes Park, see pages 226-228.

vacation-land and go there in increasing numbers each year.

Many are attracted by the exceptional fishing and the scenic golf course, which are the boast of the park; others, motoring on the fine roads, cannot resist the camping-sites; but a greater lure is the grandeur of the scenery, from rugged, glacier-crowned mountains and immensely high waterfalls—ribbons of silver against multicolored cliffs—to pleasing flower-meadows, timbered valleys, and beautifully colored lakes.

Many trails beckon the visitor. One leads to Vimy Mountain, which forms an exquisite picture, reflected, in all its many colors, in the soft waters of Lake Linnet. Another climbs to Bertha Lake, a colorful little mountain gem, lying high in a rock-bowl, its garish walls rising to immense heights above and reaching, by reflection, deep into the water below.

Four of the National Parks are in British Columbia.

Yoho National Park,* created in 1886, and covering 476 square miles, adjoins Rocky Mountains Park, with the Continental Divide between them. Where the railroad passes from one of these parks to the other, the train stops at the very crest of the Divide—known to the Blackfeet as “the backbone of the world.” Here a stream, rushing down from the high mountain, separates, one part turning east, eventually to reach the Atlantic through Hudson Bay, the other choosing the wilder route westward to the Pacific. The Shuswaps have a legend to explain this dividing of the waters.

*For a fuller description of Yoho Park, see pages 243-253.



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

THE GLORY OF EMERALD LAKE

Mount Wapta duplicates its massive rock and snow in the leaf-green lake, Yoho National Park.



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

VERMILION FALLS, KOOTENAY NATIONAL PARK

Mud gathered here and mixed with bear-grease made a vermillion
warpaint much in demand.

In the long-ago the only fresh-water on earth was in a great willow basket, guarded by a Rock Demon at the top of this mountain. Eagle was chosen to steal the water; and in the fight with the Demon the basket was upset and the water began to rush down as a mountain torrent. Eagle grabbed his own empty basket and flew swiftly, and when he got ahead of the torrent he held his basket to catch it. But the water, once free, would not be confined—it flowed into the basket and gushed out at each end, east and west. And to this day Eagle's spirit is there, holding his spirit-basket, but the water continues to overflow and rush east and west. The Moon Mother, seeing Eagle and unable to help him, wept; and her tears formed the little lake that now lies nearby, at the Great Divide.

Immense snowfields and glacier-hung valleys, rising above dense pine forests, vivid green lakes, giant snow-crested peaks and wonderful waterfalls, give to Yoho National Park some of the grandest scenery in the world. Its most important features are the Yoho Valley, with Takakkaw Falls, fifteen hundred feet high, and Yoho Rapids; the Kicking Horse Canyon and Natural Bridge; Emerald Lake, Lake O'Hara and Lake McArthur.

Kootenay National Park,* created in 1920, that the Banff-Windermere Highway might pass through National Park area, covers 587 square miles. The turbulent Vermilion River, with wild scenery, Marble Canyon, Sinclair Canyon, Iron Gates, and Radium Hot

*For a fuller description of Kootenay Park, see pages 253 and 365.

Springs are the outstanding features; but throughout the entire park there is great scenic beauty, varying from the snow-ranges on the Continental Divide to the broad valley-meadows and deep and fragrant forests that reach away to the Columbia Valley.

Glacier National Park,* covering 468 square miles, was created in 1886 to preserve some of the grandeur of the Selkirks, that the magnificence of this older range might be contrasted with that of the newer Rockies. There are vast fields of snow and ice, immensely deep valleys, rushing mountain torrents and spectacular waterfalls. The Illecillewaet Glacier and icefield, covering ten square miles, the Nakimu Caves, the Asulkan Valley, Mount Sir Donald, Mount Wheeler, and Hasler and Grenz Peaks are the main attractions in this region of rare scenic splendor.

Revelstoke National Park,* west of Glacier, was created in 1914, and covers one hundred square miles. It is claimed that this is the highest national park in the world. Mount Revelstoke lifts its summit where it may look out over the Clach-na-Coodin Snowfield, see the wide Columbia River curving through its valley, and watch the Illecillewaet River rushing tortuously down to join the Columbia. Forests climb up the slopes and are scattered over the high plateau. Gay-petaled wild-flowers grow everywhere. Three delightful little lakes with horrid names—Eva, Millar, and Ella—add their silver-blue beauty.

*For a fuller description of Glacier Park, see pages 258-261. For Revelstoke Park, see page 261.

Revelstoke Park is especially popular as a winter playground. It claims the finest ski-jump in America, and is proud of the world's records that have been established there in various winter sports.

The Commissioner of the Canadian National Parks says truly that no one can spend even a few hours in these parks "without gaining a new conception of the greatness and beauty of Canada." Nor can one view their inspiring scenery without a new spiritual growth, a deep and lasting consciousness of the Power that brought such sublimity, such massiveness, such beauty, such serenity, into being.

The National Parks are Canada's vast playgrounds, where one may have all the delights of vacation-time, and imbibe health and joy and verve from the magnificent surroundings. Those who go for a few days invariably linger for a few weeks, unable to resist the alluring camping-sites.

"Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard
the birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the voices of the night?

Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet
are turning

To the camps of proved desire and known delight."

XIII. SCENIC ROADS FOR MOTORISTS

MOTORING IN CANADA
THE TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY
IN PICTURESQUE NOVA SCOTIA
FOREST ROADS IN NEW BRUNSWICK
SOME QUEBEC ROADS
THE NIAGARA FALLS GATEWAY
THE BLUE WATER HIGHWAY
MANITOBA HIGHWAYS
PRAIRIE ROADS IN SASKATCHEWAN
THE GRAND CIRCLE
THE CALIFORNIA-BANFF BEE LINE
THE GRAND CANYON ROUTE
THE CANADIAN ROCKIES CIRCLE
THE BANFF-WINDERMERE HIGHWAY
THE GOLDEN HIGHWAY
ON THE CARIBOO TRAIL
THE MALAHAT DRIVE
IN THE NATIONAL PARKS

XIII

SCENIC ROADS FOR MOTORISTS

"The roving tide, the sleeping hills,
These are the borders of that zone
Where they may fare as fancy wills
Whom wisdom smiles and calls her own."

—*Bliss Carman*

BY the creation of the National Parks, Canada is preserving the grandest and most sublime of her scenery; and by the building and maintenance of splendid roads, she is making this scenery accessible to countless thousands. Americans, especially, are turning to Canada for their motor-outings, whether for a few days or a few weeks; for they find a peculiar delight in the friendliness and hospitality of the Canadians, and new joy in the scenic roads that reach from one end of the continent to the other.

Canada has done much to make motoring through her provinces a pleasure. Free camping-grounds, with up-to-date conveniences, are placed along the main highways; all main roads are plainly marked; tourists' associations and motor leagues in the principal cities cheerfully furnish helpful information; excellent roads, many of them paved, radiate from the large cities;

and there are magnificent highways that are maintained solely for the enjoyment of the motorist.*

The "Red Trail," with its markings in red and white, is the Trans-Canada Highway, reaching from Halifax, on the Atlantic, to Vancouver, on the Pacific. Bliss Carman may have had this scenic road in mind when he wrote:

"It stretches from the open sea
To the blue mountains and beyond;
The world is Vagabondia
To him who is a vagabond."

Beginning at Halifax, the Trans-Canada Highway passes through Truro, Moncton, St. John, Rivière du Loup, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, North Bay, Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie; it crosses Lake Superior by boat to Port Arthur, where a break in the main trail occurs and cars dip down into the United States, running north again to Winnipeg. From Winnipeg the Red Trail sweeps directly west through Regina, Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, Fernie, Crow's Nest Pass, Cranbrook, to Kootenay Lake. Here, at Kuskonook, motorists have a delightfully scenic boat ride, sixty-four miles, to Nelson, where again they follow the Trans-Canada Highway west through Trail, Grand Forks and Princeton; a short break where cars are shipped to Hope; and thence by a lovely valley road to Vancouver.

*For fuller descriptions of places mentioned in this chapter, consult the Index.



Courtesy, Dept. of the Interior, Canada

ALONG THE BANFF-WINDERMERE HIGHWAY

Wild animals are unafraid along this famous highway, for it lies in
National Park territory.



Courtesy, Nelson Board of Trade

ON THE TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY

The city of Nelson, British Columbia, lies in such beauty as this.

While the Red Trail is the standard highway across the continent, it has so many intersecting roads, so many beckoning bypaths, leading to places whose names alone are a fascination, that no one attempts to resist these lures and keep to the main trail.

In Nova Scotia a popular road, the Black Diamond Trail, runs northward from Truro into Cape Breton Island, to Sydney, skirting the picturesque Bras d'Or Lake. The Bras d'Or Trail winds through this lovely lake region and leads off into the angler's paradise—to the trout fishing in Lake Ainslee and salmon fishing in the scenic Margaree River. The trail ends at Cheticamp, a delightful and wholly quaint little French Acadian village which climbs from the sea up into the hills.

An important Nova Scotia road, the South Shore Highway, connects Halifax and Yarmouth, following the rugged coast for more than two hundred miles, sending branch-roads off into the hills where the lakes and fishing-streams and moose-pastures lie. From Yarmouth up the Bay of Fundy coast the Evangeline Trail circles back to Halifax.

Leaving Yarmouth, the trail runs through the interesting land where Acadians of today are living much as did their ancestors of three centuries ago, toiling in the fragrant orchards, or plodding beside their ox-teams, hauling hay out of the dyked meadows. At Digby, on Annapolis Basin, motorists always linger, partly because of the charm of this fishing village, partly because it is becoming a tradition for motorists

to stop there. The Evangeline Trail runs on to Annapolis Royal, the second oldest town north of Mexico; then up through the storied Annapolis Valley to Kentville, a quaint Acadian town with brooks chattering through elm-shaded streets; and on to Wolfville, where a detour may be made to Grand Pré. The temptation, however, is to linger at Wolfville; for in spite of its ferocious name, it is a delightful little Acadian village, in the heart of Evangeline Land, with a drowsy, restful charm all its own. From Wolfville the Evangeline Trail turns east, to sweep through Windsor, and wind across the peninsula, ending the circle at Halifax, "The City by the Sea."

The Trans-Canada Highway, beginning at Halifax, swings north to Truro, and passes through a wholly charming region before crossing into New Brunswick at Amherst.

Some of the loveliest roads in New Brunswick begin at St. Andrews or St. John, and follow beside the rugged Bay of Fundy coast or wind back through delightful stretches of woodland; but there are many alluring drives, beside the sea or in the forests, throughout this entire province. Prince Edward Island, also, is crisscrossed with excellent roads.

From Quebec there are fine motor-roads in every direction, all of them extraordinarily scenic, running through deep evergreen forests, dipping through fragrant meadows and farming communities, or following beside the picturesque St. Lawrence.

A paved highway extends from Quebec to Murray

Bay, the popular summer-resort on the Lower St. Lawrence. This road runs through quaint French-Canadian villages, built against the hills, their bright church-spires a glittering landmark long before the tree-hidden houses are seen; it passes the beautiful Montmorency Falls, and lingers at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, the greatest Catholic shrine north of Mexico.

A road with entrancing forest scenery runs from Quebec up through Indian Lorette and the wilds of the Lake Edward district, sending out branch-roads in all directions through that fascinating region of deep forests, rushing trout-streams and many blue lakes.

The main Quebec-Montreal road—a section of the Red Trail—is a fine paved highway, clinging beside the scenic St. Lawrence, lingering at the historic old city of Trois Rivières, where another paved road follows up the St. Maurice River to the Shawinigan Falls. At Lake St. Peter the Quebec-Montreal highway dips back into the country for a stretch, but comes again to the lake where all the wooded islands at the mouth of the Richelieu River lie. The trail keeps then beside the St. Lawrence, swinging away for a brief run, but hastening back, and remaining with the river even as it passes through Montreal.

Montreal is in the heart of a veritable labyrinth of beautiful roads. None is more delightful than the one that girdles the island, skirting Lake St. Louis, and lingering beside the spectacular Lachine Rapids. The early explorers believed the St. Lawrence led ultimately to China. Thus the rapids were called *Sault de*

la Chine. Champlain, in his search for the water-route to Cathay, reached the foot of the rapids in 1633 and, in spite of their fury, determined to see what lay beyond. His Indian guides held back, declaring that no one could climb the River of the Eating Devils without being devoured. But Champlain pushed on; and explains why he was forced to turn back, midway:

“At our comming neere to the said Sault with our Skiffe and Canoa, I assure you, I neuer saw any streame of Water to fall downe with such force as this doth; although it bee not very high. It falleth as it were steppe by steppe; and in euery place where it hath some small heighth, it maketh a strong Boyling. In the breadth of the said Sault, there are many broad Rockes, and almost in the midst there are very narrow and long Ilands, where there is a Fall as well on the side of the said Iles which are toward the South, as on the North side: where it is so dangerous that it is not possible for any Man to pass with any Boat, how small soeuer it bee.”

An important highway connects Hamilton, Toronto and Kingston with Montreal, swinging around the northern shore of Lake Ontario. The Trans-Canada, leaving Montreal, skirts the Lake-of-the-Two-Mountains and climbs up beside the Ottawa River to the Capital city, sending many branch-roads down into Ontario's lake-sprinkled vacation-land to the south. A highly scenic road from New York to Montreal follows the old Iroquois warpath—along Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River.

The favorite entrance to Canada from the eastern United States is at Niagara Falls; for this route gives a view of the great cataract and the gorge, and also is the gateway to Ontario's many-lakes district—Muskoka, Kawartha, Rideau, Algonquin Park. From Niagara Falls the motorist may sweep northward to Lake Ontario's attractive resorts, and on to Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal; southward to Lake Erie's sandy shore; or westward, over the fine London Highway, to Sarnia or Windsor, the gateways from Michigan.

One of the happiest roads in eastern Canada is the Blue Water Highway, which skirts the shore of Lake Huron and crosses to Georgian Bay. Motorists entering Canada from Detroit strike this road at Windsor, and usually follow it northward beside Lake St. Clair and St. Clair River to Sarnia. Thousands of motorists enter Canada at Sarnia, crossing from Port Huron.

Sarnia claims one of the finest free motor-camps in the world. It has such conveniences as tent-floors, fireplaces, a cooking-house, city water, free fuel, tables and benches, and even a washing-machine. The camp is delightfully located back from the shore in a fine stretch of woods, and motorists stopping overnight often linger for a few days, for the excellent bathing and fishing.

From Sarnia the Blue Water Highway winds northward, clinging to the rugged shore of Lake Huron. At Kettle Point, famed for its black bass, there is a curious natural phenomenon. Huge kettle-shaped

rocks, embedded in the black shale, are exposed as the waves of the lake wear away the ledges. An Ojibwa legend claims that when the world was peopled with giants a great battle took place between the chief of the giants and the Ojibwa god, Kitchi Kewana. These "kettles" are the missiles which the god threw; while those thrown by the giant were promptly changed by Kitchi Kewana into the lovely islands that now dot Georgian Bay.

Goderich, an important lake-port perched upon a cliff along this shore highway, is noted for its remarkable view of Lake Huron sunsets. There is a delightful motor-camp here. In fact, all along the Blue Water Highway convenient free camps will be found; and comfortable hotels, for those who prefer to sleep indoors.

Motorists who use Ontario's roads are familiar with the many black-and-yellow arrow-signs, but they may not know that it is to the Ontario Motor League that they are indebted for these helpful guides and for many other things that make motoring in that province a real delight.

The Manitoba Motor League is doing much to further the enjoyment of those who pass through the "Sunshine City"—Winnipeg. The Red Trail—the Trans-Canada Highway—is but one of the many excellent roads that radiate from this prairie capital.

Southern Saskatchewan, also, has a choice of scenic roads which cut through the heart of the prairies; for the principal roads from Winnipeg, and points in the



Courtesy, Canadian Pacific

A LURING ROAD IN YOHO PARK

A canyon whose walls are lodgepole pines, incense-fragrant and beautiful.



Courtesy, Dept. of the Interior, Canada

FLOWER-MEADOWS AND GLACIERS

The roads in Glacier National Park are especially scenic.

United States, cross Saskatchewan to connect with the scenic mountain highways in Alberta.

"Give to me the life I love—
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me."

The most noted of the scenic routes of the West is the Grand Circle Tour, the "Blue Trail," with its markings blue. This is an international highway, covering 4,300 miles and, with its branch-roads, connecting twelve National Parks in the United States and three in Canada.

The Grand Circle, entering Canada just east of Waterton Lakes, goes northward to Macleod, sending back from there a branch-road to Waterton Lakes National Park. From Macleod the Blue Trail crosses a stretch of rolling prairies and low hills, pauses at High River, and sweeps on to Calgary. There it turns west and climbs up the picturesque Bow Valley to Banff, in Rocky Mountains National Park. Thence it becomes the Banff-Windermere Highway, through Kootenay National Park; and continues southward along the great valley that lies shut in by the Rocky Mountains on the east and the Selkirk Range on the west. Leaving Cranbrook, the Blue Trail crosses through a wild pass in the Selkirk Mountains and, entering Idaho, swings westward to Spokane and Portland; thence southward through San Francisco and Los Angeles;

eastward to the Grand Canyon; then north through Salt Lake City, and Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks; completing the circle at the Canadian border east of Waterton Lakes.

The western part of the Grand Circle is known as the "California-Banff Bee Line"; the eastern part, the "Grand Canyon Route."

The northern loop, entirely in Canada, forms the greater part of the Canadian Rockies Circle Tour, this circle being completed at its southern end by the Trans-Canada Highway between Macleod, on the Grand Canyon Route to the east, and Cranbrook on the California-Banff Bee Line. The Canadian Rockies Circle Tour, with markings in red and white and blue and white, describes a circle of six hundred miles through some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world, every mile of it being within or in full sight of the Canadian Rockies.

Both the Grand Circle and the Canadian Rockies Circle were made possible by the opening, in 1923, of the Banff-Windermere Highway, which already is world-famous for the magnificence of its scenery. From Banff the road swings through Bow Valley, ascending gradually and keeping ever in the shadow of Castle Mountain; turning at last to climb upward through shadowy forests and snow-steeped peaks to the summit of the Divide. Beyond Vermilion Pass, the road lingers at Marble Canyon, where Tokumm Creek has formed a spectacular waterfall and a deep gorge whose reddish walls are banded with white marble. The highway then

winds down the Vermilion Valley, crosses Kootenay River, and soon wanders off into deep and fragrant forests. Towering rock-masses, known as the Iron Gates, stand like stone giants to guard the valley. The road dips between these and winds tortuously along cliffs that rise to dizzying heights, while the rushing water of Sinclair Creek sings merrily below. The grandeur of these cliffs culminates in Sinclair Canyon, where the rugged walls all but shut in the highway and the little creek. Suddenly the road sweeps from the wild canyon out upon a broad and beautiful valley, with the Columbia River winding majestically through it; and here it joins the highway from Golden to Lake Windermere.

There are several camps along the way; and there are quiet mountain lakes and picturesque river-glens where few can resist lingering, if only for an hour or so. The most delightful stopping-place is at Radium Hot Springs, where the warm and restful mineral baths call irresistibly to the motorist. There are pleasant accommodations for those who wish to linger, whether for the benefit of the mineral water or for the wild beauty of the mountains and the bracing tonic of the evergreen forests. The Kootenay Indians, in the old days, brought their sick here, to encase them in mineral-mud before giving them fragrant, if drastic, spruce-steam baths.

The Golden Highway runs from Lake Windermere to Golden, following closely beside the Columbia River, with the Rocky Mountains rising superbly on the east

and the Selkirks cutting against the sky on the west.

For the wandering motorist, who has all time at his command, no more interesting road can be found than the old "Cariboo Trail," built by the Royal Engineers and eager miners in the early sixties, to open up the goldfields in the Cariboo Range of central British Columbia. This road begins at the railroad town of Ashcroft, in Thompson Valley, and runs northward through two hundred and twenty miles of deep and wholly wild forests to Quesnel Lake. It then climbs eastward for sixty miles, with many difficult grades, to Barkerville, in the heart of the goldfields. Branch-roads extend from the Cariboo Trail northward to the Bulkley and Upper Fraser Valleys and to the lovely Skeena River district; but these are wagon-roads, not to be recommended for any but the hardiest of cars and the most patient of drivers, although for wildness and beauty of scenery they cannot be surpassed.

There are many delightful highways radiating from both Vancouver and Victoria. The Malahat Drive, on Vancouver Island, is one of the famous roads of the West—famed for its excellent condition as well as its great scenic beauty. It runs from Victoria along the rugged seacoast, high up into the hills, to the glacier-blue mountains.

Even Yukon has its fine roads. Those extending from Dawson are especially interesting, leading away to the important mines, clinging often beside creeks that saw feverish activity in the mad days of '97 and '98.



Courtesy, Victoria & Isl. Pub. Bureau

THE MALAHAT DRIVE, VANCOUVER ISLAND

Niagara Canyon has one of the many beautiful falls seen from this famous highway.



Photo., Leonard Frank

CAMERON LAKE

The roads leaving Victoria lead up into the hills to exquisite lakes.

Some of the finest roads, and by far the most scenic, are in the National Parks. These highways have the double attraction of being kept in excellent condition and having exquisite camping-sites.

Jasper Park has roads that are superbly scenic. The favorite drive is from Lac Beauvert to Mount Edith Cavell, or to Maligne Canyon. The proposed Edmonton-Vancouver Highway, passing through the park, will open up a magnificent area. There are many roads leading into Waterton Lakes Park, and a few that wind away to its places of greatest beauty. Rocky Mountains Park has fine motor-roads radiating from Banff—up Tunnel Mountain; beside Cascade River; to Lake Minnewanka. The Banff-Calgary Highway—part of the Grand Circle Blue Trail—is the most traveled road in the park; but the Banff-Lake Louise Highway is scarcely less popular.

Leaving Banff the Lake Louise road follows the Banff-Windermere Highway, crossing a torrent which forms a clamorous waterfall and races off down Johnston Canyon. The two highways then soon separate; but here roads, valleys, rushing rivers, snow-capped peaks, are entirely unseen. The stupendous granite uplift of Castle Mountain has cast its spell, and under its weird domination all else is forgotten. Towers and turrets, massive rock walls, colorful cliffs and ledges, exert a fascination that none can describe but none, having passed that way, ever wholly can forget. Seen from the approach up the valley, Castle Mountain resembles a medieval stronghold, of a size that Brob-

dingnagians might have gloried in. Its architecture, formed by the action of the elements through eons, is utterly unique; its coloring is vivid and beautiful. But neither its massiveness nor its beauty is so insistent as its stupendous, almost vibrant personality.

The road scarcely can tear itself away from the Castle: mile after mile it clings to the foot of the rugged walls and comes back again and again for a view of the magnificent rock-mass. When at last it has rushed away, the dazzling splendor of Mount Temple comes into view. This is the highest peak in Rocky Mountains Park, reaching nearly to twelve thousand feet, its snow summit and its walls of solid ice an iridescent blue, resplendent in the sun, magnificent in shadow. At Lake Louise station the highway begins a climb up through pine forests to the very rim of Lake Louise. And from this lake a road, shut in by stupendous mountains, winds up the Valley of the Ten Peaks to Moraine Lake.

Across the Divide, in Yoho Park, there are two motor-roads long to be remembered for the grandeur of their scenery. One is from Field to Emerald Lake; the other, up Yoho Valley to Takakkaw Falls. Glacier Park has two short but superbly scenic roads; and in Revelstoke Park a delightful road climbs to the top of the mountain.

Throughout all of Canada, except in the Far North, there are innumerable highways, with scenery that varies from the wildly spectacular or superbly majestic

mountains of the West, to the charming woodland stretches of New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia's fragrant orchards and smiling lakes. So,

"Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,
As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of the May!
Come, choose your road and away, dear lad,
Come, choose your road and away!"

APPENDIX

The verses used at the beginning of the chapters are by Canadian poets. Other verses in the text are from the following sources:

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